MAY 29 1924

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That Victrola Instruments and Victor Records are the world's finest products of their kind is universally admitted. Such things don't just happen—they are achieved. In our case contributing factors are more than twenty-five years of effort concentrated on a single purpose, enthusiastic cooperation of the greatest artists and unequalled facilities for complete manufacture in the largest plant ever devoted to the production of one musical product. Victrola Instruments are better—Victor Records are better—used together they are beyond comparison.

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CHALIAPIN
Victor Artist

Every Victor Record which Chaliapin has made is a drama in sound. It has been said of the great Russian basso, and rightly said, that he not only sings but acts his songs. Listen to any one of these records and judge for yourself how true this is:

		Double-faced
Midnight Review Two Grenadiers	6057	$2.00
The Prophet Song of the Volga Boatmen	6058	2.00
Boris Godounow—In the Town of Prince Igor—Recitative Kazan and Air of Prince Galitsky	558	1.50

Victrola No. 50 (Portable)
$50
Mahogany or oak

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JERITZA
Victor Artist

To hear these Victor Records by Jeritza is to understand at once how, given the necessary talent, a prima donna may today take by storm audiences long used to perfection of performance. Her Tosca, Elizabeth, Elsa are triumphs, and her Victor Records in these roles are no less considerable triumphs for the prima donna and for the Victor.

		Double-faced
Tannhäuser—Dich, teure Halle Die Tote Stadt— Lautenlied der Marietta	688	$1.50
Alceste—Divinités du Styx Gioconda—Suicidio	6375	2.00
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Granadinas Princesita	827	$1.25
Pagliacci—Serenata d'Arlecchino Manon—Il Sogno	828	1.50
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Victrola No. 405
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TRADE MARK

Victrola

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Painting by Sigismund Ivanowski — Illustration for "The Violet"

SHE TORE AWAY THE VIOLET AND A HANDFUL OF ITS LEAVES

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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An Answer to Pessimists

BY DAVID F. HOUSTON

(During his eight years of service as Secretary of Agriculture and Secretary of the Treasury under President Wilson, Mr. Houston won a deserved reputation for wisdom and calm statesmanship. What he says is always worth listening to; and never more so than at a season when confidence in public officials is at low ebb, politics are debased, and cynicism and apathy are widespread. We commend his refreshing article to the thoughtful attention of Harper readers. —Editor's Note.)

FOR four years, from 1914 to 1918, the political, economic, and social world sustained a shock of tremendous intensity and proportions. The wreckage is all about us. Emperors and empresses, kings and queens, and other hereditary potentates in more than twenty communities have been killed or deposed or have abdicated. In Southern and Eastern Europe a crop of dictators has appeared. They rule over half the area and a third of the people of Europe; and even in a few of the most advanced nations the political structures have been shaken to their foundations. Cabinets have been swept aside and parliamentary bodies are in a state of suspense or are under suspicion as to their competency. In fact, government in most parts of the world is under fire. Ships of state are waterlogged or rudderless.

In our own country there is no little doubt and uncertainty. In every direction one is confronted by the pessimist. Criticism of public officers and bodies is the favorite indoor sport. As Congress assembles or as the presidential election approaches, the seasonal shiver runs through the body politic. The argument runs this way: the Senate and the House of Representatives have deteriorated; they are full of cheap demagogues courting the popular favor, intent mainly on holding office; and the country is bureaucracy ridden, each bureau seeking to expand its functions and causing a rapid centralization of government and mounting expenditures. The people themselves do not escape. The Solicitor General of the United States tells us that they have lost their sense of values, that they have moving-picture brains, that true civilization cannot be made of such stuff, that the people are not

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interested any more in the serious business of government, that there are not ten men in the nation who could fill a hall with people to hear a political discussion, that such a campaign as that of 1896 would be impossible to-day. He reminds us that the true test of progress is the opportunity offered for the growth or decay of the average man, and points to the age of Pericles as the time of the noblest civilization. At this time Attica had less than half a million people, ninety per cent of whom were brutish slaves! Truly a noble civilization!

Let me quote a brief, well-considered criticism:

> There is a great deal of gayety, splendor, and as I think, extravagance in the manners and habits of our cities. The old notions of republican simplicity are fast wearing away, and the public taste becomes more and more gratified with public amusements and parade.
>
> Congress has become a scene of dry, metaphysical reasoning or declamatory eloquence; the real business of the nation is left undone, or is badly done. There is no rallying point for any party. Indeed, everything is scattered. Republicans and Democrats are as much divided among themselves, as the parties formerly were from each other. I do not regret the change. I have long been satisfied that the nation was in danger of being ruined by its intestine divisions; and, fortunately, among men of real talent, and real virtue, and real patriotism, there are now few, if any, differences of opinion. But a new race of men is springing up to govern the nation; they are the hunters after popularity, men ambitious, not of the honor, so much as of the profits of office—the demagogues whose principles hang laxly upon them, and who follow not so much what is right, as what leads to a temporary vulgar applause. There is great, very great danger that these men will usurp so much of popular favor that they will rule the nation; and if so, we may yet live to see many of our best institutions crumble in the dust.
>
> I have told you, I believe, that I have done with party politics; that my heart is sick of the scenes of strife, and sometimes of profligacy, which it presents. I have no desire ever again to enter the contest for popular favor.

Already there is considerable stir and whispering as to who is to be the next President. It is thought that XXX will not be a successful candidate. It seems that the great objection to him is, that he is retiring and unobtrusive, studious, cool, and reflecting; that he does nothing to excite attention, or to gain friendships. He contents himself with doing his duty without seeking any reward.

Does this not have a familiar sound? Does it not reflect the views of many readers? How long has it been since you heard some one wonder what those idiots in Washington were going to do next?

That statement, with "Democrats" substituted for "Federalists," was the utterance of Mr. Justice Story of Massachusetts in 1818.

There is nothing new in these criticisms. We were amused a few years ago when Senator John Sharp Williams announced his retirement from the Senate and said that he "would rather be a dog and bay the moon than continue to be a member of such a body." Another Senator said, "The Senate is no longer a place for a decent man. I shall escape from it as soon as I decently can with the same pleasure that one would fly from a charnel house." That was Clay speaking in 1837. Even our Chief Executives have not escaped. Doubtless you could recall some uncomplimentary references to Presidents Wilson and Harding. You will hear some to President Coolidge. I recall this statement made about one of our Presidents: "The occupant of the presidency is little more than a murderer. He is treacherous in private friendships, a hypocrite in public life and an impostor who has abandoned all good principles or never had any. He is a sort of nondescribable chameleon-colored thing, called prudence." This was in compliment to George Washington. I am reminded of this also: "Learned fools are of all the greatest as well as the

most indocile. Political sophists until lately have been calmly despised but never trusted with power. Into the hands of such children it has never before been thought prudent to put knives. If to punish the manifold sins of this nation God's displeasure dooms it to be delivered over to projectors and philosophers we can only calmly take our punishment." This was in compliment to Thomas Jefferson. Again I read: "The President is a monster whose choicest aliment is human blood." This amiable reference was to Andrew Jackson; and there were contemporary critics who called Abraham Lincoln a gorilla and a buffoon.

The truth of the matter is that people at all times have freely and recklessly criticized their rulers, charging them with incompetency, and that the baser elements among them, embracing many who profess to be social leaders but who have acquired money faster than they have acquired brains and morals, have taken peculiar pride in imputing immorality to their public servants. It is scarcely necessary to remark that their representations have been as unwarranted and unseemly as they have been discreditable to their authors and distributors and to us as a nation.

No generation can ever see its great men. To each generation all great men are dead. There are to-day no Clays, Calhouns, or Websters; and yet I am free to say that I have known public men whom I would rather follow than Clay, Calhoun, or Webster. I would rather follow Grover Cleveland than John C. Calhoun; Woodrow Wilson than Henry Clay; and Richard Olney than Daniel Webster. This may be heresy, but I am open to a challenge. And I am certain that our level of training and the adequacy of our public institutions, legislative and executive, as well as the tone and standards of our public life are higher to-day than at any former period in our history. The fact is that much of the criticism we hear of our politics is mere partisanship and noise. Politics with us seems to be compounded of about seventy-five per cent noise, misrepresentation and bunk, and of about twenty-five per cent, or less, of reality and substance. If you doubt this let me recall to your minds the tremendous furor that was raised over certain important measures enacted into law within the last ten years, including the income tax, the direct election of senators, the eight-hour day, the Federal Trade Commission, the Seamen's Act, the Federal Reserve Act, the Tariff and the Tariff Commission Acts, and remind you that all except the last three of these would have passed by the votes of the opposition alone.

The noise proceeds from the professional politician and the blocks, from groups of people whose capacity to make noise is out of proportion to their numbers and talents. They are incessantly on the job; and, since the great mass of the people say nothing until election time, these noisy groups not infrequently succeed in convincing Congress that they are the American people. These blocks will not, of course, in the long run get away with anything any more than they have in the past; and I may remark that they have been with us from the beginning. George Washington warned the people against blocks. The only thing new about them is the spelling of the name. To-day they do not spell it b-l-o-c-k, perhaps because they do not like its intimations. The dictionary defines a "block" as a bulky solid object, a hindrance, a blockhead. And anybody is a blockhead who imagines that the American people will permit any block or combination of blocks to place its will over theirs. The present blocks will disappear as others have before them. History shows one thing very conclusively. It is showing it in Russia now. It has shown it in many other countries, namely, that no one class in society has sense enough to govern a nation. No one class, whether

it be the aristocracy or that other foreign thing called the proletariat, which is used by the same people who spell it "b-l-o-c," has sense enough to govern all the other classes. It cannot impose its will peacefully and it cannot long have its way by violence. For it to attempt to do so in a democracy is treason to the majority.

If our public servants and institutions are so unsatisfactory, and have been more so in each generation preceding this, how did it come about that the United States to-day, on the basis of any test you wish to apply—certainly on the basis of every material test—is in a position of world-leadership? Note the salient facts. Her wealth is as great as that of the states of Central and Western Europe with double the population; her national income is equal to theirs, and 60 per cent of it accrues to individuals with incomes of $2000 or less and 52 per cent of it to wage earners. Her banking resources equal the pre-war wealth of France. Here 28,000,000 of her people have savings of over $18,000,000,000 as against 80,000,000 people in Europe with savings of $9,000,000,000, or $650 a person here as against $100 in Europe. Here there are 72,000,000 insurance policies outstanding for over $55,000,000,000, an amount greater than that for all the rest of the world. This country has nearly two-fifths of all the railway mileage of the world, and the railroads are owned by over 860,000 people, with a million more financially interested through the ownership of bonds. It has half the gold of the world, 83 per cent of the automobiles, and 63 per cent of the telephones. More than 290,000 persons own the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and there are 19,600 owners of common stock and more than 137,000 holders of preferred stock of the Associated Companies, in addition to 175,000 who are financially interested through ownership of bonds of the Bell System. It is interesting to note, too, that of the employees of the Bell System more than 47,000 are stockholders and 100,000 are in the process of acquiring stock. There are 155,000 owners of the steel corporations and many million holders of Liberty Bonds. Wealth in America is democratized; and insurance, transportation, and communication belong to the people.

In this country more than 11,000,000 families, embracing more than 50,000,000 persons, own their homes, and 3,500,000 farmers own farms covering more than 65 per cent of the private land in use. The homes and soil of the nation belong to the people.

The United States spends more for education than all the other nations of the earth for which I can get statistics. Education belongs to all the people and is directed to their service.

And yet this nation has only 110,000,000 people. Europe has 476,000,000. What is the explanation?

The first part of the answer was given by Washington when he said: "The Unity of Government which constitutes you one people (that is a people spread over an immense territory with freedom of intercourse, communication, trade, and of the utilization of natural resources) is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is the main pillar in the Edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home; of your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that Liberty which you so highly prize." Contrast this picture with that of Europe, where 26 nations occupy an area only a little larger than ours, 14 of which have an average area smaller than that of South Carolina, and an average population less than that of Ohio—26 economic-tight compartments with their jealousies, their particularistic policies, their customs barriers, their hostile states of mind, and their military array! Can you imagine this country transacting business divided into 26 such compartments? Suppose New Jersey had its

own separate government with all the European attendants. Should we know how to transact business? If we had been so circumstanced, from the outset, we should be as backward industrially to-day as are most of the nations of Europe; and until Europe effects a readjustment it will continue to commit economic suicide.

The second part of the answer is found in the essence of our institutions and practices. It is found in our principles of rule of law, the rule of all the people, and the acquiescence and the will of the majority expressed in orderly fashion.

Lincoln gave the third and larger answer when he said that the thing which has held this country together and made it strong has been the promise given that the weights would be lifted more and more from the shoulders of the average man, that he would be given an equal chance, and that he would have an opportunity to make the best of himself and to enjoy the fruits of his labor; in other words, democracy, with its decent regard for the average man.

And democracy with its concern for the average man is still a new and a very rare thing in the world. It is mainly a matter of attitude but it is also a matter of concrete expression. It exists in reasonable measure only in these United States, in Switzerland, and some of the colonies of the British Empire. There are many proofs of the existence here of democracy. There are many proofs of its absence in a large part of continental Europe. It does not yet exist in the greater part of Europe. The essential thing in civilization as we understand it, does not exist there. "The meaning of civilization," Walter Page wrote, "is the extent to which it will improve the average man. The mere right to vote and to hold office is not democracy. They are only details—equality of opportunity is democracy. The idea that we were brought up on, therefore, that Europe is the home of civilization in general is nonsense. It is a periodical slaughter-pen—Europe is medieval—the masses of Europe are dumb as cattle."

What regard is shown for the average man in Southern and Eastern Europe, from which we have received about half of our foreign-born population? Educational statistics are illuminating. They reveal the fact that the masses of people in those sections of Europe still sit in darkness. There illiteracy ranges from 33 per cent in Hungary and 59 per cent in Spain, to 69 per cent in Russia, and 79 per cent in Serbia. Until Europe comes to recognize that its men and women are its greatest undeveloped resources, and takes steps to remedy the conditions, it will continue to commit economic suicide and to perpetuate the foundations of disorder.

I do not mean to suggest that education is necessarily a test of worth and responsibility. It cannot make something out of nothing; but it is an enormously valuable asset to an individual who has in him the necessary raw material. A high percentage of illiteracy in any nation constitutes an indictment of its rulers and its people. It is symptomatic of many things, and it raises a question as to whether there is not something fundamentally the matter with people who after centuries have failed to receive from their rulers the necessary facilities or have not had the desire and the courage to take for themselves what they need.

I note some apprehension in this country as to the extent to which we are becoming educated. It is intimated that we are becoming overeducated, that we shall have nobody left to do the heavy work of the nation, and that we must constantly recruit our population with the ignorant labor of other nations. A committee of the American Bankers Association recently asserted that the educated American seeks the "white-collar" end of the professions and leaves the country dependent upon foreign

labor to wield the pick and the shovel. The Italian Ministers Association of New York City recently announced its opposition to literacy tests because it believes that "illiterate laborers are the best laborers" and that "objectionable characters usually have some education." This is significant coming from such a source.

These people are getting more out of an experience than there is in it. They show an undue optimism as to the inherent ability of the masses and the wonders which education can work. I suspect that we are in no danger of having a population of tens of millions, each individual qualified to become a captain of industry. There is nothing new in such views and arguments. They are as old as slavery. Abraham Lincoln exposed their fallacy seventy-five years ago when he said:

> By the "mud-sill" theory it is assumed that labor and education are incompatible, and any practical combination of them impossible. According to that theory, a blind horse upon a treadmill is a perfect illustration of what a laborer should be—all the better for being blind, that he may not kick understandingly. According to that theory, the education of laborers is not only useless but pernicious and dangerous. In fact, it is, in some sort, deemed a misfortune that laborers should have heads at all. Those same heads are regarded as explosive materials, only to be safely kept in damp places, as far as possible from that peculiar sort of fire which ignites them. A Yankee who could invent a strong-handed man without a head would receive the everlasting gratitude of the "mud-sill" advocates.
>
> But free labor says, "No." Every head should be cultivated and improved by whatever will add to its capacity for performing its charge. In one word, free labor insists on universal education.

I agree with Lincoln. I am not prepared to surrender my most cherished conviction that only through true education may the masses of men hope to attain higher levels of right living, efficiency, and well-being, and democratic institutions be assured of stability and permanence. "Educated mind is the guardian genius of the Republic." The people of a nation may be badly or wrongly educated, but they will never be over-educated. I have known men who were wrongly educated but I have never known one who was over-educated. I am willing to risk the dangers of an over-educated nation and to take the chances of its finding a better and easier way if necessary to get its rough work done, but I am not willing to face the hazards of democracy based on hordes of ignorant drudges. I do not accept the view that a nation to be prosperous must perpetuate ignorance: the price of prosperity would be too high. Nor do I assent to the theory that by increasing our population we can more easily take care of the work of the nation. More people do not mean less work—just the reverse. A nation grows by what it feeds on.

It is simple nonsense to say that we need a large foreign immigration to secure an increase in the number of our farmers and sustain our agricultural life. In the first place, foreigners as a rule do not go to the farms. Less than 10 per cent of our farmers are foreign born and less than 10 per cent of our foreign born are farmers. And the percentage of foreign-born farmers was less in 1920 than it was in 1910.

In the second place, we do not now need more farmers. Some of our most acute financial and economic problems have grown out of the fact that our farmers are producing more than they can market at profit. There is an ignorant notion that there can be an unlimited number of farmers. This might be true if every farmer produced only what he consumed and was self-sufficient. But to-day the farmer produces many times what he consumes. We need just as many farmers as will produce what the market will take at a price which pays them to produce it, and no more. Economic forces will maintain in the long run a proper balance between

our urban and rural population and production.

I am opposed, therefore, to this nation's admitting rapidly large numbers of people from the illiterate countries of Europe, not merely because of the educational and economic burdens which they would impose, but also because of what their illiteracy signifies: it signifies a fundamental difference of experience, of attitude, and of habits of thought. Such people are different, and if we admit them rapidly in great numbers we do so at our peril. Even now nearly half our urban population is foreign born and of foreign-born or mixed parentage. In thirty-three of our largest cities almost two-thirds of the population belong to these elements, and three-quarters of that of New York City. Furthermore, three-fourths of the foreign-born population are urban, and six millions of them are from Southern and Eastern Europe.

I am not unaware of the fact that powerful forces are operating in all parts of Europe which will effect fundamental changes and improvements. I have never been and am not now pessimistic about Europe. I have never thought that European civilization was going to be wiped out. European civilization has been about to be wiped out every few generations for centuries. It should have disappeared when Athens fell, when Rome fell, during the Hundred Years' War, in the time of Cromwell, and in the time of Napoleon; but it did not, and the student of history knows that the process has been one of evolution and of dispersion. "The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the sons."

The great tragedy through which Europe has passed will not be without its compensations. Already there is much light in Europe. There are indications everywhere that the matter of regard for the average man has been measurably set forward. They are found not only in programs for education and in progress toward land ownership by the masses, but also in a rapid spread of liberal institutions and the rule of the people. The average man in Europe is coming into his own.

There was evidence of his progress in many directions before 1914. Liberal groups were numerous in Central, Southern, and Eastern Europe before the war, but they were obscured and suppressed by weight of custom, by medieval institutions, and by shrewdly devised machinery. Let us take Prussia as an example. Her institutions were the embodiment of medievalism; and she ruled Germany and dominated Central Europe. Her King was the Emperor of Germany and to him all the Prussian Ministers were responsible. By him the composition of the Upper House of the Prussian Diet was prescribed. It was medieval and archaic. It was the stronghold of the Junkers, the landed gentry, and the big industrialists. It could always be relied upon to support the King in any reactionary measures. The Lower House was scarcely less a citadel of conservatism and privilege. Its members were chosen indirectly by electoral colleges. In each electoral district all the voters were divided into three classes according to the taxes paid, the number in each class paying a third of the taxes and electing a third of the delegates. In most cases a few large landowners and industrialists therefore elected two-thirds of the delegates and controlled the result. The masses of the people had no "look-in." It is not surprising then that of the 428 members elected to the Lower House in the last election before the war 316 were conservatives and reactionaries.

Now everything is changed. The King-Emperor is gone; Prussia is a Republic; the medieval Upper House has disappeared; all privileges and advantages of birth, caste, and creed have been abolished; universal direct suffrage and the secret ballot have been established; and of the 459 members of the present Lower House the great majority are liberals and radicals. The

same picture holds for all the other German States and for Austria and Roumania. Even Turkey has a single popularly elected assembly; and Russia will before long emerge from chaos with improved institutions and with an opportunity through the coming generations for her people to show whether they can be trusted with freedom and are capable of self-government.

In Europe, then, the people are more and more taking control of their governments. At present they are at least nominally in control except in Southern and Eastern Europe. The meaning of this should be plain to Americans. It was expressed recently by Mr. Elihu Root as follows: "When foreign affairs were ruled by autocracies or oligarchies the danger of war was in sinister purpose. When foreign affairs are ruled by democracies the danger of wars will be in mistaken beliefs. The world will be the gainer by the change, for, while there is no human way to prevent a king from having a bad heart, there is a human way to prevent a people from having an erroneous opinion; that way is to furnish the whole people, as a part of their ordinary education, with correct information about their relations to other peoples, about the limitation upon their own rights, about their duties to respect the rights of others, about what has happened and is happening in international affairs, and about the effects upon national life of the things that are done or refused as between nations; so that the people themselves will have the means to test misinformation and appeals to prejudice and passion based upon error."

It was emphasized by the late Ambassador Page when he said: "Under no other system (than democratic) can the world be made an even reasonably safe place to live in. For only autocracies wage aggressive wars—aggressive autocracies, especially military autocracies, must be softened down by peace or destroyed by war." . . . "Kings and privilege mongers, of course, have held the parts of the world separate from one another—they fatten on provincialism, which is mistaken for patriotism." . . . "We'd forgotten what our forefathers learned—the deadly dangers of real monarchs and of castes and classes."

These ventures, of course, may fail. There may be backsets. Considering the amazing difficulties under which these liberal movements were launched and with which they have been contending, it is singular that they have not already been swamped. It is remarkable that the reactions attempted have not succeeded. That there may be other reactions which will succeed and persist for a period, the course of history would suggest. Of course, at best the movement toward effective popular government will be slow. Historic processes must be measured in generations or centuries. As to whether the German people in particular, if they control their government, will maintain a higher standard of governmental decency and international seemliness there may be some doubt. They have not yet given evidence of a high order of political instinct. The capacity of those in power for doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, for doing the obviously stupid thing, seems to know no limit; and apparently they do not have to labor to do it; they can rely on their natural impulse. But they can do no worse than their medieval Junker predecessors, and it may turn out that they will do much better. With encouragement and support they and the other peoples of Central Europe who are emerging from medievalism may ultimately develop beneficent arrangements and practices. Such an outcome is not beyond the bounds of probability.

Is not this nation interested in their success? Has it not held itself out as the guiding star of liberty? Has it not expected that its example might in time be followed by the nations of Europe? Has it not longed for this very period in Europe's history? Can it afford not to understand at least the aspirations of

the people of these nations and the happenings there? And in such manner as an intelligent and great people may finally determine upon, may it not give impetus and support to the liberal movements of a great continent? Giving or withholding them and the manner of giving them are matters of serious moment; for in them may be involved the issues of peace or war.

As I am not an alarmist about Europe, so I am not a pessimist about the United States. I assume that I have made that plain. The United States is certainly the strongest nation materially in the world. In spite of the critics, I believe it is also in a position of leadership in all the fundamental idealistic, moral, and spiritual forces which make a nation great and constitute a worthy civilization. It seeks as its highest aim to have a clean national household from cellar to attic. Its paths are the paths of peace. It has good will for all peoples and its charity is abounding. It has its crudities, but they are the incidents of a young and growing democracy. Its finer flowers are yet to appear. But it does hold out more hope for the man who wishes to get on than does any other nation. It seeks to give each man an opportunity to make the most of himself and the best use of his faculties; and, in fuller measure than any other, it assures him the fruits of his labor. The rapidly growing ownership of all forms of property by the masses and the widespread well-being evidence the extent of its realization of its purpose. Here the property of the individual is protected by more guarantees than anywhere else in the world. It is safeguarded not only by the Constitution, by statutes, and by courts, but also by the wide diffusion of wealth and by a degree of economic stability which nations in Europe will not approximate in generations—and, above all, by the temper and spirit of our people. The United States is to-day the safest investment in the world.

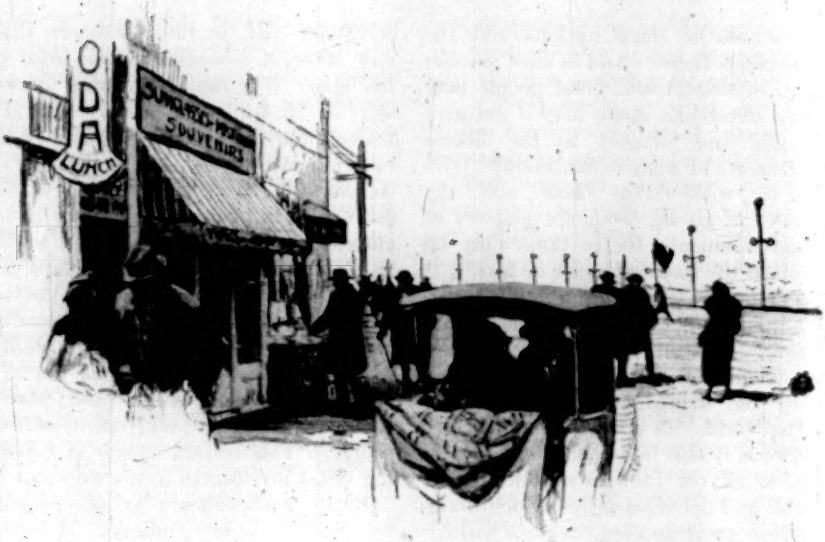
But our experiment in government by all the people is unique. It is the only one which has had a reasonable trial to date. It has succeeded so far because we have had a competent people. It will continue to succeed provided only we maintain a competent people. And if our gates are wide open to people from the illiterate countries of Europe, and those people flock here in too great numbers and too rapidly, we may find ourselves in trouble. The right kind of people can run any sort of government. The wrong sort of people cannot ruin any kind of government.

The Fish-Kite Festival at Pekin

BY LAIRD SHIELDS GOLDSBOROUGH

TWISTING and diving the fish-kites play,
Orange and crimson, purple and gold.
The kites and the laughing crowds are gay,
But the mandarin nods. He is old, so old.

He has seen the fish-kites fly before,
With a reed to prop open the mouth of each,
That the breeze may swell them with windy store,
And he thinks how men swallow an empty speech.



THE BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY

All Things Considered

BY ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

ON the boardwalk at Atlantic City is a slovenly row of shops, their clapboards scratched, their paint scraped off, their surface smeared with rust stains. In one of these Joe Lusk kept a store. On the sign in front was painted, "Sun-glasses—Postcards—Souvenirs—Toys—Canes—Jewelry."

It was a small shop, clean as a whistle inside, its counters of cheap jewelry carefully dusted, its two long center tables arranged to best display dolls, sand toys, colored balls, shovels and pails, picture books; its window full of pennants, fur-trimmed moccasins, shell beads, and leather bags.

Joe took a great pride in the place, but it was almost too much for him to handle alone. He was no longer in the first flush of youth. The rheumatism in his back was bad. He thought seriously of getting some one in to help him, some one alert, brisk, young; but he did not. He was too accustomed to hoarding his earnings against rainy days. He liked to count over the savings he kept in a black safe in the back of the shop, and dream about the house he would some day buy for his wife.

He and Mina lived at Darley's Hotel on Pacific Avenue, "open all year, rooms a dollar a day and up." It was only a short walk from there to the shop. They had been at Darley's for years. He had grown fond of it. It was like a big family. The Bowers and Fingles and Karps had been there before him. They were friendly, good-natured people, and Mina liked to gossip to the wives in the daytime; after dinner she and Joe would go up to their room. It was small, but they were used to it and did

not mind the torn curtain and the stained rug. They did not even object to the double bed sagging in the middle. The only ornament in the room was a photograph of Belle, Mina's daughter by her first marriage. It hung in a large gilt frame on the wall.

Sometimes, when out of a job, Belle came down from New York to visit them, but not often. She was vivid and impudent and young. She wore skirts to her knees and sheer silk stockings. She had a collection of earrings and chains and jangling bracelets—red, green, jet. Her yellow hair was bobbed and curled to make a hundred tiny ringlets, her curved lips carmined. She was pert to everyone, especially Joe. He could never think of any answer to her sallies.

One day he came home to dinner and Belle was there. He could have told it without seeing her—Mina's usually listless manner was so full of eagerness. She seemed to borrow color from her daughter. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks flushed. She had on a silk dress she had bought when she was married. Joe was glad to see her happy, but he hoped Belle would not stay long. He put the question soon enough.

"When does Belle have to go back?"

Mina's eyes glowed. "You won't believe it, Joe, but she's here for good."

Joe was brushing his hair in front of the mirror preparatory to going down for the Wednesday night chicken-hash and boiled potatoes. He let the brush clatter to the floor as he whirled.

"For good? For *good?*"

Mina nodded. She could scarcely contain her joy.

"She didn't like her job. The boss got too fresh. She wouldn't stand for it. She says she's heard of a fine one down here that she can get. She's going around to-morrow."

"But where's she going to stay?"

"Here. Right here with us."

It seemed she was installed in a room across the hall. Joe, sniffing as he passed it on his way to dinner, already detected her pungent perfume. He could hear her whistling inside as she moved about. He frowned and looked at the sleeve of his shiny coat. She was sure to make that coat the butt of a jest in front of all creation. He went heavily down the stairs.

She was late. The news had spread around Darley's that Miss Belle was back. There was the undercurrent of excitement of a crowd awaiting a celebrity. He heard Adolph Fingle whispering about her to a newcomer at the next table. Old Pop Karp, who dined alone and afterward carried a tray up to his wife, was pinching his necktie into place and drawing out his cuffs. The Bowers girls' sharp faces were sharper. They hated Belle and stiffened perceptibly as she appeared in the doorway. Her birdlike glance took in the room—the tribute of admiration. It seemed to send her spirits soaring. She nodded to Mrs. Darley at the table by the door.

"Hello, darling, see you got the same potatoes you give me last year. I remember the shape of them."

She entered on the wave of laughter, followed by Mina, a glowing acolyte in the wake of a priestess. Belle patted Joe's shoulder with her pink-tipped hand.

"Well, Old Joey, where's your manners? In New York they pull out the chairs for the ladies."

He flushed angrily and waited for them to seat themselves. Belle dropped lightly into her chair like a butterfly settling on a flower. "Don't get up, though. Mom's been telling me all about your rheumatics. You're getting anno domini, Joe. How do you like my beads? Ain't they chick?"

She held out a string of roseleaf pink ones for him to admire. Then before he could answer she waved to Pop Karp.

"Hello, Pop. Everything jake with you? Going to blow me to the movies again?"

She greeted half a dozen friends who called to her. Joe hitched his shoulders irritably. He caught the eyes of the younger Bowers girl. He thought she

looked sympathetically at him. He decided she and her sister were the only sensible persons in the room. The rest were grinning at some new sally of Belle's, encouraging her, hanging on her replies. Joe broke in at last.

"Mama says you got a job."

Belle, in the midst of describing a party she had been on with two live wires from New York, stopped long enough to nod.

"Yes, sweetie, I'm going to manicure the pickles on Heinz's pier!"

When dinner was over she slipped her arm through her mother's.

"Come on, mom, let's jazz up the boardwalk, you and me." She looked back over her shoulder at Joe. "Stand still a minute, Joe, will you, and leave me see have I got any powder on. That coat of yours makes a swell looking-glass." It had come, but his lips found no reply. Hours afterward he would think of one—burning, withering; but now he was mute, red of face, helpless. Pop Karp behind him chuckled.

"Some baby! Got to get up early in the morning to slip anything over on her."

Joe went slowly to his room. He found Mina putting on her hat.

"Will you go too?" she asked. He shook his head. She was bubbling with eagerness. "Belle looks fine, don't she? You'd think she'd be run down the way she works so hard and long hours, but she's put on flesh, hasn't she? Now that I got her here though, I'll see she don't stay up late nights. That's what makes lines. If she gets her good rest she ought to keep her looks for another twenty years."

He stretched himself on the bed. At the door she paused and said, "Tired, Joe? Got one of your backaches?"

He shook his head. "I'm all right."

"Maybe the air would do you good."

"No. Going to bed."

"If you like, I could rub your back a little and let Belle go out by herself."

"No. You go along."

"You should get somebody in the store to help you, Joe. It's standing on your feet all day does you up."

"I should make a million dollars and retire."

He yawned, pretending great weariness. She hesitated a second, then waved to him. "Well, bye-bye."

She was gone. He rose and stared down at the street from behind the lace curtain. It was all he could do in summer to get Mina to walk as far as the ocean front and back, but Belle had only to beckon . . .

After a little he saw Belle and her mother emerge. Belle was laughing at something, a frosty vapor rising from her lips. Mina joined in. He never made her laugh that way. He moved back so they would not see him and watched them out of sight. When he turned Belle's picture mocked him from the wall. He had an impulse to hang it face in. He smothered the impulse and picked up the evening paper. Mina always read it aloud to him. Instead, he read it to himself. Mina found him with it in his hand when she came home.

At the end of two weeks Belle was still without work. One morning Darley stopped him in the hall and whispered:

"What about your daughter's board, Lusk? I sent her a bill but—" and he shrugged his shoulders. Joe saw red.

"You send her another. Send her one every day. If she don't pay it, put her out. I'm not supporting her yet. Not so you can notice it."

He went to Mina about it.

"She owes for two weeks. She ain't paid a cent since she come here. What are you going to do? What's she going to do? You don't expect me to pay it, do you?"

Mina's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Joe, the child has had such a hard time."

"Hard time? Lying in bed until noon every day and out every night with boardwalk loafers?"

"You don't know how she's tried to find work."

"She wasn't trying much yesterday. I seen her coming off the dancing pavilion with one of them. She don't want to work. All she wants to do is to gad up and down the boardwalk and show herself off—that's all she wants to do—she—"

"Oh, that ain't so, Joe. I tell you—"

"I'll show you whether it's so or not. I can get her a job. I'll call her bluff. I'll show you all she's here for is a good time."

"You wouldn't say that if she was your own daughter. You forget she's my—"

"I don't forget I'm expected to pay her board bill."

"You don't need to pay that. I got a little saved up."

"Yes, and you'd take every penny you got to blow in on her."

"That's my pleasure. I'm not asking no favors of you."

He stared at her. This was Mina. This woman with a hard, flushed face. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't want to fight no fight with you. She's your daughter. You can't see wrong in her. Well, maybe there ain't none. I'll pay the bill this time. You save what you got."

He saw her face soften and her lips tremble. She took a step toward him.

"Joe, it ain't like us to have words. It seems a stranger talks to me and not you. I get so mad my mouth goes faster than I want it to. You been so good to me, Joe, and to Belle, too. It's only when you call her names I get mad. You could call me what you like. I almost wish you would. You been so good to me. I don't forget easy how Belle's father treated me. Dirt. That's what I was. Dirt."

She was crying, her hands over her face. He patted her shoulder.

"You forget about Belle's father. He's dead and I'm alive. You forget about him."

When Joe came home next evening he had news. He called to Mina from the top of the stairs,

"Mina, Mina, where's Belle? I got a fine place for her."

Mina came to her door.

"Not so loud, Joe. Do you want everybody in Darley's to hear you?"

"What do I care? It's a fine place in a big hotel. When I tell her—"

"She ain't home. She went out to look for something herself."

"Well, she's through looking now. I ran into Bachmann at lunch. You know Bachmann, he's head porter at the Savoy. I stopped him and I says, 'Say,

HOURS AFTERWARD HE WOULD THINK OF A REPLY, BUT NOW HE WAS MUTE

do you know of any swell job for my wife's girl?' He asked me how old was she and then he says there's a lady in the hat store under the hotel wants somebody to help her and asked him did he know of anyone. Belle can go there to-morrow morning and get work."

Mina's face reflected his pleasure.

"That's just like you, Joe, to fix everything."

She smiled up at him. He was very glad. He wanted to keep the smile there. He burst out impulsively,

"Let's you and me go somewheres for dinner. What do you say?"

"Oh, not to-night. I told Belle—"

"Never mind what you told Belle. I want to blow you to a big dinner and maybe the movies after."

She hesitated, then nodded quickly. "All right. I will."

They passed down Darley's steep flight of steps into the crisp cold of a winter's evening. It had begun to snow, soft little flakes melting as they touched the ground. Joe took Mina's arm. It seemed to him, now that the elation had left her face, she looked tired. He felt a sudden tightening in his throat.

"Makes me hungry, this cold," he said, brushing the flakes from his eyes. She nodded.

"Me too. I get sick of Darley's."

"We ought to go out oftener."

"And pay board at Darley's too? What for?"

He laughed. "Nobody can say you don't make every penny count, Mina."

"Why wouldn't I? You work hard enough for 'em, don't you?"

He warmed under her praise. It was like old times. They walked along in silence, past a row of boarded-up houses. Their neat contour caught his eye and delighted him; their row of little steps, their wide porches, their overhanging eaves.

"Some day we'll have a house like these ones."

Mina nodded. He went on musingly, "A nice house, hey? where we can sit in front of our own fire—no gas logs, neither."

Mina added, "I'll have a kitchen and a girl to cook for us like I'll show her to. I ain't forgot how to make beef stew so's it melts in your mouth, no, nor rhubarb pie."

"It's a dining room I want. No people yelling about the food, nobody sticking their noses into your business, no tables to bump into but your own, no faces to look at but yours."

"And Belle's," she put in softly.

He straightened up. "Always Belle. Couldn't you never leave her out for once?"

"How, Joe? Ain't she mine?"

They entered Louis' Submarine Grill, stamping the snow from their feet, patting it from their shoulders. The big room, ablaze with lights, was filled with people. They were led to a table near the dancing platform.

Mina said, "It's nice here," and settled back in her chair. Joe looked around him. "Why, there's Belle!"

Mina whirled and he pointed to the platform. In the embrace of a tall, stoop-shouldered youth was her daughter, her cheek against his, her slim body clasped tightly, her eyes half closed.

"Doing some fancy dancing, ain't she?"

Mina flushed. "They all do it that way nowadays. That's nothing."

She noted with a throb of pride Belle's slenderness, her grace, her beauty. When she disappeared amid the mass of moving figures Mina waited breathless for her to emerge again, watching with a rapt expression her own creation.

"She ain't particular about her partner, is she?"

Mina bridled. "What's wrong with him?"

"Oh, not so much, only I seen him around quite a lot. Benny's his name. Sometimes he works at Wittner's, the salt-water taffy place; mostly he shoots pool over at Bill's."

"What if he does? That don't prove nothing against him, does it?"

"No. Only he's not much."

The music stopped. Belle looked up at her partner with shining eyes as he clapped thunderously. She pirouetted on her toes, light as thistledown, impatient, eager. The music started again, he caught her to him. It seemed to Mina that they moved like reeds before the wind, backward, forward, sideways; Belle's short skirts, shorter at a sudden dip, her heels never touching the floor.

"Ain't it wonderful, though, that my child could dance so?" Mina sighed. "How does she ever learn them steps—all the time new ones, and she don't worry, look how she's laughing."

She was, her little blond head tilted back, her lips provokingly near her partner's.

"I seen them on the stage that good, but never on the floor."

The music stopped, Belle's partner whirled her round so suddenly that her feet left the ground, then he set her down. She turned her face toward the table at which Mina sat, then she jerked his elbow and pointed to her.

"There's mama," she said, "and Joey."

She came toward them, fanning herself with her hand. Benny followed. She stopped beside Joe.

"Well, old Pippin, what ever made you loosen up enough to blow her to a feed?"

He felt his face redden. Mina protested quickly.

"It's me that won't ever go out, Belle; Joe—he's always asking me."

"Go on," she teased, "he'll squeeze a penny till the Injin does a back flop to get his breath."

Mina said, "I don't know your young man, Belle."

And Belle pulled him forward, "It's only Benny. You don't miss much."

Benny grinned at this, but added nothing. He was a light-haired, light-eyed boy, slouching loosely behind her, his hands in his pockets.

Mina patted the chair beside her. "Sit down and get your breath. I got something to tell you."

"Can't. We got a heavy date somewheres at nine."

"But I got news for you—good news."

"Joe's bought a battleship out of his savings to take me on a trip."

"No, no. But he's done something for you. It's a job. You can start in to-morrow."

"Who can?"

"You can. It's in a hat store."

"Not for little Eva. Think I'd sell back of a counter?"

"See," said Joe, "didn't I tell you? See?"

Belle turned on him. "Who asked you to rustle a job for me?"

Mina trembled. "I told him to," she said. "I told him how you tried so hard to find work—" She stopped. Belle looked at her insolently through her lashes.

"You did, hey? Well, lay off it then. When I get a job I won't have to thank Joe for it."

He was savage at her tone. "See? What did I tell you—what did I tell you?"

"What *did* you tell her? Go ahead and say it, why don't you? You're always trying to set her against me. Don't I know it? Sure, I do. What do I care? I ain't beholden to you for nothing."

"Belle, Belle," Mina's voice pleaded. "Don't talk to Joe so, and him so good to you—"

"Good? Him? Don't make me laugh! He'd like it if you never set eyes on me again."

"Sure I would. I'd like it fine!"

"See, what'd I tell you?"

Mina was crying, "Oh, that you should shame me here in front of strangers!"

Joe broke in, "You go along now with your Benny. It don't do your mother no good to get all worked up like this."

Belle tossed her head. "I'll go all right, but not because you asked me to. Come on, Benny."

Mina struggled to control her tears. "You won't be out late, Belle, you

won't keep up dancing all night like you did . . ."

Belle moved away without answering. Mina caught her breath sharply. "You shouldn't have spoke to her that way, Joe."

"*I* shouldn't have?"

"No. It only gets her mad to have you boss her around and she talks without thinking."

"If you'd bossed her around a little more yourself, maybe she'd think once in a while."

"She won't take it from you, Joe, not being her father."

"She won't take it from no one. She's no good."

Mina rose and gathered up her wraps. She jerked her arm into her coat, but he sprang up and laid his hand on her shoulder:

"Sit down. Listen. I won't say no more, only don't get sore. I didn't mean nothing. You stay here now and let me eat in peace. I got some rights."

She wavered, the tears in her eyes. Then she sank in the seat. "I don't know what gets into the both of you," she sighed. "You're just like cat and dog. She shouldn't talk to you like she does, Joe, I know that, but she don't mean a thing by it. Honest. Underneath she's as good as gold."

MINA ALWAYS READ THE PAPER ALOUD TO HIM. INSTEAD, HE NOW READ IT TO HIMSELF

When they started home it had stopped snowing and had grown much colder, sharp, bracing. Joe felt his spirits leap suddenly. He felt reckless, sparkling, jubilant. He wished he could find words to express his animation. He could spar with Belle now. He could reply to her thrusts. He drank the cold air into his lungs.

Mina plowed along beside him, her chin buried in the collar of her coat, her shoulders curved over. He was sorry for her because she could not feel the gladness he felt. He had been as tired as she before dinner, but not now. Not now. The little row of houses that had first caught his eye loomed up. They gave him an inspiration.

"Mina, let's buy a house."

She turned her face, pinched with cold, toward him. Her nose was red, her eyes half shut.

"What's the matter with you, Joe? You walk so fast I can't get my breath."

"Do I? That's because I feel good. I feel fine. I want a house, Mina, and so do you. We always talk about it, but we don't never get it. Time goes on and we get older. Why not buy it now?"

She stared at him, then shook her head. "You act like you're crazy."

He laughed. "I ain't. But it come over me to-night that we don't half live. We got a little money saved up."

His eyes caressed the row of frame cottages.

"It's what we need. It'll give you something to do all day besides talk to a lot of old hens. It'll give me something to do at night besides go to my room and read."

"And if Belle comes—"

"Let her. What do I care?

What's mine is yours and what's yours is mine. Mina, will you look to-morrow?"

She nodded. Her eyes reflected his eagerness.

Mina stopped into the store next day, and waited until he had tied up a package for a customer. She dropped into the chair he placed beside the counter.

"I met Mrs. Darley just as I was going out and I told her maybe she could have our room. You could have knocked her down with a feather. '*You* move?' she says, 'I'd sooner believe I was going myself.' Then I told her about the house. It'll be all over Darley's by to-night."

He had never seen her so happy. Years seemed to have rolled from her shoulders. She went on:

"Belle's coming back here for me after she goes to the hotel. She says she'll take the place and try it. I knew she didn't mean nothing last night. She was only showing off in front of her young man."

She rose to her feet. "I'll go look at the house, Joe. If Belle gets here before I'm back, tell her to wait."

He went to the door with her. He wanted to watch her as she walked away from him, to marvel at the alacrity with which she moved. It was a miracle. Nothing less. It was what she had always needed—some purpose—some plan.

He opened the safe. He wanted to feel the money between his fingers, the power which would grant his wish and hers. He could see the street door from where he sat in the black recess. No one entered. It was very still. He lifted the bills and weighed them in his palm.

"Ten, twenty, thirty, thirty-three, thirty-eight. . . ."

He laid one pile aside and began on the next. Suddenly the sunshine was blotted out. He looked up startled. It was Belle. She advanced toward him.

"Hello, Rockefeller, where'd the loot drop from?"

He thrust the money back in the safe. She was silent, but he knew she was watching him from beneath the drooping brim of her hat.

"Your mother said for you to wait here."

She shrugged her shoulders and wandered out into the store. He followed her.

"Do you start in to-morrow?"

She shook her head. "Nope. Somebody gyped me out of the job. Got there first."

"But Bachmann told me—"

"Well, I don't care what Bachmann told you. It's all off."

She stretched her arms above her head and yawned. "Back to Broadway for mine. I'm sick of this dump, anyhow. Dead as a doornail."

He tried to hide his relief. . . . A little house for two. . . . She went on, "I guess I'll go to-day. What's the use in waiting? I got a letter from a friend of mine this morning. Says to beat it back on the double quick. I'd better see what's on her chest."

He warmed to her. Soon she would be gone. . . . A little house. . . . It ran through his head like a refrain.

She leaned against the counter, indolent, graceful, aloof. At that moment Mina entered. She called out to them:

"You should have seen the house I've been to look at. What a house! Gas stoves and white washtubs and a little room all glass where you can eat your breakfast."

Joe came forward. He braced himself for what he was going to say. "All right, Mina. You tell Belle about it quick. She's gotta catch a train and—"

"Catch a train!" The light died out of Mina's face.

"I'm going back to New York," said Belle briefly.

"Back to New York? Now?"

"Oh, I'm no small-town hick. I like the bright lights. Besides, I can't get a job here."

"But Bachmann—"

"He's cuckoo."

Joe interposed, "The place is gone, Mina, and Belle thinks—"

She turned on him. "What do I care what she thinks? She'll stay here. What pleasure would I get out of a house if she was to go back to the city and maybe a little room on a shaft? She says she's here to stay. She's going to stay. Maybe she didn't get a job today. All right then, she'll get one to-morrow."

"But Belle don't like it here; she—"

"She likes it if she's got work. Nobody don't like it when there ain't no money coming in. You found her a job yesterday. You can find her another one to-morrow."

Belle shook her head. "I wouldn't take a place here if it was handed to me on a silver plate. I got some things in sight. One or two parties'll help me out when I get back. I should worry."

Mina's face grew white. "But you came here for good."

Belle shrugged her shoulders. "I've changed my mind."

The tears rolled down Mina's cheeks. Joe clenched his hands until the nails cut into the flesh.

"Listen, Mina, if Belle wants to go—"

Mina whirled on him. "Yes, and you want her to, don't you? How do I know what you've been saying to her while I been out? I find her here when I come back ready to leave. You want her to go. All right, then—if she goes, I go too."

Joe stared at her. "Say, what's the matter with you, Mina, are you crazy? Is this the first time she's left you? What do you act up so now for?"

"Sure, she's gone before and every time it cuts the heart out of me. Always I am worrying for fear she is sick or run over. Always I am afraid she does not eat enough, or wishing she would write to me. It's like part of me is here and part wherever she goes. That's what you get for being a mother. Always there are two people—yourself and your child."

Belle's cool voice broke in, "Say, mom, cut the comedy. If you feel that way about it I'll stick around awhile. But I got to get some work. If only . . . Say, maybe Joe would give me a job right here in the store. That would suit me right down to the ground. I kind of think I'd like to handle this line. How about it?"

Mina answered for him. "Joe, Joe, do you hear what she says? She ain't going! She don't want that I should worry my life away. She'll stay and work in the store. Just when you need somebody. Just when I told you to get a helper."

Looking from one to the other, Joe was conscious of being trapped.

"I don't need nobody," he said in a low voice.

"All right." Belle was pulling on her gloves. "Then I'm off. And that's final." She stopped and planted her hands on the counter and leaned her lithe body toward him. "I suppose I'm not tony enough to wait on your swell customers. Is that it? Well, on the level, do you think I'd work in this one-horse joint if it wasn't for mama? I would not!"

Mina turned to Joe imploringly. "Will you let her go? Will you send her away when you know how I feel? Why don't you speak to her, Joe? Why don't you tell her you will try her out? Can't you do that much?"

He protested weakly:

"It don't do for relations to work together."

"Have I ever asked anything of you, Joe? Have I ever said you should do this or do that? But now I ask you, I beg you to give her a chance. You'll see how she'll build the business up."

"It don't need building up."

"How she'll bring in big trade. She's smart, she is. Maybe soon we could have a bigger store."

Joe looked at the neat shelves lovingly.

"I don't want no bigger."

"Please, Joe, to make me happy."

He wavered, his eyes fixed miserably on the ceiling.

"To please me, Joe."

He turned from them impatiently. "All right. Have it your way."

"AIN'T IT WONDERFUL THAT MY CHILD COULD DANCE SO?"

They went out together and he was left alone. He did not get to Darley's until dinner was almost over. He ate by himself, staring down at his plate, leaving the food untouched until it was cold.

A change came over Joe. Mina took him to task.

"Why don't you talk no more? Why don't you tell me how Belle gets on? Why can't you say nothing, only pull a long face?"

He did not answer. To the guests at Darley's he was taciturn. He ate his breakfast at a lunch counter. From dinner he went straight to his room. From Belle she could learn nothing. Two weeks in the store brought the same reply from her, "Oh, it's all right."

Mina tried again. "Why do you sit there, Joe, like you're dumb? I should think with a helper you wouldn't be so tired at nights."

"Helper!" the word in all its bitterness, escaped him. She did not miss it.

"What's the matter? Don't she learn right? Remember it's a new line for her. It takes time."

"Sure," he said, untying his shoe. As he bent down she noticed how gray his hair was, how weary he seemed. She was alarmed and shaken. She caught his arm.

"Listen, Joe, I got a right to know what goes on."

He looked at her for a minute without answering. Then he bent down to his other shoe.

"Every time I get a knot in here it won't untie."

Her patience was tried. She snapped out, "Does Belle do good?"

"She's your daughter. Why shouldn't she?"

"Yes, but for what you pay her could you get any better?"

"How do I know? I ain't tried."

"She's there all day long, ain't she?"

He hesitated, fumbling at the laces. "Yes. Yes. She's there."

"She waits on customers and dusts the shelves and puts the goods away, don't she?"

He faced her. "Why do you ask me all these questions?"

"Why shouldn't I? Ain't it my child? Don't I want to know how she gets on? Ain't it natural I'd ask you?"

"Why don't you ask her?"

Next morning Mina entered the store. She came in so quietly he did not hear her. He was reaching up on a shelf and when he turned round she was there.

"Hello," he said, "what's the matter with you?"

"Where's Belle?"

He hesitated. "How do I know?"

"Did she go out?"

"She ain't been in yet."

"It's eleven o'clock."

"Yes."

Mina's voice was very gentle. "Sometimes she don't get here until eleven?"

"Sometimes."

"But she leaves the house early enough."

He was silent. She continued, "And you didn't say nothing?"

"No. I didn't."

Mina's eyes filled with tears. "It ain't right."

She stood beside the counter, her face flushed. He laid his hand over hers.

"Don't you worry, Mina. It's all right. She don't like it in the store. There ain't much to do. What if she goes out sometimes? I don't say nothing."

She shook her head. "You pay her for her time. It belongs to you. She thinks she can make an easy mark of you. I won't have it."

He smiled at her. "Nobody don't make a easy mark of me. Don't you fret none about that."

Mina went home. In the afternoon she entered Belle's room and waited for her. Sheer pink lingerie was piled on the chairs. A Japanese kimono embroidered with scarlet flowers lay on the floor. Beside it was a satin bed-slipper. Mina found its mate under the bureau. A dress that needed mending hung over the foot of the bed. In spite of the room's disorder, Mina felt its charm. It never failed to stir her. Belle had hung gay chintz curtains over the windows. She had made a bureau cover of the piece that remained. She had bought a cheap grass rug for the floor. Her perfume clung to two tiny lace pillows on the bed. They were rumpled as though her head had just left them. Mina smoothed them out tenderly.

On the bureau were photographs of youths, three of them, and in the mirror was stuck a postcard showing Belle and Benny in a wheel chair. Mina studied it closely. She thought it was very lovely. Belle's bobbed hair caught the sunlight like a halo and she was smiling up at Benny. With a sudden impulse Mina tucked it into her blouse.

At five o'clock Belle came in. She had on a black hat that Mina had never seen. It set off her face perfectly. Something in its tilt added piquancy. Mina determined to ignore the hat.

"I want to talk to you," she said.

Belle regarded her for an instant, then crossed to the bureau, preening in front of the glass, drawing the brim farther down over her eyes, trying the effect of rolling it up in front.

"I went to the store to-day."

Belle tossed off her seal coat and rummaged in the drawer for something.

"You wasn't there."

Mina waited a minute or two patiently until Belle had clasped about her throat a string of crimson beads. She

stepped back from the mirror to observe the effect.

"Where was you?"

At this she turned on her mother. "How do I know? Can't I go out a second without having you put me through the third degree?"

"You wasn't in yet."

"Who said so?"

"Was you?"

"I s'pose Joe told you."

"He didn't say nothing till I asked him. Then I find out you are late every day and leave early."

"Well, what about it?"

Mina's indignation rose. "What about it? What about me? How does it look for me to beg him that he should give you a place and tell him how fine you'll be and then you go away whenever it suits you and stay as long as you like?"

Belle sat on the edge of the bed, one leg curled under her; the other, shapely, slender, silk clad, dangling to the ground.

"Listen here, did I want the job? I did not. I took it because you raised such a holler to keep me here I thought you meant it."

"I do mean it. You know—"

"I know you been listening to Joe. Well, go ahead and listen, only don't tell me about it. If you do I'll quit. And when I quit this time I won't come back. You tell him for me, if he don't like the way I work all he's got to do is to say so."

She rose suddenly. "Say, I'm not going to stand Joe squealing on me. Not by a long shot. You tell him I won't be back. I'll clear out to-night."

Mina caught at her dress. "No, no, Belle, don't do that. He didn't say nothing. It was all me. It wasn't Joe. You never'd hear a word out of him. He says it's all right if you come a little late. He says it don't make no difference."

Belle tossed her head. "I wouldn't stand a thing from him. He needn't think I would."

She drew on her coat, paused to flick her nose with powder, to rub carmine on her lips, then she picked up her bead bag.

"I'm sick of the whole business," she said. "Sick to death of it."

And she was gone. Mina sprang up to follow, but when she reached the stairs she heard the front door slam. She went back to her own room. Joe was home. Something in her face arrested his attention.

"What is it, Mina?" he asked. "Has that girl been worrying the life out of you again?"

"Oh, no, no. I'm a little—a little tired, that's all."

He came close to her and lifted her chin so that her eyes were forced to meet his.

"Mina, you're no good at lying. You oughtn't to try it with me." Then he smiled.

She said, "I waited for Belle to tell her she wasn't doing right by you."

He did not speak and she went on, "For my sake you will be patient with her, Joe? After a little she'll get broke in. Just now she's all crazy with this Benny. She's afraid he should be kept waiting a minute. Girls is like that. They have no head when they have a feller."

"Sure I know," he said. "Just like you was over me."

The line between her eyes vanished. "Just like I was over you, Joe."

At half past ten next morning Belle came to work. Joe, waiting on a customer, called to her:

"Reach me down them blocks from the top shelf, will you?" To which she answered, "Oh, get 'em yourself."

A few minutes later they were alone. Joe's face was red, his voice unsteady. He walked to the door and held it open.

"You can git out of here," he said, "and quick too. I stood enough from you. I wouldn't go through such a time again for a million dollars. You're a girl with no heart. You make your

mama, what would give her life for you, suffer something fierce. It's time she knows what you are. You get out of here and don't show up again, and if that Benny feller ever puts his nose inside this door I'll have him arrested, and I bet it won't be the first time neither."

When she had left him he found himself trembling like a leaf. He had to sit down to still the pounding of his heart! That girl to talk to him the way she did! . . . For days he had fought with the desire to unburden himself, but he had not because of the pain he knew the disclosure would bring. But now he would tell Mina. He would tell her instantly.

He shut up the shop, a thing he had never done before. He caught up his hat and coat. He almost ran the short blocks to Darley's. He found Mina in their room, mending a dress of Belle's.

"I fired your daughter," he shouted as he stood panting in the doorway. "I fired her quick and I wouldn't have her back if she was to crawl on her hands and knees to me."

He rushed on, "Have I said a word against her? Have I told you how she acts from the first day she comes there? Well, I'll tell you now. She don't want to look for nothing. Rather than get up from a seat she says to customers, 'We ain't got it.' You asked me did she dust the shelves. Sure. And how did she? I come in to find two glass mugs and a flower vase smashed one morning. 'I done it cleaning,' she says. 'Don't never clean again,' I hollers. That suited her fine. But I kept my mouth shut about it until to-day. Right in front of somebody she says she won't get something for me. 'All right,' I says, 'I stood enough.' I told her to get out. She's gone now and she's no good neither."

He was breathless, mopping his face. Mina had dropped the dress, she leaned forward, her hand clutching her breast.

"Gone? You say she's gone?"

He stared at her. "Didn't I tell you!"

"How do I know if she'll come back or not?"

"I hope to God she never comes back."

She thrust him aside. "If she goes away like this, Joe Lusk, I'll never forgive you as long as I live. Never."

She was already in Belle's room. He heard her give a cry. He ran in after her. She stood in the center

"HELLO, ROCKEFELLER, WHERE'D THE LOOT DROP FROM?"

of the room, her face as white as chalk.

"She took her things," she said. "While we talk, she packed herself up."

"Good! That's what I wished she would do."

She did not reply. He tried once more to make her understand.

"So I have to bring proof in black and white that she's no good. That she don't give a damn for nobody only—"

"Stop," she cried. "I heard enough from you about my child. You drove her away from me. It's like she always said, you had it in for her. I was crazy, yes, to let her work in your store. I might know you would make up things against her to get her out of it, that you'd try to poison my mind. But you can't do it. You couldn't, not if you was to make up a hundred lies. I feel in my heart what she is. If you talk from now to the end of your life I wouldn't listen no more. You drove her away. You done it. You done it."

He swung on his heel and left her. He felt the smart of tears in his eyes. How she had looked at him! It was as though a wall had sprung up between them. He felt old and tired and the shop seemed a long way off. He walked the streets unseeing. After a while he reached it. The door was unlocked. He wondered dully at his carelessness in leaving it so. He entered. It was still inside, still and warm. He dropped into a chair. His legs felt weak. At last he rose slowly. He would close up the store for the day. What did losing a little trade matter? What did anything matter? He moved slowly about the counters, covering them with long gray cloths, then he went to the back of the store. There before the safe he paused, his heart suddenly skipping a beat.

The safe was open, the drawers pulled out. He fell on his knees before it. Gone . . . everything. . . . He clawed frantically at the compartments. No money . . . nothing . . . he dropped his head in his hands and cried like a baby. He got up slowly, leaning on the safe for support, and as he did so his hand brushed a paper on the top, caught down with a weight. There was writing on it. He picked it up. It read:

> So you threw me out? Well, I guess you're sorry you did now! Go ahead! Put the police on the track. Only think of mama when you do. B.

Belle. . . . The letter swam before his eyes. "Go ahead. Put the police on the track." . . . would he! would he! He gloated at the thought, then he stopped short. When Mina saw this . . . he almost laughed aloud. Made up things against Belle, did he? Told lies about her? Tried to poison Mina's mind . . . he'd show her. A letter in Belle's own writing.

He was drunk with elation. He ran up Darley's steps. He called to Mina as he mounted the stairs. There was no answer, but he hurried to their room. She was not there. She was in Belle's room where he had left her, seated in a chair by the window. She did not look up as he entered. He called out:

"Mina, Mina, I got a letter from Belle."

At that she sprang up. He kept the letter crammed down tightly in his pocket. He would lead up to that.

"She's run off with that Benny feller."

Mina stared at him. "Eloped?" she gasped, "married?"

He nodded. Suddenly she dropped to the bed and burst into tears.

"Thank God!" she sobbed, "thank God!"

"For what?"

"You say she's married with Benny. Then she's all right. She ain't just gone off mad. If I didn't know she was all right I'd kill myself."

He paused, the letter half drawn out.

"Quick," she cried, "let me see what she says."

"Wait a minute. Wait a minute." He was uncertain how to proceed.

"Give it to me. Why do you torture me?"

He shook his head. "I can't," he said. "I—I tore it up."

She looked at him with stricken eyes. "How could you! Oh, Joe, how could you!"

"I didn't think," he stammered.

"Well, think now—think what it says. You remember that. How did it start. Where did you find it?"

"It was in the store. She put it there."

"Yes, but what was in it? Tell me from the beginning."

"It says—" He swallowed. Actually her face looked hungry for the news, as though she would tear it from him.

"Hurry. Hurry."

"It says . . ." he looked away, "it says all her foolishness was because of her going to be married."

"What did I tell you? I knew it. I knew all her crazy ways was that."

"It says she couldn't tell nobody because—because of Benny's people. They wasn't to know."

"She could have told *me*."

"No. She was scared. She says she was—awful happy and didn't want you to worry none and—and—sent her love."

As he finished his voice broke. But Mina did not notice it. Her face was glowing with a warm, deep joy.

"My little Belle gone and got herself married. . . . It don't seem she's big enough. My little Belle. . . . It was only the other day I was wishing for a baby like the neighbors got—wanting to wheel her out and show her off . . . then knowing she was coming, feeling her inside of me moving soft like . . . getting her dresses made and her caps and socks . . . waiting for the day . . . And at last it come. . . . God! . . . But you hold out because she's almost there. . . . Then she is there and you forget everything—everything—everything only her. . . ."

He came close and patted her shoulder.

"I got to get back to work," he said gruffly.

She caught his arm. "Listen, Joe, let's us take the little house now. When Belle gets back from her trip—"

She stopped, smiling up at him. He winced. "Not yet awhile, Mina. I dunno. I got used to Darley's . . . a house would be such a expense . . . always repairs to make, and coal—I dunno as I want one."

He kissed her cheek and went downstairs. At the corner of the street he took Belle's letter from his pocket and tore it in bits.

Sunshine in England

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

WHEN the sun shines on England it atones
For low-hung leaden skies, and rain, and dim
Moist fogs that paint the verdure on her stones,
And fill her gentle rivers to the brim.

When the sun shines on England shafts of light
Fall on far towers and hills and dark old trees,
And hedge-bound meadows of a green as bright—
As bright as is the blue of tropic seas.

When the sun shines it is as if the face
Of some proud man relaxed its haughty stare,
And smiled upon us with a sudden grace,
Flattering because its coming is so rare.

THE WASATCH RANGE, EASTERN RAMPART OF SALT LAKE CITY

Salt Lake: The City of the Saints

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

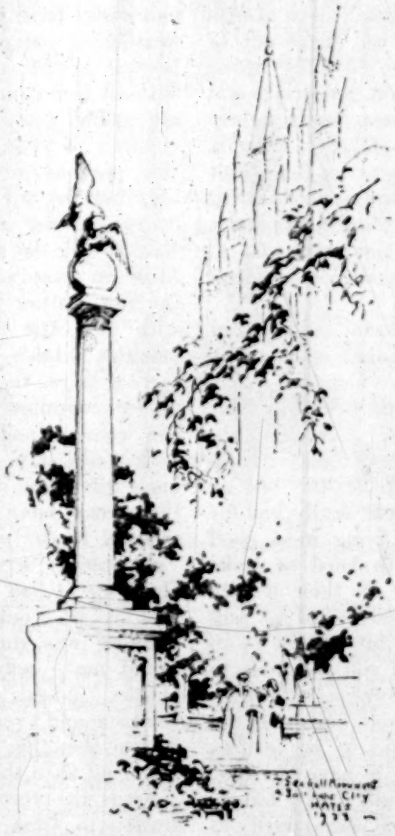
THE city of Brigham Young has had, up to date, a fate as peculiar as its people. The only way in which I can state it satisfactorily to myself is this: the Gentile world has had a Mormon complex, and Gentile visitors to Salt Lake City have been so busy staring at, and whispering about, the Latter Day Saints and their ways and works that they have never lifted their eyes higher than the highest spire of the Mormon Temple. The illiterate ask, even in this year of grace, if it is true that Mormons have horns; the average soul wonders in his secret heart if polygamy is still practiced; the intellectuals immediately busy themselves acquiring "dope" on the political situation. But the romantic citizen, experiencing Salt Lake for the first time, goes about registering something between awe and amaze. Of all the people I have known who have been in Salt Lake City, none has ever taken the trouble to say that it is, simply, one of the most beautiful towns on the planet. The Salt Lake newspapers, in their engaging Western way, talk about "selling" Salt Lake, and promoting three-day stop-overs in place of twenty-four-hour waits. According to them, Salt Lake is a place where, between the grandeur of the Royal Gorge and the oddity of the Yellowstone, people stop and change trains. The newspapers do not like it. They see no reason why Salt Lake should not have its fair share of tourists. They say, rather pathetically, that the finest scenery in the country lies within a five-hundred-mile radius if you take Salt Lake as a pivotal center. I was always wanting to drop into a newspaper office and beg the staff not to bother about pivotal centers and radii. The way to sell Salt Lake is to tell the truth about it: namely, that in itself it is one of the most beautiful things in the world. Short of San Francisco Bay, I know of no urban setting in the United States to compare with this. As for selling it—tourists, beauty-bent, should pay out their solid substance for Salt Lake, and keep the

small change for the national parks. (No disrespect is intended to the national parks.)

The unexpected hits one harder than the foreseen fact; and day by day we felt like Balkis, who said, "The half was not told me." Nothing had been told us—except how much the Mormon Church counts, or does not count, in national politics. That spacious valley lying between the snow-topped Wasatches on the east and the dreamy Oquirrhs on the west, the far glitter of the Great Salt Lake on one horizon replying across the miles to the streams that flash their silver down all the countless canyons of the Wasatch Range—that valley, wide incredibly, and filled to its distant brim with green that turns, at the edge of the Rockies, to the purple of the north and the blue of Italy: no—no one had ever mentioned that valley. We had heard and read—who has not?—of the Lion House, and the Beehive House, and Amelia Palace (torn down now) and the Tabernacle and the Temple; but I had never heard of the canyons of the Wasatch Range, or what the simple word "sunset" can mean in Salt Lake City. Many people have discussed the Mormon Temple æsthetically, pro and con, but no one had ever told us of the thrill to be had by winding down the tortuous defiles of Emigration Canyon to the very spot where the pioneers emerged to look out over the valley, and Brigham Young said, "This is the place." We had always known that Salt Lake City was "interesting," but the rest had been silence. Truly, we have all had a Mormon complex.

Salt Lake *is* interesting; and there would be no sense in pretending that it is not the Mormon Church which has given it its interest, as well as much of its beauty, situation apart. Brigham Young, unlike Joseph Smith the Prophet, was not much given to revelations; but he was assuredly a great pioneer, and a man of powerful and constructive mind. To Brigham Young it is due that the barren valley over which he gazed from the mouth of Emigration Canyon is now so densely green with trees; to him we owe the wide and noble streets of the city—never, from the first, allowed to grow up haphazard; he and none other was responsible for the first and promptest irrigation in the Western desert. God himself may have sent the sea gulls (it is a penitentiary offense to kill a sea gull in Utah) to save the crops from the locusts and the Saints from starvation; but it was undoubtedly Brigham Young who taught the people that their prosperity must come from agriculture. The gold rush of '49 followed close upon the first Mormon exodus, and if the state was to prosper, they could not spare their young men to the California gold fields. So mining was forbidden to them—and, in consequence, Utah is very different from Nevada. I am told that individual Mormons do now concern themselves with Utah Copper; but at least they were withheld from mining long enough to make the desert blossom like the rose. They are still, preponderatingly, an agricultural people. Brigham Young meant that they should be. He had notions, one supposes, of founding an independent state in that wilderness which belonged vaguely to Mexico and practically to anybody who cared to take it. It was his curious luck that, entering Utah in 1847, he should have been confronted with the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848. One cannot tell precisely what would have happened had he had a few decades, instead of few months, in which to consolidate his little empire. That is one of the fascinating conundrums of history. In spite of his coarse, dour features, his unlovely personality; in spite of his thirteen wives and his two hundred and fifty-odd descendants in the late war—in spite of all his moral aberrations and his patriarchal lack of charm, Brigham Young was a great man, who did his strange but significant part in making the West.

There was a time when apostate Mormons were listened to, by ladies' missionary societies, with as passionate an interest as "escaped nuns." I do not know if the fashion still holds. Nor am I to be taken as speaking lightly of a "Mormon menace," if such a thing there be. A great deal has been said and written on both sides of the controversy. We ourselves could do no more, in a brief stay, than scratch the surface of the Mormon question; especially as, even among Gentiles of long residence, you hear quite different attitudes expressed. When the educated Gentile population of Salt Lake, which has every reason for solidarity, does not agree within itself about the power and purposes of the Mormon Church, what is a mere Easterner to think?



THE SEA GULL MONUMENT

The social situation is more or less what you would expect. On the whole, Gentiles and Mormons do not mix much. I have heard even that denied; but the fact that the membership of the country club is only ten per cent, or less, Mormon in character, tends to bear out the general statement. Socially, the analogy would seem to be with the Quakers in earlier generations in the East. The peculiar tenets of the Mormon faith would keep "good" Mormons out of a Gentile whirl. All vices—including tobacco, tea, and coffee—are forbidden the strict Mormon. You cannot live the social life with people who eat and drink and amuse themselves in a totally different way from yourself. Take the little matter of "endowment robes," which good Mormons must wear. I have never seen these "L. D. S. garments," except vaguely, in advertisements and shop-windows, but I believe they are theoretically both thick and high—certainly things that would preclude the wearing of evening frocks. I know that strict Mormons of the old-fashioned type do not permit their daughters to wear low-necked and short-sleeved dresses — whether because of the endowment robes, or in the general interest of morals, I cannot say. They have many of the social tenets of the narrower Protestant sects. At all events, the Quaker analogy would seem to come in again. The younger people have been hard to hold; they have become inevitably more worldly—more "Gentile." Very recently the Church has had to change the ruling about the endowment robes: permit thinner stuffs and more fashionable models. I daresay the young Mormons who want to wear B. V. D.'s and crêpe de chine lingerie do not, in their secret hearts, believe that the trump may sound at any moment, and

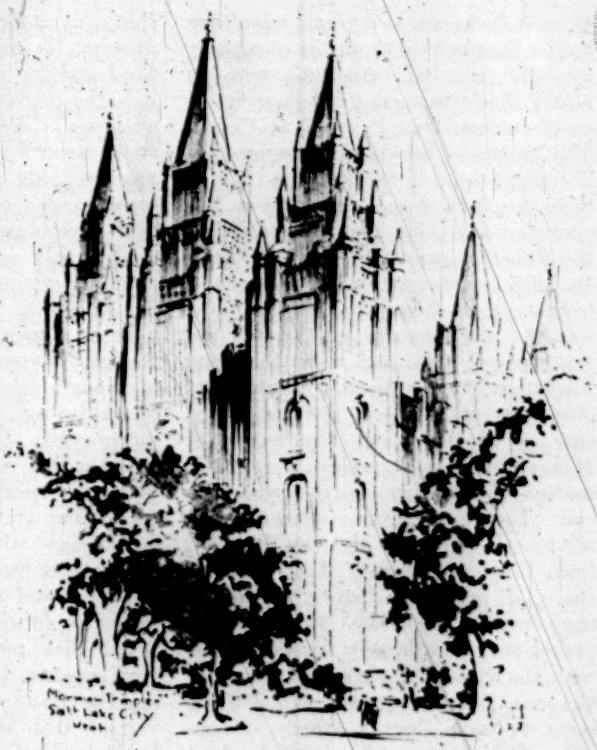
that when it does sound they must, for salvation's sake, be found in physical contact with the endowment robe. Who, indeed, shall say what the young Mormons believe? And the Mormon question—if there is a Mormon question—depends on that. Some Gentiles think that, as the young folk grow up into other intellectual and social atmospheres, the bottom will drop out of Mormonism. Other Gentiles think that even the generation that drinks and smokes and takes Joseph Smith lightly will still feel a real solidarity with its elders when it comes to an important issue; that, in the last analysis, they will always vote with the Church or act with the Church. They point also to the uninterrupted stream of Mormon converts.

Meanwhile, the social virtues of Mormonism have counted in a sturdy and industrious stock. Consider a few details of pure Mormon belief, in their merely social aspects. Complete abstinence from liquor and tobacco is by no means necessary to health; but no one can say that it is physically bad for an agricultural race living in a good climate. Joseph Smith tried to make the Saints turn over all their wordly goods to the Church, but could not pull it off; so tithing was introduced as an inferior substitute. If you are going to surrender all your surplus, and one-tenth of everything you make, to the Church, you are going to be thrifty, because you are going to have to count your cash very carefully. A Church, moreover, that insists on sexual purity in its young men as well as its young women is doing no disservice to the physical welfare of the race.

There is every inducement to the good Mormon to marry young. If you do not marry, you do not enjoy the highest privileges of heaven. Remember that if you are a strict Mormon, you are married not until death shall part you, but for time *and* eternity. In the highest heaven of all—I do not pretend to understand the mystical complications of their scale of existences; it sounds like a sort of crude Gnosticism—the family is perpetuated precisely as it was constituted on earth. From careful reading of both sides of the case, one gathers that Joseph Smith instituted polygamy for very mixed reasons. But this doctrine of salvation, as one sees, can easily have become, later, a justification of polygamy. If you cannot become a god (as good Mormons do) without being married, of course you are going to marry. If you have children of your own, not simply for this perilous adventure of terrestrial life, but for an eternity of bliss, of course you are going to have children. Race suicide has never, I believe, been a Mormon complication; and one of the favorite picture post cards is covered with the little faces of children and labeled "Utah's Best Crop." In the earliest days, the men must, as in all pioneer communities, have outnumbered the women; and while every woman, under polygamy, could have been some one's wife (even if only a spiritual one), there may have been men who were reduced to the prospect of being only "ministering servants"—not gods—in Heaven. (I had always heard, myself, that it was only women for whom paradise was thus conditional—which would make polygamy very practical politics indeed; but the Book of Doctrine and Covenants seems to make it clear that the "unsealed" male is no better off than the "unsealed" female.)

From the very first, however, emigration to Utah was differently managed from other pioneer emigration. In other words, there has been from the beginning a steady stream of converts imported into the state; and there have been, from the beginning, great numbers of female converts. Any new or queer religion gathers many more women than men into its nets; and Mormonism can have been no exception. The supply of women was proportionally larger in Utah, from the first, than in any other of the Far Western territories. The

Church declares, and I have never heard it denied, that when polygamy was going strong, no man was allowed to take a second wife without the consent of the first, or without satisfying his ward bishop that he was able to support her and the children she might bear to him. No good Mormon wife who knew her Doctrine and Covenants, and was aware what the Lord said to Emma Smith (Joseph's first wife) on this subject, would refuse her consent to later marriages on her husband's part, for on her consent depended her happiness in a future life. But I have never seen another fact stated, which would seem to be an equally obvious corollary: namely that in a primitive pioneer community the men who could afford plural marriages would inevitably be the strong men of the group—men who had made good against obstacles. It would not be the weakling stock, the failures, that would increase the population, on those terms. W. Hepworth Dixon declared, in the '60's, that no Saint was really looked up to in Salt Lake City who had not three wives. Certainly the many wives, the scores of children, would belong to the strongest and most sagacious. That provision was a rough and ready approximation to our modern "sterilization of the unfit." About selection of converts, in these days, I do not know; whether the Mormon missionaries take all who apply or not. (The Mormon Church, by the way, has never admitted negroes.) But though Italy was the first foreign country to receive a translation of the Book of Mormon (every Protestant sect sooner or later storms the gates of Rome) the bulk of their immigrants come from northern Europe—the British Isles, the Scandinavian and Teutonic countries. The Mormon Church is not troubled with Mediterranean detrimentals. It gets its white converts out of Protestant Europe, which is very good for the population of Utah. The problems of Ellis Island do not exist in Salt Lake City.



THE MORMON TEMPLE IS CLOSED TO GENTILES

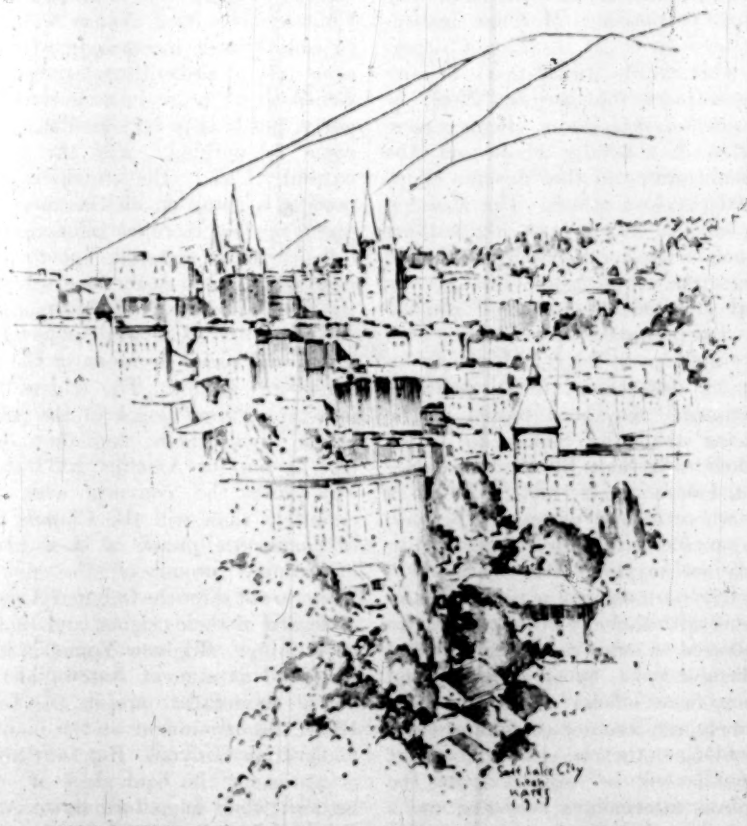
So much for some of the luckier by-products of Mormonism in Utah. Polygamy, of course, is past; but these other teachings still prevail. No group of people has been more consistently accused of violence and bloodshed than the early Mormon pioneers. Their feuds with other American citizens began far east of Nauvoo. When

Francis Parkman, as a young man, took to the Oregon trail, both his own party and the genuine emigrants were as afraid of encountering Mormon trains as of encountering Pawnees or Crows. The Mormons bore a black reputation from St. Joseph to the Rockies. Yet as early as 1833 Joseph Smith was announcing that God himself established the Constitution of the United States. By 1843 he was receiving revelations to indicate that shedding innocent blood was the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost. He had more than one revelation to affirm the absolute duty of obedience to temporal governors and the law of the land. The record of Mormonism is a very clean one in the matter of response to the country's call. They have never evaded military service—not since the Mexican War took from them young men they could ill spare. It is a tangled story, difficult to reconstruct. The earliest Mormons, one makes out, were largely frontier types, with the vices and virtues of the frontiersman heavily underscored. They seem to have been a sturdy, rough, illiterate lot, some of them hit hard by the wave of religious hysteria that was, in the 1820's and 1830's, taking such strange forms in our country; others, no doubt, as ready to make Mormonism a pretext for seeking their fortunes westward—and seeking them ruthlessly—as anything else. The companions of Joseph Smith apostatized freely; each of the three original witnesses to the golden plates and the Urim and Thummim apostatized, though the Church declares that they never denied having seen the golden plates. In spite of all sorts of convenient revelations, Joseph Smith had his troubles. There were even highbrows among the Saints who objected to the English of the divine messages; and Joseph had to have a special revelation to deal with his critics. (The Lord said, in effect: "If they do not like the style of my revelations, just let them try writing revelations themselves, and see if they can turn out anything as good." No one except a Mormon is going to believe that the Lord said it; but one cannot deny that it is the perfect retort to most literary criticism.) A few sturdy Saints, however, stood by; and Brigham Young was probably a better leader for the great exodus than the Prophet would ever have been.

The only sinister thing remaining about Mormonism, one would say, is its solidarity. As a political bloc, it may be a menace. Any bloc is. And though the young Mormons of the third and fourth generations may break away into liberalism, there is the steady stream of converts, all so much of one social stratum that you come to feel there is, physically speaking, a genuine Mormon type. The younger American Mormon is like any other American; but most Mormons of foreign stock look like—and are—sons and daughters of the soil. As far as the future of Mormonism goes, it is pull Dick, pull devil, between the virtual apostasy of the intelligent young, and the constant addition of sincere converts. Who can tell which way the balance will tip in the decades to come? They have the strength of all narrow religious sects: the stubborn strength of the man who refuses, for what he considers conscience' sake, to listen to reason. Their peculiar tenets (now that polygamy is out of the way) are no more absurd than many others held by various sects whose name is not a curse to them. Their faith combines a primitive simplicity with odd outcroppings of mystical nonsense. Like everyone else, they claim to be the apostolic Church, and many of their most peculiar vagaries are mere literal interpretations of Biblical injunctions. The Bible is an extraordinary book; and if you take it all as equally inspired, you can find some very queer things to base your beliefs on—especially if you draw heavily on the Old Testament and the Apocalypse. I confess that I have never read more than a few pages of the Book of Mormon; but I know the Doctrine and

Covenants (which are much more important) fairly well; and balderdash for balderdash, give me the Doctrine and Covenants, every time, in preference to most of the handbooks of the newer religions.

Baptism for the dead is one of the most curious of their practices—and in some ways the most intelligent. No convert likes to think that his unconverted parents or ancestors are missing paradise. The Mormon convert, if he cares to pay the fee, need never have that uncomfortable sense. Basing their doctrine on certain texts in the New Testament, they permit you to enter the Temple and stand as baptismal proxy for your great-grandmother who never heard of Joseph Smith. She then inherits Heaven. It does not need to be a relative: George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, I believe, have both been baptized by proxy; and if you cared to follow up the good work of the whitewashing school of historians, you could, I suppose, be baptized for Queen Elizabeth or Lucrezia Borgia, and be sure of meeting those ladies, as good Mormons, in Heaven. This is only one of many things in the Old and New Testaments that the Latter Day Saints have taken over literally; and whether or not they meant it for a clever move, it is a clever one. To adopt a new faith must always give one a vicarious regret for the loved ones who died before they could know salvation. It would greatly palliate the strangeness



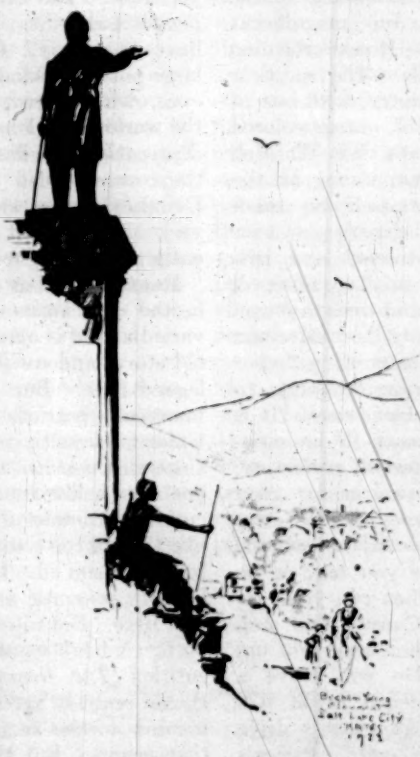
SALT LAKE IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CITIES IN THE WORLD

of a new religion and a new country if you knew that those who sleep in the distant soil of home could, by your agency, be made free of the paradise you have won. How widely the advantage is seized is shown by the fact that the handsome Church Offices house one of the finest collections of genealogical records in America—surpassed indeed, I believe, by only one other. Wherever you come from, you can be pretty sure of finding in that library any genealogical information that has been published concerning the place of your origin. It is worth noting, too, that the Church, in spite of its rigidity, has never admitted that the souls of little children could be damned.

Some prejudice exists among many Gentile inhabitants of Salt Lake City against patronizing Mormon institutions—the Z. C. M. I. (Zion Co-operative Mercantile Institution) or any business place that writes "Zion" or "Deseret" over its doors. Being a mere traveler, I naturally chose out the Mormon bank and the Mormon shops from the ruck of others. The Mormon bank officials are, in type, like nothing so much as Quaker merchants of the old school; the shop people are, to the casual stranger, simple and amiable folk. The prejudice against dealing with Saints appears to have had usually an origin, a first cause, dimly political. Sometimes it has been rooted in the suspicion that the Saints do better by their own than by the outsider—which, I dare say, is true. A bloc is a bloc, wherever and whoever. Besides, when you have anything of your own so mighty and mysterious as the Mormon Temple, you must feel a peculiar comradeship with the only other people who are allowed to enter it. The interior of the Temple must, by all accounts, and judging from official photographs, be extremely ugly and not at all impressive. But so long as they keep the public out the public will be impressed, for the Temple is externally a very fine and a very striking building, and it is not in the human heart to gaze upon it without being violently intrigued. The fact that only Mormons in good standing can enter it, and that even they must enter shoeless and by an underground passage (for the Temple has no outer doors) only makes you want to go in all the more.

The present Mormon situation would seem to be about this. The Church has a marvelous organization, a complicated and very efficient hierarchy. All the affairs of the good Mormon are known to his ward bishop, and thus the Church keeps its hold on his practical existence. The Church is a vast, rich, and admirably run business concern, and can of course control the politics of the state of Utah. Its hands are at last off the state University; and in many ways the Church shows itself cannily willing not to isolate itself menacingly. There is some talk at present, among Salt Lake Gentiles, of a revived anti-Mormon party, but it is to be hoped that it will come to nothing. For the fact is, naturally, that the Americanization process is going on all the time. Not only are the Mormon immigrants excellent citizen material, apt to apprehend quickly and easily American ideas; the young American Mormons are American first of all, and subject to the moral and social decisions of the great American group. The elders keep, inevitably, some smack of the peculiar people about them; but they cannot pass it on, for America will have its way with the convert, even more definitely than will the Church. The Mormons are proud of their history, exceedingly proud of the pioneers. They do not show the frequent American disregard of their origins, and that is a good thing. Brigham Young is highly respected as a great state-builder; he has his monument opposite the Temple Block, his monument at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. But they are not going in for the equivalent of canonization: they have torn down Amelia Palace, which is a significant fact. The

relics of the pioneers are piously kept—furniture, implements, ill-fated handcarts, and the like—but rather in the spirit of Old Deerfield, one would say, than in any sectarian fervor. That the Church is a very close corporation, no one, I think, would deny; but they came out of the wilderness when they gave up polygamy. That was the symbolic and fateful struggle. Having bowed once to the law of the land, they will continue to do so. The young missionaries they send out into all the world will bring back converts, yet they will not themselves be unaffected by exploring the planet; and while they are converting the foreigners into Mormons their own Mormonism becomes more liberal with those very contacts.



THE BRIGHAM YOUNG MONUMENT

"I am not a religious man," said our Mormon driver, as we wound up Emigration Canyon; "but I always carry this round with me." He handed over a Maori Testament. He had spent four years in New Zealand, Australia, and the South Seas, and his four years had served him lavishly in lieu of a university. He had mastered Maori; he had also mastered a beautiful English accent and diction; most of all, he had mastered much knowledge of human beings. We followed with our eyes the dizzy trail of the pioneers on that last terrific lap of their trek; saw how here they had had to let their ox-carts down by ropes, how there they had doubled on their tracks to circumvent the mountain steepness. "Brigham Young was a great man," said our Mormon friend; "a very big man indeed. Of course"—with a little nuance of disgust—"I don't hold with his views about polygamy; but he surely was a great pioneer." He was, indeed; one of the greatest; and why should any Utahn, Mormon or Gentile, forget it?

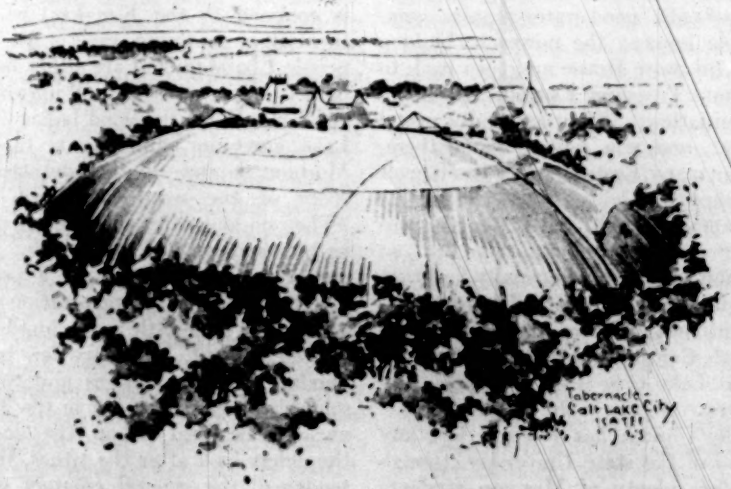
Life for the dwellers in Salt Lake City seemed to us outlanders full of promise and delight. In the first place, they have beauty and climate on their side. They have few rigors to bear. "It is cold for two or three months," they say, looking up at the snow on the Wasatches. "Of course, it isn't like your Eastern cold. And it's hot in July and August; but it's a dry heat, and the nights are cool—not like the East." The atrocious extremes that we put up with in a calendar year are a kind of legend in the West. You are often made to feel—though courtesy is unmarred—that they do not quite understand why you consent to endure your existence at home. If you were truly inventive, you could find some excuse for removing yourself to a happier clime. "There was a man," meditated a young Utahn, "who said he didn't have to work: he could starve. Well, I

don't have to live in the East: I can starve." Exactly. But most of us have not the courage actually to try those conclusions.

Consider for a moment the elements of life in Salt Lake City. Climate and situation, in the first place. Room to build your house (and building is cheap) where you can be in perpetual sight of some of the loveliest mountains in the land. Wide streets and magnificent vistas; the fine State House crowning one of the many hills. The sportiest golf course in the country, with one of the most charming of orange-colored country clubs, beneath the Wasatch Range. The constant vision of the Mormon Temple—in itself no small boon. The fruits of the earth grown for you by Mormon farmers; and irrigation giving you, at small expense, all the flowers and grass and trees that you desire. And not only the Mormon Church to make life interesting, but—think of it—the Mormon converts to make the servant problem easy! It is not in the human heart to be satisfied with monotony, even of perfection; and destiny has thrown in for good measure the uniqueness of the Great Salt Lake and the canyons of the Wasatch Range. Are you hot, or do you want to fish? Then run your car up Big Cottonwood Canyon and stop at Brighton, eight thousand feet up, among the pines. Do you crave a summer resort? Ogden Canyon will serve you. A mere afternoon's drive with a view at the end? Parley's Canyon is just back of the country club, City Creek Canyon just behind the State House. Your sky-line boulevard is hard to match, even in a country where all cities have them. Do you desire a historic thrill? Go up Emigration Canyon, stop at the Pinecrest Inn, and consider the pioneers. Must you shoot big game? You will find it, buffalo and all, on Antelope Island. Does your vulgar heart crave something in the nature of Coney or Asbury Park? Saltair will furnish you forth, beside a sea in which you cannot sink. Must you turn tourist? Well; you are at the "pivotal center" of the finest scenery in the country, and a short train journey will take you to the Yellowstone or the Colorado Rockies. Bingham, over there in the Oquirrhs, is said to be the biggest copper mine in the world, and you can visit the Inferno at your will. You cannot have the Navy in Salt Lake City, but you can and do have the Army. Camp Douglas is a large post, and khaki is all about. You even own the heavyweight champion of the world—and I noticed that, however deprecatingly civilized folk might speak, they never failed to point out Jack Dempsey's house when you passed it. A very nice house it is, too, and apparently a very decent sort, the champion.

Romance, for us Americans, must lie in the consciousness of how vast and varied a land is ours. Europe is an old, old story, and we shall not match that legend here. But to some of us, romantically patriotic, a new state of the Union is as exciting as a Balkan country. Centralization has not gone so far that one state is like another. Yet there is a curious, intimate urge (not in the least like that of the tourist in foreign lands) to know them all. To be sure, you must be both romantic and a citizen, to feel that urge. But most of us, after all, are both. A book has been written of late entitled *The Genius of America*. I should scarcely agree with the able and learned author as to the definition of that genius. But that there is such a thing no serious American can deny; and for us Easterners the sense of it becomes most vivid, most quickening, when we have climbed to the high plains and reached, or crossed, the Great Divide. In comparison with the Far Western states—still territories within the memory of this generation—our East seems very old. We cannot easily recapture now the days of our plasticity, when we too, under the hands of the founders of the Republic, were in the making.

Here, in the Far West, one can see the American spirit at work. You see both what has been and what is. Utah is one of the most illuminating of states. "Americanization" comes to mean little to us on our crowded Atlantic seaboard. If I may be forgiven the homely metaphor, food must be masticated before it can be assimilated; and we have bitten off more than we can even chew. The Far West has, in the nature of things, had fewer elements to deal with, and assimilation can be spoken of. American institutions, if given a chance, do mean something and do accomplish much. It took courage and it took vision to conquer the great spaces; and courage and vision were both at hand. The genius of America, to some extent baffled and dormant east of the Rocky Mountains, has been steadily, uninterruptedly occupied beyond them. No groups could be more different than the groups who successively trekked westward: gold-seekers, Mormons, engineers, lumberjacks, ranchers, farmers; yet somehow they have collaborated, unconsciously, to make the West. They were crude, but they were brave; and the genius of America (which, I take it, is a genius not for "profound moral idealism" but for liberty) was strong in them. The Mormons trekked west, as the Boers trekked north, in the hope of the utter freedom that comes with isolation. They could not have it—any more than the Indians could have it. Then they turned their hopes to statehood; and it was very long before they might have that. Their early history is full of blood and hatred; state after state cast them out, and to their enemies they returned full measure. The Church cannot wholly rehabilitate the Mormon pioneers into mere martyrs. But even this peculiar people had resident within its breast something of the American spirit, an aptness for American ideals. In so far as they attempted to be violently coercive, the genius of America denied them. That your own freedom means the other man's freedom, they have apprehended. Liberty is a searching, a far-reaching, even a subtle ideal. The young Mormons, free of the fanaticism of the founders, are Americans simply. America has somehow conquered the intolerance of the Mormon pioneers, as, if it has any luck, it will

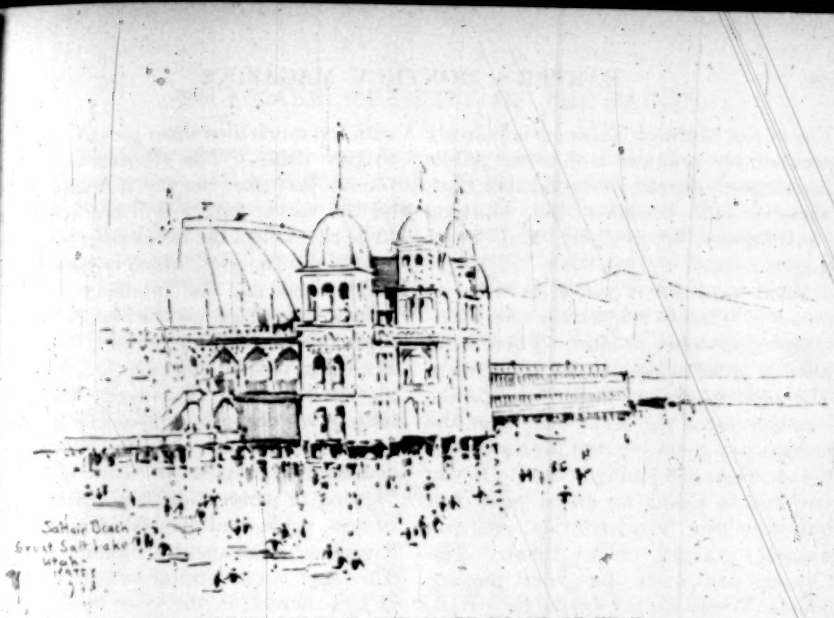


THE TABERNACLE WHEREIN THE FAMOUS ORGAN PLAYS DAILY

conquer the Ku Klux and all other groups determined to compel whom they cannot convince.

It may be that the Mormon Church was responsible, for example, for the recent anti-cigarette law (though such laws have been heard of in states that had not the excuse of a divine revelation against tobacco), as it may be that the Ku Klux Klan was responsible for the law that suppressed the private (which means the parochial) schools in the state of Oregon. But the anti-cigarette law was somehow quashed in Utah; and no one seems to think that anti-Catholic laws in Oregon can live through a referendum. The Mormons discovered that the privilege of statehood meant something: they had to give guarantees. On the whole, the privilege seemed to them worth it. You cannot redeem a desert into fertility, create out of rock and sand a community where men shall have abundant food, shelter, and safety, where children shall grow up to a goodly heritage, physical and intellectual, where property shall be safe and labor have its reward, without, in the process, laying hold on the essentials of American life. Utah is a very hard-working state, and hard work has taught it what is worth working for. Fine schools; good water-supply; comfortable homes; the power to build a beautiful State House and turn back to the State Treasurer a surplus out of the appropriation. (They are really proud of that, and you cannot blame them. In how many Eastern states has it ever happened?)

That some Salt Lake Gentiles are bitter and suspicious, there is no question; but you will usually find that there has been some sort of political disappointment back of their bitterness. Though Gentiles out-number Mormons in Salt Lake City itself, Mormons preponderate greatly in the state at large—yet the Church has recently lost any control of the state University, though there are plenty of Mormon students enrolled in it. They have their own Brigham Young University at Provo; and a flourishing L. D. S. business college in Salt Lake. But if the young Mormon wants a real academic education, he goes to the University of Utah or the University of California or some other such institution; and the L. D. S. business college is patronized by Gentiles as well as Saints. The present president of the Mormon Church is said by many people to be a fanatic; but he does not seem to be increasing fanaticism among the Saints. "This generation of Mormons is like anybody else," some native and resident of Salt Lake City will tell you. The next one says, "I have a lot of friends among Mormons—I'm very fond of them, and see a lot of them; but of course they will always hang together politically." One man says, "The young Mormons have broken away, and the Church can't last, except as a business organization." Another person says, "The educated young people are growing more liberal all the time; but the Church isn't liberal, and it is growing in numbers because they make so many converts." I traced the terror of converts in one instance to the immense Mormon success in the Hawaiian Islands. My interlocutor was much surprised to learn that the proselyting is confined to the Kanakas, who are themselves a dying race. All these people I have quoted are either born or bred Utahns; one is as well informed as another. What the good ladies of Salt Lake agree in admitting is that the Mormon flapper—in the contemporary sense of the word—does not exist. "They do look after their young people better than we do," they sigh. Well, one sees how that is. As a policing system, the Mormon organization works admirably. The little ward churches are scattered about, one every few blocks. Sunday morning services and Sunday school are held there, not in the Tabernacle. The ward bishop, the teachers, the elders look after the tithes, the attendance, the general conduct of the faithful.



SALTAIR BEACH IS THE CONEY ISLAND OF UTAH

The Latter Day Saints—so rigid, so inconceivably narrow, in some ways—have had some saving elasticities. They have always cultivated music assiduously—good music, too. Also—even more important, perhaps, for the young people—they have always, like David, danced before the Lord. Brigham Young built his theater before he built his Temple, and made his own daughters act, in order to encourage a high opinion of the actor's profession. Maude Adams, as you know, was born in Salt Lake, and began her career there. Music and dancing and the theater are a great help in keeping the younger generation occupied and amused. The Tabernacle organ and the Mormon choir are both overrated. The preaching of the apostles is disappointing, and the Tabernacle service unimpressive. The congregation is less reverent than any congregations I am used to. They giggle more, and talk more, and yawn more, and nurse the babies more openly. Their religious awe is probably reserved for the ceremonies in the Temple. What is not unimpressive is the crowds that file daily into the Tabernacle at noon to hear the organ recital. All the tourists are there, naturally; but Gentiles are outnumbered by Mormons. The Mormon farmer and his family who have come into town for the day; up-state Saints who have business in Salt Lake, or are taking a holiday; faithful residents, overweeningly proud of organ and organist—they pack the galleries behind locked doors, and listen to Bach and Mozart and Wagner. Every program includes "classical" music; it includes also variations on some simple air known to the most countrified; it always begins with the Star-Spangled Banner, and always includes the "favorite Mormon hymn," the words of which are printed on the back of every program. The medley is very characteristic of Church policy in general. They will educate their people with classical music; they will call attention to their patriotism; they will appeal to the humble with "Silver Threads among the Gold"; but they will never omit the favorite Mormon hymn—written by Emma C. Snow Smith in 1848. So you pass from a Bach fugue to the strains of

"In the heavens are parents single?
No: the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason; truth eternal
Tells me I've a mother there."

Use of the Mormon Tabernacle is freely granted for political and other public meetings—with the sole condition that, whatever the occasion, the Mormon choir must be present and must sing.

What does the Church do with its money? That is a question one inevitably asks, sooner or later. There is no priestly order to support; all are laymen. The missionaries pay their own expenses—in the case of the very young men, the parents pay them—except for the return ticket, when missioning is done. If you are sent to China for three years you buy your own transportation, and you support yourself while there. The Church pays only for your passage home. Where do the tithes go? Well, there is the Temple Block to be kept up; the music, too, is expensive. And there are new Temples to erect. Temples cost a great deal. The Temple in Salt Lake cost less than some others, though it took forty years to build. (But all labor on it was freely given!) There are four in Utah; a new one in Alberta; one in Laie, Hawaii; one building at present in Arizona. They intend to build the finest of all in Independence, Missouri, because Joseph Smith declared it to be Zion. That is a necessary if expensive gesture. Temples, nowadays, run well over a million; and Temples they must have within reach of any considerable group of Saints. All the really important things—the "ordinances," etc.—are carried on in the Temple: baptism, "sealing," marrying (I am told a marriage ceremony takes all day), and the like. The Church has recently had to buy the inn at the head of Emigration Canyon, and operate it at a loss, because the Canyon in summer is inhabited by Saints who resented having a roadhouse in their vicinity. The Church must have to do a good deal of private financing of its agricultural members in hard times. The real problem for the Church is, perhaps, the tithing problem. They could afford to let the young people liberalize themselves doctrinally; but with too much liberalism goes the refusal to pay tithes. The Church is rich—though just after the war it nearly went on the rocks—but it will not continue to be rich unless the tithes pour in. The genius of America, which is absorbing and influencing the intelligent young Saints, is not a genius that impels to the paying of tithes to any church, or to the disclosing of a man's private affairs to his ward bishop. The early Mormons themselves drew the line at the kind of communism which Joseph Smith endeavored to impose on them in 1831. "Owing to persecution, and to the selfishness, pride, and disobedience of men, it was not permanently founded. . . . The lesser law of tithing was given them in lieu thereof, in the year 1838. This law requires the person to pay, first, his surplus property to the Bishop, and after that, one tenth of his annual income."

Are the present-day Mormons going to keep the lesser law? Most Gentiles incline to doubt very much that their prominent Mormon friends abide by it completely. That there is trouble about the tithes is unquestionable. Certainly the "surplus" does not always go to the bishop. The Prophet's purpose was explicitly that no man should be richer than another, and that any property above the necessary minimum for supporting life should be given up. It is obvious to the most casual investigator that, though there may be a high subsistence-level, some Mormons are richer than others, and spend their "surplus" on themselves, precisely as Gentiles do. The future of tithing is very dubious. The Presidency, of latter decades, has not gone in much for divine revelation, though belief in revelation, prophecy, and the gift of tongues remains one of the prominent articles of the Mormon faith. When the great crisis of 1890 was upon the Church, President Wilford Woodruff had no new revelation about polygamy; he merely made a solemn declaration that the Church had ceased to teach or practice

it. Polygamy passed long since; endowment robes and abstinence from tobacco and coffee are going; Mormons marry Gentiles, outside the Temple. But the real crash will come when the tithes stop. And Americans do not give up their surplus, or pay tithes, unless they want to. If the Irish-American has for the most part escaped the domination of his clergy, the Mormon-American is not going to stop forever under the tutelage of his ward bishop.

Salt Lake City is old, as non-Spanish towns go, in our Far West. But mere comparative age could not have given it its superior dignity and beauty. The trees have had time to grow—but it was Brigham Young who had them planted immediately. He laid out the city, in the beginning, on the grand scale. He fetched water down from the canyons. As soon as he could afford to build for permanence, he built well. The Tiffany Company has contributed to the interior of the Temple a large stained-glass window representing the Father and Son appearing to Joseph Smith. Most of us will never see Tiffany's conception of that interesting event, but we can see the exterior of the Temple, which had no famous architect. Under Brigham Young's direction, they dragged the great stones down in ox-carts from Little Cottonwood Canyon; twenty years later, they had a railroad to help them carry the granite; twenty

BIG COTTONWOOD CANYON

years after that, the Temple was finished, and it remains the romantic and historic heart of the city. From below, the gilded statue of Moroni is merely the topmost pinnacle of the great pile. But if you wish to come under Moroni's spell, dine at sunset on the roof of your hotel, opposite the Temple Block. Each moment is lovelier than the last. Your eye rakes three points of the compass; from the Wasatches behind at your left, round to the Oquirrhs and the Great Salt Lake before you, to rest on Moroni rising at your right hand, his trumpet pointing to stars you cannot see. It is Moroni at nightfall who would convert me to Mormonism, if I were to be converted. He seems to have very little to do with Mormon his father, or Joseph Smith his prophet, or the hill Cumorah, or the golden plates; but a great deal to do with human aspiration. Out of a forbidding faith and a lurid history has come the figure of the angel at sunset.

One hopes that there will always be enough tithes, or enough profit on beet-root sugar, to keep Moroni gilded and secure in his commanding position. If they took all the tourists to dine on the roof of the Hotel Utah, reservations on the Yellowstone Special would not be easy to get. I know that if to me were intrusted the task of "selling" Salt Lake City, I should not talk about pivotal centers and radii. I should merely say, in the words of Brigham Young, "This is the place."

This Was the Crag

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

HERE on this shifting ground the pebbles slip
  Careless and hard beneath our aching feet;
Hand clutching hand where lip once clung to lip,
  Eyes driving eyes to sorrowful retreat
Where once we stood upon eternal rock,
  And planned how we should build together here
A house that neither time nor flaw nor shock
  Might ever shake while year succeeded year.

We stand where we stood then: the same trees rise
  Beside the river, and the hills roll back
Until they rest against remembered skies;
  This was the crag we climbed, and there the track . . .
Beneath our feet the careless pebbles slip,
  Hand clutching hand where lip once clung to lip.

The Violet

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

Catherine the Great, walking one morning in the park at Tsarkoye, saw the earliest violet of Spring. She called a member of her suite and ordered him to have a sentry placed on guard lest anyone pluck it.—Russian History.

DAY broke. The royal park of the summer palace at Tsarskoye-Selo loomed stark in the light as a forest yet almost wholly in bud. Nowhere did the radiance fall lovelier than upon a glade in its depths. Along one side a path of pleasure ran; on the opposite, old fir trees stood grouped closely. Out in this bare spot, a few steps from the evergreen boughs, a round tuft of thickly growing leaves had lately reared itself out of the vernal earth. On the rim of the tuft next the sun there opened in the dawn a violet.

The Empress of all the Russias came walking through the park, trust of it on her face. Impress of a world of things that bore her no malice, that reproached her with no misdeeds, that shook her with no concern. This was a morning hour when her Imperial Majesty sometimes broadened her shoulders for the weight of empire by leaning upon lives which have no burden; when into the animate stronghold of her fettered clanking years—all Nature's bolts withdrawn and secret passages set open—she let flow the spirit of the earth's return to joyousness and youth.

At such hours she walked farther in advance of her attendant ladies-in-waiting and officers or nobles of the court than etiquette at the summer palace required. She preferred that none watch her countenance during her frank pleasure, pass vitiated judgment upon her purer emotions. One face for Nature, one for human nature—that she had learned; that you would better learn.

Traversing a spot of forest beauty, she checked her footsteps with attention suddenly concentrated upon a woodland object on one side of the path. A moment later she went over and stood looking down upon it—the earliest violet—looking with eyes of violet blue that could be so tender, so terrible; that still searched despairingly within herself for fresh evidence of the Spring of life when all they could behold there was the passing of life's Autumn.

Her suite had paused, observant of her behavior but not curious, since it was her Imperial Majesty's habit during these strolls to linger, to loiter, to deviate in her course, quite as she had grown accustomed to pursue caprices wandering from the throne.

She now turned her glowingly beautiful face toward the group of figures standing back there in gorgeous contrast with the austere nakedness of the Spring woods. By a slight bend of the august head she signaled an officer to approach. Not altogether, though one of her attendants this morning, could she have trusted or have liked him; but then, who, albeit she still loved and loved again and again as is Nature's insatiate decree for some sad women—who in all the world was there now that she could any longer trust? As he paused before her, with a keen movement of the eyes, in words few and cold, she directed his notice to what had attracted hers:

"Have a sentry placed on guard beside this violet. It will become his duty to see that no idle stroller pluck it. And you will not entrust the execution of this order to another. Yourself, bring one of the guardsmen here and tell him in my very words the wish of his Sovereign. And leave us at once upon this errand,

lest that be done before that be done that would prevent it."

The officer rapidly recrossed the park in the direction of the glade, bringing a young guardsman. He had been angered by the disrespect with which her Imperial Majesty had laid upon him her command. Moreover, her assignment of him to the petty detail of carrying out this latest of her many whims had deranged his plans for a pleasanter morning. Angry still, he was now making haste to return that he might take part in certain convivialities.

Three paces behind him the youthful footguard, following like a dog trained to heel, kept the swift stride. He had not understood why so over-ranked an officer, hastily entering the barracks yard, and as chance would have it stumbling upon him, had instantly wheeled and bidden him come along. His first thought had been of punishment—light but heavy enough—to be inflicted for some breach of discipline. Memory had been asked whether it had anything to give up and memory had answered yes, and had given up a number of things. Nevertheless, as he had started to follow, he had laughed. Good-natured, happy, conscious of being neither gravely guilty nor gravely delinquent, behind the furious officer's back silently a moment he had laughed.

But when he perceived that he was being led away alone into the park—why into the park?—he was struck with terror. Enemies—had he an unknown enemy?—possibly some rival for Kyra's love? Who from highest to lowest attached to the palace but stood in constant peril of envy or jealousy, intrigue, ruin?

As the officer kept straight on his way, drawing him into the depths of the park where none could witness whatever was to take place, his limbs, his senses, every resource failed him except imagination, and imagination held up only the picture of a secret horrible death. When, sometime, he was found lying there in the brush, brains blown out or vitals run through, who would say a word? A serf more or less such as he out of the millions of them—who cared?

He stumbled weakly along, pitched heavily forward, his face overspread with pallor, his eyes dark with the pathos of those who believe that Fate has overtaken them, innocent though they are.

The officer strode into the glade, wheeled, clapped a hand upon his sword hilt and pointed groundward toward a spot some yards off:

"By Her Imperial Majesty's order you are to stand guard over those—those flowers. No one, strolling through the park, is to be allowed to approach them or to pull them. If anyone attempts it, thrust him back. If he perseveres, thrust him through. Mount guard!"

The soldier, unnerved by terror, heard but did not believe what he heard and did not move. The officer's rage—meant for Her Imperial Majesty—he understood to be directed at him. An unsoldierly duty like that!—mockery before murder. He swayed on his legs.

The officer rushed at him and struck him a blow on the side of the head which sent him reeling several paces. He staggered back for another blow—his dumb Slavic acceptance of whatsoever life meted out to him. The officer caught him by the arm, thrust him forward, steadied him in the place he should stand, shook him violently as though to settle him there, then hurried back to the path whence he repeated his charge:

"Her Imperial Majesty's order: Stand guard over those flowers! In the morning or this afternoon she may pass here again. If anything has happened to them, I shall be summoned. If I am summoned, I shall summon you."

Several yards away, he looked back. Once more and for the last time, from as far as he could see through the park trees and shrubs, he looked again.

There the guardsman stood, his eyes riveted on him, his ghastly face a white blur against the dark background of the firs, the silvery sunlight falling faintly across his big shoulders.

Zubof stepped cautiously out from behind the evergreens. His ugly, trusty face wore a look of bewilderment and he shot glances of fear in the direction the officer had disappeared. Leon uttered a low cry of joy:

"Zubof! You here!"

"I saw him when he hurried into the barracks yard and out again, taking you with him. I followed at a distance to find out what he was going to do. What is the meaning of it, all this?"

Leon set his musket down and leaned heavily, weakly, upon it and laughed. Color was returning to his face, as calmness to his heart, that he was not to die.

"I thought he meant to murder me—some lie!"

"If it was not a lie!"

Leon looked at his comrade in doubt for a moment, then turned and pointed:

"I am to stand here to guard these violets—it is Her Imperial Majesty's pleasure: she does not wish them to be pulled."

Now long ago and often in the guardroom and in other rooms where the soldiers talked of the same old things that soldiers talk of everywhere, Leon and Zubof had listened to gossip of how Her Imperial Majesty loved the more scandalously the older she grew and of how she called the more frequently for changes of young lovers. They even felt a flattered personal share in the report that oftener than elsewhere now she looked to the footguard or to the horseguard or to any other guard which gathered into itself from over the Empire Russia's strongest men. They themselves not long before had witnessed the ceremony of certain young gallants of the barracks, having donned their most becoming uniforms and oiled their hair and recommended themselves to the surrounding atmosphere by the use of perfumes, taking up striking positions where they could not fail to be noticed by Her Imperial Majesty as she walked slowly past them on her return from church! With enamored wonderment they had hung upon the very particular story that, as each successive favorite was transplanted from the circumjacent human outdoors (of ordinary temperature) to the palace hothouse, he was there, by Her Imperial Majesty's order, guarded day and night lest anyone else approach him and pluck him.

To rumors such as these and to other scandals worse by far Leon and Zubof were grown used and were grown hardened; the Court of Russia had grown hardened, if it needed hardening; most of the courts of Europe had at least grown used.

But a footguard stationed by some sad throb of Her Imperial Majesty's heart to guard a wild violet of spring—this was conduct fresh to experience and to this their natures were uncorrupted. So that barbarians as they were, serfs, soldiers—two of those strange children of Russia whose wild play of emotion none can foretell and the white lotus of whose tenderness rises, it may be, from the blackest mire—they stood looking into each other's eyes in silence.

Each at the moment saw boyhood yonder, yonder, in a Russian village, with its near-by forest, and saw violets in the woods of Spring.

Leon was not disappointed: Zubof, touched by memory, without a word started to pass behind Leon for a closer look. Leon placed his big hand against his chest and stopped him.

"No, no! Those are my orders, Zubof. Don't go any nearer."

"Things might have been worse!" laughed Zubof, looking round him with relief. "Now, if they find out that I have been absent without leave," he added, fear gathering in his eyes; and with a friendly nod he started on his return. Leon stopped him.

"One thing, Zubof! Go to see Kyra! Find her wherever she is, or get word to her somehow, and explain that I shall be kept here all day. I was to be with her, and if she waits and I do not come, she will imagine one wrong thing or another—may believe I am with some one else! She is always jealous, too jealous,

too jealous! Do this! It means more than I can tell you."

He showed distress. When last with Kyra he had had of her their love's fulfillment. Since, she had denied him even the sight of herself until to-day.

Zubof reflected that this delay would increase his peril, and if caught, his punishment. But he promised and started again more precipitately. Again Leon stopped him.

"Tell Kyra that I sent her word to slip away and come to see me here! That I shall be looking for her all day, every moment all day!"

Zubof was off for the third time and Leon stopped him for the third time, walking beside him and forgetting the spot he must guard.

"Ask Kyra to bring along something to keep me alive: I shall be here without a mouthful. That officer will be thinking of his own stomach. To bring something for herself also, enough for us both, and we will eat it together, she and I, here in the park—near the violets. A basketful! Caviar, raw herrings, sardines! A sturgeon pie—mushrooms and truffles—some cold pig with horse-radish! Things like that. Two roast fowls—ham—salted goose—cucumbers and turnips! Tell her to see that young pastry cook—the one who is in love with her—and have him give her some of the pastries and jellies and cakes that he is making to-day for Her Imperial Majesty. He has done the like before. And oranges and pineapples! And *kvas*—and *meod*—and sherry—*klourka*—hydromel—rum—champagne! Kyra must understand," he went on with swelling humorous swagger, "that her Imperial Majesty has appointed me guardian of her wild flowers in the park and from this time on will wish me to have better food and better wine! Fill the basket, tell her, with the best in the palace kitchens. Her Imperial Majesty would have it done if she knew—and she would have that officer shot! She is like a mother to us guardsmen."

Zubof, impatient at being detained, had yet stood listening and laughing, his own palate hungrily responsive to the joints and wines that heaped the picnic basket. At this juncture his face became charged with fear.

"Officers! Behind the pines!"

Zubof fled.

They were almost upon the sentry as they came round into view—two officers of the crack regiment of the *Chevaliers Gardes;* resplendent in long jack-boots, leather breeches, tunics of white, and silvery cuirasses and silvery helmets surmounted by the Russian eagle.

One was not quite sober, the other even less; and as they supposed themselves unobserved and unheard in this remote part of the park, they were talking and laughing loudly, jostling and jostled in their unsteady walk.

Instantly at sight of the sentry pacing slowly to and fro, they stopped in dead silence. With countenances darkened by suspicion, they exchanged remarks in undertones. Then they approached, and the soberer of the two, across the reserve which separated a Russian officer and noble from the Russian serf, demanded the reason of his being there. The sentry stepped challengingly before them and proclaimed the Imperial mandate in soldierly words curt and rough. They well became, he thought, his own new rank as autocrat of the place and hour.

When they heard, each sought the other's eyes, and as each scrutinized the other's expression they broke into coarse laughter. The less sober expressed to his companion the hope that the violet, after having enjoyed for a little while Her Imperial Majesty's exclusive favor, would not die of the colic.

Russian guardrooms would have enjoyed the slur; the courts of Europe would have understood. Over in France her illustrious thinker D'Alembert, even in a brain overcrowded with philosophy, had found room for it and entertainment. For when Her Imperial Majesty, standing at the palace window on the Neva, which Peter had built to open upon

Europe, when she, standing at that window and looking across at Europe, most of all at France, had invited Voltaire and Condorcet and other scholars to become her guests at the court of St. Petersburg, D'Alembert had shaken his head and laughed. "I think I'll not go," he remarked; "so many distinguished people die of the colic in that country!"

As the drunken officer uttered his jest he started to pass around the sentry, thinking him no barrier to his own rank and privilege. The sentry interposed his musket.

"No one is to be allowed nearer."

With an oath the officer struck the sentry a blow in the face: "Tell a Russian officer what he shall not do!"

The sentry with a quick violent thrust of his hand pushed him over backward. The other officer caught him as he fell and the two struggled together—the one to free himself, the other to draw him away. For other voices were heard approaching, clear silvery happy voices of other strollers in the park; and whatever one wished to do in such a case, one wished, if in his senses, to do it unobserved: in the Russia of that age you best revenged yourself in secret.

The sentry, enraged by the pain of the blow and wounded in his pride of place, broke through military discipline.

"I do not tell an officer what he shall not do! Her Imperial Majesty tells him; and if he is not enough of an officer to respect her wish, I am to make him. That is my duty here."

"Another day for *you!*" muttered the soberer officer, struggling with his comrade.

But the other, freeing his right arm by a furious effort, jerked from his tunic a jeweled pocket revolver and fired at the sentry's head. The bullet cut a bough of one of the fir trees behind him; it fell over and hung by a strand of its bark.

The skin of the sentry's face had been broken by the blow. He staunched the flow of blood as he followed the struggling officers a few paces, then stood watching them as they withdrew. They were withdrawing hurriedly. Other strollers stood looking on, eye-witnesses of what had been interference with Her Imperial Majesty's whim and pleasure.

The sentry, turning at last, saw three little Grand Duchesses grouped in the path and wide eyed in innocent wonder of what they had beheld.

The eldest was all ermine and silver and blue, Russian ermine, the loved Russian blue, the blue of the Russian sky overhead that Spring morning. The next in age stood decked in ermine and rose color and bands of palest gold. The youngest, embedded in her white nest in her carriage, showed only snowwhite. As the Russian hare turns snowwhite in winter, she seemed not yet ready to yield to any persuasions of the coloring year.

The French nurse had heard the pistol shot, had seen the blow, had caught the sentry's insult to his military superiors. But it was an age of duels and of dark never-explained events happening in lonely places. The counterpart of such an occurrence might have taken place before her eyes in her own park, the *Bois*. Still, questions were in her mind as the sentry walked quietly toward her, and he saw them.

"We were fighting about a violet," he explained, with boyish candor. "This morning Her Imperial Majesty found a violet here in the park," he turned and pointed, "and she had me placed on guard over it. That drunken officer would as soon as not have amused himself by stamping on it. If I had reported him he would have had me poisoned or tortured or assassinated. If the blame had fallen on me I'd have been court-martialed and shot."

"Come!" he said to the two little Grand Duchesses as he read a wish in their wide-eyed silence, "you shall see Her Imperial Majesty's violet!"

Placing himself between them, his musket pinioned under an arm with the point of the bayonet trailing behind, he took the hand which each with quick

confidence gave him and slowly led them forward.

They approached within arm's reach of the flower.

"You see it?" he asked, looking down at them, in tender pride of proprietorship. The little Grand Duchesses, their breathing all but hushed through awe of his rough barbarian earnestness, answered—with polite disappointment—that they saw.

As he led them back the eyes of the nurse rested upon him with love. Love of something in him that was human, that one is glad to think of as being in the world. This emotion of hers, beautiful and warm, cast its spell over him. As he let go the children's hands he hesitated before her, then put his arms round her and kissed her.

She called back to him, shaking her head and laughing as she moved away with the children:

"The embrace was not for me! You imagined I was some one else! You are in love!"

He stood looking after her in guilty happy silence; her words left a fragrance along the forest path.

Rough noises at his back caused him to wheel about—this day it seemed his fate to be startled once and again by things coming upon him from behind.

Moujiks they were, seven of them, shuffling rapidly along as seven bears might huddle tumultuously in a trail; heavy bearded, shaggy haired, red shirted, coarse, unkempt, brutish—on their way to the palace. A squad of its army of scullions; scavengers of skillets and kettles and pots and pans and scraps and slops; human waste toiling in the lower regions of the palace to remove—or devour—the kitchen waste. They took notice of him but did not care: what to them was his being there as being elsewhere or being nowhere? He noticed them but cared neither for them nor for their fate.

His thought returned to the little Grand Duchesses. In his rough palms he still felt the pressure of their affectionate, confiding, delicate little high-bred hands. They were going, they told him, to ride on the lake in one of her Imperial Majesty's stately gilt barges; and he saw them in imagination as they reached an arm of the lake and passed in snowy procession over the bridge of rarest blue Siberian marble. Then they were going to the palace to meet their mamma and other little Grand Duchesses with their mammas. Would they assemble, he wondered, in the great room of blue and gold, its walls and furniture incrusted with lapis lazuli, its floor of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl? Or in another room whose chandeliers, cabinets, figures, and fixtures were all of the loveliest shades of amber?

Kyra it was—Kyra, one of the army of serving maids when the court moved from the winter palace in St. Petersburg to the summer palace at Tsarskoye-Selo—Kyra it was who described to him the magnificence of some of the rooms. How many they were! The façade of the building on the garden-side stretched nearly a quarter of a mile!

A serving maid, not a Maid of Honor! He was glad. Maids of Honor were the soiled themes of barracks-yard and mess-room scandals, as being much too near Her Imperial Majesty not to be too much like her.

Where was Kyra now in that vast inner forest of splendors? Would Zubof reach her with this message? There were ways. The whole palace was a fortress of secret intrigues, from Her Imperial Majesty down to moujiks: intrigues that covered Europe, intrigues that snatched a bottle of champagne, intrigues that brought breathlessly together two young lovers in a room.

Slowly he turned back to the blossoming spot, the duty to guard which chained him as by the leg this day so that he could not reach the intrigue of his own desire. Sentrywise he began to walk back and forth, back and forth. All at once his nature had another awakening: he stood looking round him at the greening woods of Spring—true Russian forest,

for the park measured more than twenty miles around.

Well he knew the forest, for he was the son of a gamekeeper on the estates of a Russian nobleman, and until made soldier, his life and his duty had lain mostly there—in the forest with his father.

Each time he turned in his sentry walk he had directly in view, twenty yards away, a young tree in fresh full leaf, the others near by either budding or not yet budded. He went across to it and drew down a bough and shook it, making the leaves dance along the stem. When a boy, sent to the forest for mushrooms or berries or acorns or what not else, he would break off some such bough and go along with it in his hand, the gayer for its company. He snapped off a tuft of leaves now and stuck it in his headpiece, to nod there like a wild plume for Kyra to smile at.

Going back to his place, he caught sight of a darker bough, the hanging fir branch which the officer's bullet had cut in two. He smiled. When in the dead of winter some furred nobleman from the capital had killed his big game the half-frozen peasants who had been the game-beaters broke off evergreen branches and waved them, dancing about in festive spirit. He was glad to have the emblem of victory hanging there near him all day: he would give it to Kyra when she came and tell the story of it.

Once he went up close to the tuft of violets and with the point of his shining bayonet pressed the leaves down to one side: other buds were on their way, another would blossom in to-morrow's light. Once into the glade through the silvery air a pallid butterfly came wandering and with long searching leaps of its wings bounded this way and that. He felt lonely and playful in his happiness and fain to speak to any creature.

"Take care," he said, "don't you go too near! Those are Her Imperial Majesty's orders! She is your Imperial Majesty too!"

Not in a great while did any more strollers pass anywhere near and deepest stillness lay upon the woods; for the constant countless sounds of growing Nature—little pushings and thrustings and burstings open and other displacements—are too fine for human ears. Naught had he to listen to but the constant noise of his big coarse boots, trampling dry twigs, or kicking leaves which the winds had loosened since the last snow had melted; for the weight of the Russian snows presses the crumpled foliage of Autumn flat against the earth, and thus the leaves lie, when snows have disappeared, until the winds have ruffled and raised them.

Under his boots the brittle bare black twigs and gray matted foliage looked like winter still; but with a sidelong sweep of his leg he cleared some twigs and leaves away, and up through the soil tiny whitish, yellowish, greenish buds and blades and stems were rushing as thickly as sprouted seeds in a glass-covered hotbed. With incredible swiftness the Russian earth would soon be softly, brilliantly carpeted for its familiar summer.

Spring! And as when in the remote depths of some forest the male, having found the spot where they would build, gives out upon the bright lonely air his call to his mate hurrying on from the south—all day at intervals repeating his call, if by chance she have already come—so he during the slow hours uttering there within himself, or aloud for his ear, his own musical note, his note of pairing:

"Kyra!"

Looking often at the young tree before him in its mantle of tender green, at the root of which she was to sit on a mound of evergreen boughs which he would cut for her:

"Kyra!"

Sending often his quick glance down every open vista of the park, scrutinizing each distant stroller, most eagerly, each female figure, with hope that it would turn out to be his mate hastening to him:

"Kyra! Kyra!"

Listening to the noises of his boots on the dead twigs and leaves, under which the sap of Spring was resistlessly rising; resistlessly rising as well in him:

"Kyra! Kyra! Kyra! Kyra!"

Earth soon to be strewn with colors and fragrances and interlaced with songs because once more for a brief season Life was at play with Love. Up from far southern lands the double snipe flying straight to its Arctic nest again. The hare darkening hitherward out of its unnubial whiteness, frisky at the sign. In the rose of dawn the rush of wings of the blackcock toward his parade- and proof-ground, white-velvet vested, blue-satin coated, loving all. In the treetop the capercailzie gone blind and deaf with ecstasy of his high hour. All forest creatures understanding alike and at heart the same. He borne along with the rest of them:

"Kyra!"

The sun, which even when highest is never high at Tsarskoye, had turned nightward. Zubof, unless thwarted or arrested, must long ago have delivered his message. Their rations in the mess rooms his fellow-guardsmen long since had hungrily swallowed down. Restless with hunger himself, wretched with fears, back and forth, back and forth he strode rapidly, his eyes sweeping in all directions the open spaces of the landscape. If his message had not reached Kyra! She would seek at the appointed hour their secret meeting-place and wait; at last she would steal away. He watched in imagination her changing face the while she sat there and he did not come; he penetrated her thought as, forlorn, she rose to go: to herself betrayed, already deserted. Long, so long, she had repelled his wooing, fearful that he meant but that: the summer palace knew so little else.

"Kyra!" he shouted, in a transport of relief and joy.

She was looking at him from the opposite side of the row of fir trees, her hands holding two of the lower boughs apart, thus framed within their forest reality. Startlingly disclosed there—young, tall, slender, swarthy, lovely, proud; meeting his eye without a smile or a word.

"How long have you been here?" he asked first of all, struck by the look on her face which had none of the excitement of one who has just eagerly arrived.

With a quietness foreign to his knowledge of her, she answered:

"How many hours have I been here? Almost since Zubof brought your message. How many years? Ever since I can remember."

With her eyes fixed inscrutably upon him she withdrew her hands, and the boughs like heavy curtains closed over her.

"Kyra!" he exclaimed in consternation at some disastrous change in her and sentry duty forgotten, he started headlong round the firs. Halfway, checked by a sense of danger, he sprang back and watched now one end, now the other, of the barrier row of trees.

She came round slowly and, with the step of one who drags light feet heavily, she crossed the bright glade, going straight, as by some ancestral wildwood habit, to the young tree spreading its shelter of trusty leaves. There, with the naturalness of races who are accustomed at summer season to be much on the ground, she seated herself against the trunk of the tree, facing him in silence.

She had laid aside her menial garb as a serving maid at the palace. She had come thither not as a serving maid but as a woman, as a being sovereign to herself; the garments and ornaments she wore thus bespoke her. She sat there also—having been born of the travail of wandering races and the cross-purposes of wild generations, Tartar, Muscovite, Hebrew, Gipsy—she sat there potent and fragrant with the mysterious charm of women of the East.

On her heavy black hair above the del-

icate black eyebrows rested an Oriental cap or turban of yellow silk. Old earrings, like the moon curved against the evening sky, dangled from her ears. A shawl arabesqued with lights and shades of gold hung about her shoulders and fell to the ground on each side of her, so that its long fringes flowed as the sheen of waters over the gray, black winter twigs and leaves. Her arms and bust were roundly outlined under the softness of black velvet, except where the whiteness of satin was inlaid along the uncovered throat. Bright crimson was her skirt. Antique bracelets encircled the wrists, suggesting ancient chains of the wearer's too wilful freedom. In the dimple of the bare throat, suspended by a thread of gold, hung a small jewel—its coveted place no doubt through the travail and cross-purposes of one woman after another now lying in far scattered, long-forgotten graves.

Thus she had come to him, withdrawn in hostility from him, wearing her riches to hide her wound.

Time and again, forgetful of duty, he started toward her, then, remembering, hurried back; time and again he implored her to tell him why she was angry. Only once did his pleading agitate her out of her implacable calm: she threw her hands backward over her shoulders and, catching up the shawl, drew it forward more closely under her bare throat; the movement suggested the completer covering of herself bodily away from his eyes.

Then he ceased beseeching her to declare why she was offended. Then he ceased hastening toward her and, torn between love and duty, hastening back. Innocent to himself of having wronged her and not by anything in her imagination to be made guilty, he confronted her across the open space as mute as she. When, persisting in silence, she drew from her pocket delicate needlework and began to embroider as if alone at a palace window in some moment of leisure, he, wrapping himself in silence, shifted his musket into position and began to pace to and fro as if alone on guard before the barracks-yard gates.

At this unforeseen roughness and obduracy the needlework after a long interval dropped to her lap. Was the new stubbornness in him a sign that since they were last together he had ceased yielding—now that she had yielded all; evidence that she had already lost ground in a nature where she had thought but to have won complete possession?

The needlework dropped to her lap. She spoke first, not to be the longer affronted and humiliated by his flaunted rudeness.

"Has Marta gone?"

Her words crossed the space between them—low, somber, bitter with irony, tremulous with suffering.

He wheeled toward her, listening.

"I did not wish to surprise Marta and you here—alone together."

His good-natured face cleared of its cloud. He smiled in a careless way.

"What is it about Marta?"

The air of innocence was to her a new baseness in him.

"When you sent for me, did you not send for Marta also—since you must have us both for your pleasure?"

He laughed.

"What is it about Marta? I did not send for Marta. What is this about my having you both?"

She studied him with gathering scorn.

"Must you be told?" She lifted one hand, the fingers separated, and across the tips she counted with a finger of the other:

"One day, two days, three days, after you were with me you had Marta in your arms, you were kissing Marta."

His face darkened. "What enemy has made evil out of that?"

"A loyal person to me!"

"It was nothing."

"What was nothing?"

"Putting my arms round Marta."

"Did you tell Marta it was nothing?"

"Marta understood."

"Did Marta tell you she understood?

She confided to me that you had made love to her!"

He tossed his head and laughed outright with gay unconcern. The tuft of young leaves in his headgear rustled as in a light wind.

"I had no desire to make love to Marta. It was the thought of *you*."

"Did you tell Marta it was the thought of me?"

With each word she outwitted him. Within himself, if silent, he was well content. When he spoke he made trouble for himself. She pressed her advantage.

"Zubof found Marta and delivered your message to her. She brought it to me; and she, Marta—Marta, I tell you—laughed that you had sent for *me* to come and feed you here in the park. Amusing yourself openly with me while you were in love with her! Exposing *me* to the danger, sacrificing *me!*"

"Kyra!" he called out in sternness, "I love *you!* You know I love you. Nothing could keep you from knowing."

She laughed in mockery.

"I fondle Zubof or Feodor or Sergei or Andriev or some other guardsman and come and swear it was my thought of *you!*"

He could not match her in words but he remained uncontrite and unabashed.

"Oh!" she cried, "it is because you are Russian." She spoke as though she drew away from her own Russian birth and sought safer, higher ground in her other commingled races—Tartar, Hebrew, Gipsy. "You are Russian, and the Russian always keeps fine words for whatever he does! He always looks innocent to himself! He betrays any virtue in the name of some other virtue and he betrays love in love's own name—as you do now!"

He answered slowly, looking round him at the woods of Spring and up at the cleanness of the sky as though they—the forest and its stainless curtain—attested the rightness of his nature.

"I did not make myself Russian and I do not know how I am made. Nor do I know why I feel as I feel and act as I act. But I do know that I love you, that I love no one else. And because I love you, I love more the young tree under which you sit. I love more the violet I guard. I love more Her Imperial Majesty. I love more the guardsmen who are my friends. I love more boyhood memories of myself and the memory of my father. I love passing strangers more. Because my love of you has made the world more lovable."

Not so could he have spoken, had he not been deeply moved, the things he strove to utter being his defense. Hitherto he had appeared weaponless against her words, which like skillful swords cut his own words to pieces one by one as fast as they issued, leaving him in her eyes a disarmed and false and sorry figure. Till, half angered by this so mordant desire of hers to demean and wrong him, he had found deeper voice to summon to his cause what lay beyond her attack—the nature of great love itself, his love: which, when it takes possession of a man, may so touch and soften and gladden him that those around are cast in a kindlier light and the world comes to have a new meaning and a new happiness.

But the nature of great love itself, her love, said not so, not so. Other maids of the palace had not become more companionable to her but less; admirers among the guardsmen not more attractive but less. He, Leon, now that she had given herself wholly to him, virtue even, he, Leon, was everything and the rest of the world was not more lovable; the rest of the world was naught. As sometimes may be the nature of a woman's great love, which does not spread abroad as a new beauty upon the wide and tranquil sky but contracts into a solitary handbreadth of cloud where the flame is.

She had hastened to the park not to picnic with him as a faithful sentry to a violet but to reproach him with his faithlessness to one who loved him and whose virtue he now had upon his conscience, as she had hurried along mean-

time asking herself: after the reproaches, what then? Give him up? No, pleaded her love, that could not, could not, be. Cling to him the same? No, repined her love, how could that ever be? Yet the one or the other do she must; and throughout those wavering hours helplessness to choose had held her back.

Meantime through the evergreens she had watched him as he walked to and fro, seeing a lonely beauty of love on his face, hearing him call her name over and over to himself, softly, musically. At one such moment, yielding to impulse, she had drawn the boughs apart, disclosing her presence.

Now, as he essayed to show how his love of her stirred him in different ways to tenderness for others, she shook her head and she grew the whiter. When he ceased, she was ready to visit upon him the irreversible judgment of those dumb hours:

"Promise to leave Marta alone. Make Marta understand that it was with her you trifled and that to me by love you are bound—to me only. Promise no more play with Marta, nor with any other of the palace maids, nor with any other woman in the world. Now that I am yours, you are mine—you everything to me, I everything to you. Promise!"

She bent far over toward him. Her hands under her shawl caught and held to one another as to hope—hope which was nigh despair.

With no consenting sign, long his eyes rested on her; then, countenance as clear and voice as careless as ever, he answered her in quietness:

"Made I those promises, I would break them if I ever wished to break them. I am what I am. Promises could not make me what I am not."

"You will not promise?" she asked, her voice almost unheard.

"I will not promise," he answered stoutly once and for all.

She bent quickly over to her lap, burying her face out of his sight in her hands. He went on in his open-minded way.

"A little thing happened here in the park this morning. A nurse came past with some children. I told the children of Her Imperial Majesty's command. They wished to see the violet and I took them by the hand and led them up to it. When I brought them back the nurse received me with a smile. I was standing close to her and, with longing for you, I put my arms around her and kissed her."

She lifted her face out of her hands and sat scrutinizing him as with freshly shocked, fully aroused intelligence and understanding: that even after sending for her, even while waiting for her—during those moments!—he had not desisted, he had indulged his amorous ways with yet another, the first woman in sight, a mere passer-by: in composure he now told her this.

Old warm tender things went out of her face; he saw them go. New things came into it; he saw them come.

"Had I reached here a little sooner I might have seen the nurse in your arms! I might actually have witnessed the familiar spectacle of your love—of *me!*"

Her words made you think of light, dry flakes of snow.

He faltered, then persevered in finishing his story in candor to the last.

"The nurse understood. As she walked away with the children she called back to me: 'The embrace was not for me! You imagined I was some one else! You love!'"

She threw back her head and laughed—laughed loud and horribly. Once before he had heard a woman laugh that way—only once in his lifetime. There had been a lynx hunt in the dead of winter and late that night, after the heavy feast and heavy drinking, one of the hunting party, a nobleman of wealth, had engaged his father to drive to a distant camp of dancing gypsies. He had begged his father to take him along. The gypsies were asleep. By rich promises they were persuaded to dress, to serve wine, to dance. The dancing reached its climax with the coming out of the gypsy whom alone the nobleman had

come to see. She was used to have drunken Russians throw their stuffed purses to her, throw jeweled rings. She danced to this one; he drew out his bag of gold mesh and tossed her a coin and rose to leave. She walked to where the coin had fallen, stood over it, threw back her head and laughed, and kicked the coin back at him. All the homeward drive that laughter had been in his ears —a woman's laughter at a man, such laughter—and now he heard it again—laughter like it—horrible laughter at him.

It was as if the barbaric woman, sitting under the green tree, had with the proud fierce instincts of her blood risen and kicked back at him the coin of his words—his price to her for having danced to him the dance of her youth, innocence, love.

She did actually rise. She sprang up and as the shawl slipped from her shoulders, she threw it round them again and turned away—what more was there to hear or to say? Toward the footpath running to the palace she moved swiftly. Then from some fresh impulse which counted not consequences but would wreak itself upon him for its brief moment, she returned and lingeringly reseated herself. She had assumed a manner as unconcerned as his own.

"Another of those little things—your little things—happened in the park today. As I was on my way here, two soldiers stopped me. I told them I was looking for a young guardsman whom Her Imperial Majesty had placed as sentry to a violet. They laughed and one of them put his arms around me and kissed me, then the other took me away from him and put his arms around me and kissed me, and both asked me where the violet lived. I told them."

He halted violently in his sentry walk, his figure squared toward her, rigid. Into his face rushed his wounded respect for her; he reddened with some immeasurable, unutterable wrath of shame. Into his ears faintly from a distance began to pour the sounds of a universal tumult from his friendly forest, anger of its wild creatures who to themselves were always clean in their loves; they had heard her, all of them, wherever they were, and the whole forest was in an uproar.

She feigned to play with the fringes of her shawl, letting them run between her fingers like golden waters, smilingly intent on them, amusing herself.

Barely could he mutter in an undertone thick and husky his repudiation of her story:

"That is not true. That did not happen."

She continued, tossing upward the fringes of the shawl and catching them in her palms like yellow sands:

"Did I accept their caresses? Yes. Was I offended by what they thought of me? No. Once I loved some one and gave myself to him. He took me, then in a day did not want me any more. Could the rest greatly matter to me? Not greatly. Did I much care who was second? Not I. Third? Not I. Shall I not some day belong to whomsoever I may meet?

He heard yet did not hear. He heeded but did not heed. He called out to her more loudly and commandingly by virtue of all that was true and steadfast in himself and by virtue of what was now his right to what was true and steadfast in her.

"Tell me it is not true about those soldiers!"

Up and up and up she tossed the fringes of her shawl, beginning to watch him keenly with a fine kindling triumph.

"Some day I shall not have this," she said, holding up a fold of the shawl, "nor this," she said, reaching down and lifting and letting go the bright new crimson skirt, "nor this," smoothing the velvet on her arms, "nor these," touching the bracelets on her wrists, "nor these," touching the earrings in her ears, "nor this," laying a finger on the jewel in the dimple in her throat. "In rags coarser and fewer the farther I go I'll travel my road—the road he set me in."

Well he knew the road she painted. Beside himself and desperate in his hurt, he cried more imploringly:

"Tell me it is not true about those soldiers!"

She laughed and kept her glowing eyes on him as if she were even drawing nearer to him in desire.

"What any longer have you to do with me and the soldiers I may like? In their arms hereafter. Never again in yours. You betrayed. They will understand. They will have their pleasure and pay my price—till I take theirs."

More agonizingly, he wailed as over something that had been loveliest to him and was being lost:

"*Say it is not true, Kyra! Tell me! Tell me! Tell me!*"

More brutally she struck him as in the face with her reply:

"What have you to do with the soldiers who will love me in their honest way—an hour?"

He had come halfway across the open glade toward her, oblivious of all else. As her reply smote him he wheeled sharply and walked back to his faithful place. From there he waved his arm in the direction of the palace.

"Go!" he ordered. He drew himself up proudly, his musket in position, and resumed his sentry walk, alone henceforth with his duty to Her Imperial Majesty.

She had not expected this. Whatever effect, if any, she may have hoped for from her unplanned words, she had not expected to be accosted as some coarse guardsman repulses a woman of the streets who is beneath his desire.

As from an inconceivable blow she shrank behind the young tree: it did not cover her figure, it hid her face.

Moments passed. He began to send uneasy glances in that direction. Distant strollers crossed the park. If nearer ones should pass and discover the situation! If Her Imperial Majesty should come again, as the officer had said, on her afternoon stroll! More moments went by and he stood silent and undecided. More, until hardly he restrained himself. More until he shouted:

"Go on away!"

She stepped out and advanced toward him with light feet.

There are things within our natures so silent, so shy, so native to uninvaded places, that when along some unaccustomed path we come upon them unawares, though they are really there, yet they seem unreal. It had seemed unreal for Her Imperial Majesty, weighted with the cares of Empire and with the deeds and misdeeds of her own life, to pause that morning and turn her face away from her companions at sight of a wild flower. It had seemed more unreal in two Russian peasant soldiers to look into each other's eyes in silence for a moment with thoughts of boyhood and of violets in the spring woods. It seemed most unreal for her now to pause before him and make the request she made, putting constraint upon herself to address him much as though he were a stranger:

"I wish to see the flower a moment. Do not question why. May I pass?"

He wheeled upon her:

"*You* wish to see a violet! *You!*"

His look and language were all that could mean ridicule and insult. He flung out his arm again toward the palace in dismissal of her.

She uttered a low, wild cry, searching his features with dilated eyes. Pressing her hands to her head as under a heavier blow, she turned and ran from him. Yet several paces off she paused, hesitated, wavered, then came strangely back, asking strangely:

"Give me the broken fir bough behind you—my emblem."

"Yes," he muttered, "it is your emblem!"—he thinking of it as hanging at the end of the path of death.

He strode to the evergreen and jerked off the dangling limb. The rustle of garments startled him and, turning, he saw her rushing toward the violet. He sprang toward her as with his own mournful death cry. He threw at her the bough of thorny fir, threw it into her

face, at her eyes, to sting her, blind her, confuse and retard her for the briefest instant.

Her hand stretched downward toward the flower, her fingers were closing about the leaves. With a desperate lunge of his body, his arm thrust far forward, he drove the bayonet into her hand and pinioned it against the earth. Then he jerked the blade out of the flesh, and pushed her heavily away in horror of her treachery and her deadly purpose.

"Would you have me shot?"

Ashen pale, with trembling hand he wiped the crimson stain quickly from the bayonet-point and it glittered silvery again across his shoulder as he stood over her.

She screamed with the agony of her pain. She screamed in the rage of her defeat and failure. She ran back to the tree and threw herself down behind it as in collapse from a swoon of her senses. Then he saw her violently tear strips of her undergarments and bind her wounded hand. Then she sprang lightly up and crept toward him.

"Go back!" he shouted. "Stand back!"

She came on. Her face looked gray and set and hard as stone. Her eyes measured him with calm triumph as powerless in her hands.

But all at once a change swept over her. The poor little lovers' quarrel was nothing, her wounded hand was nothing; with terror in her eyes at sight of something behind him, august and most dreaded and terrible, she dwindled into what she was—a maid from the palace, caught here in the park in a rendezvous with a guardsman at his post of duty.

"Oh, Leon!" she cried piteously. "What will become of me? Her Imperial Majesty with her suite!" and she ran weakly toward him for tender protection.

At those joyous words he faced about. While yet for the first bewildered instant his glance swept the empty landscape, she darted past him, tore away the violet and a handful of its leaves, caught up the broken fir branch, and with deerlike fleetness sped along the path toward the palace.

Far she sped, then stopped and looked back. She held high and waved at him the flower; she held high and waved the broken bough, symbol of death as well as of victory. She came nearer and danced and waved them in wilder triumph over him. She came nearer, nearer, nearer. She came so near that across the space she raved at him:

"I shall tell that you gave it to me—gave it!—gave! I shall tell Zubof and the guardsmen shall know. I shall tell Marta and the maids will know. I shall tell my Maid-of-Honor and Her Imperial Majesty shall know—that you gave her violet to one of the maids. If Her Imperial Majesty doubts, the violet will be brought to her in a vase for proof."

She came nearer. She came close and dinned her taunts into his brain. She came up closer. She looked into his face. into his eyes.

Then she turned and fled, noiseless, from what she had done. He stood there, to himself alone with Fate.

He stirred after a while and cast his glance this way and that.

A young tree stood opposite him; he did not know how it came to be there. His mind somehow moved toward it, taking his body along. He left his musket where he had let it drop. It wasn't his musket; he didn't have any musket. He didn't have any post of duty. He didn't have anything to guard.

As he sat under the tree he remembered, it seemed to him, how one spring morning long ago he had first seen this tree waving its leaves in the sunshine and he had gone to it and pulled down a bough and broken off a tuft of leaves and had laughed and stuck it in his headgear. There had been a story he would tell when he was an old man: that when Catherine the Great sat on the throne of Russia, she had one morning found a

Drawn by Sigismund Ivanowski

THE WORLD HAD CLOSED ON HIM

violet in the park and had chosen him—*him* out of all the guardsmen—to guard it for her. There wouldn't be any old man; there wouldn't be any story. He took off his headgear and stared at it; what was the tuft of leaves doing, sticking there still? It wasn't his headgear; he didn't have any headgear. He didn't have anything. He didn't have anywhere to go. The world had closed on him: he was outside the gates. To-morrow—there wouldn't be any to-morrow, there would only be the part of to-morrow that ended with the flash of guns leveled at his eyes.

He sat looking about him in the evening light.

Blackness of the Russian night, soft purple-velvet canopy of its sky, sharp-pointed jets and spangles of its close-set stars; then cloud, no stars, a heavier pall of blackness below.

On the stillness of the glade in the park, far in the night, the noise of slow footfalls upon twigs and leaves as of some creature light-footed and hesitant and timid as a hare—having somehow arrived through the darkness at the entrance to the glade and long pausing there to listen; then making its way a little distance and pausing to listen again.

"Leon?"

After a while:

"Are you here, Leon?"

Presently the sounds of one down on hands and knees, the audible dragging of a woman's skirts over the ground, the crawling this way and that in search of something or of some remembered spot; finally stillness. The voice once more:

"Leon? I know you are here. I waited at the barracks-gate and you did not return there. I looked everywhere and I asked everyone."

No sound of any movement anywhere.

"Do not refuse to speak to me! Come, touch them, count them—the leaves I snatched. They are scattered here, with their blossom, where they grew. It shall be known that 'twas I who plucked them—that you were not unfaithful. The wound in my hand will prove you were true."

The listening, the waiting, the pleading again more brokenly:

"Come and put your arms around me! No soldier in the park this morning touched me: that did not happen. All I said to-day, all I did was but the madness of my sad heart. It is not true: I saw no soldiers."

Would nothing satisfy him, melt him, make him relent, bring him to her from where he was?

Sounds of crawling again, more slowly, this way and that, a long time. A hand striking against an object hard and cold—the butt of a musket.

"Then you *are* here, Leon! You are—!"

She slid her fingers swiftly along the bayonet, then jerked them violently away at what she touched.

Then crawling again, faster now, the hands sweeping the air round and round, the fingers groping over the ground, till alongside the fir trees they touched a big coarse boot up on end. Two coarsely booted feet under the low branches, leaves and twigs kicked all about.

Two sentry feet—quiet.

HE HAD NEVER SEEN THIS PART OF THE CITY BEFORE

A Singapore Day

BY H. M. TOMLINSON

HE had skimmed about Singapore in a jinrikshaw all the morning. He wanted to find Mr. Kow Watt Loon. That Chinaman was as elusive as the glamour of the East. And he was not used to 'rikshaws. He was sure he looked a lazy fool when being dragged about in the heat on a high perch and a pair of silent wheels by a sweating fellow creature. It had been nearly a week before he could summon the courage to travel in a little cart drawn by another man. It made him feel like the hated subject of a revolutionary cartoonist's satire.

He could not find Mr. Kow Watt Loon, who kept a pawnshop somewhere in Singapore, so he had been told, where Kelanton *sarongs* of silk were to be found occasionally, rare *krises*, and silver bowls from the Lingga Islands. Not that Mr. Loon would be sure to sell those things if his shop were found and if he had them, for he was reported to be suspicious and morose—an embarrassing shopkeeper who would forget all his English and decline to sell to you if he disliked your appearance. But Mr. Loon could not be found, and a city near the equator is much more extensive, relatively, than a city with a wholesome climate. Singapore's streets in their heavy and slumbering heat seemed to his despairing eye prolonged to an impossible distance. Oh, Heaven! Where was this Mr. Loon?

This coolie was the third experiment

that morning with a 'rikshaw. Young Bennett from London, in his quest of the romance of the East, watched below him the old man's back-muscles playing under the glistening drab skin. He ought to tell the old fellow to walk—to stop. It was too hot for this game. Besides, the coolie didn't know where to go, though he pretended he did; no doubt he was merely running about. They always did that. The first, picked up near Raffles Place, was a bronze giant, a wonderful youngster, whose hat was a round straw thatch with a pinnacle. As soon as he was spoken to he made cheerful noises of understanding, lifted his shafts in confident play, took a strange side-turning promptly (how lucky—this fellow knew!) loped off swiftly, and they were completely lost in ten minutes—though Bennett did not know that at the time. His coolie loped along swiftly but leisurely. That running figure and its style would have inspired the poets of old Athens, but in the romantic East it was only a blob of life. The sun and the easy gait infected the passenger with a haughty languor. The coolie's pale blue-cotton shorts and shirt became dark and limp with sweat; but the fellow ran on, deliberately, unerringly, taking unlikely byways into queer seclusions where brown life poured in noisy torrents. Evidently this fellow knew where to go . . . but did he? Or did he just run on? Where the devil were they? Brente! Stop! As cheerful as ever, sweating but fresh, that coolie did not appear to know where he was, and evidently his glad smile would be unchanged even in death. He was an imbecile.

The second coolie, who had stopped to be entertained by the language thrown at the first, was a lean and elderly man, and big veins corded his arms in a mesh. His torso was bare. He ran his 'rikshaw elsewhere, occasionally looking back over his shoulder doubtfully at his fare. He was shy of any street in which he saw the khaki uniform of a Malay or a Sikh. That journey came to nothing in a strange market place in the middle of a horrible smell. The coolie walked to a kerb; there he gently rested his shafts, turned and shook his head dolefully, and held out his hand for largess.

Another hour wasted! It was blazing noon, and a row of Chinamen were squatting in the shade, eating slops with two sticks from basins. They did not even look up. The naked children at play did not appear to see him. Nobody in Singapore knew anything, and did not care what happened to anybody. He had never seen this part of the city before. Was it Singapore? It might have been the grotesque country of a dream, all these people inimical shadows who did not even glance at their victim, and he the only live man, caught in an enchantment, lost and imprisoned in an illusion where the face of things had a meaning which he could not guess, though it was important for him. The man from London wiped the perspiration from his hands, and looked round. A high wall was opposite, with a gateway, and crouched on the top of the wall, on either side of the opening, were two big bulls in pink stone. In the shadow on the pavement beneath were heaps of colored rags, fast asleep. Was that a temple to Siva? It was then that the third 'rikshaw man entered the dream, stopped and looked at Bennett as though he knew at once the man for whom he was seeking, and drew near seductively. This figure of evil, its face pockmarked, had only a rag about its loins, and his 'rikshaw was a self-supporting wreck. Well, it would serve to escape from those pink bulls and that unmoving smell. By luck, too, they might pass into a part of the city he recognized, and then he would be released from the spell and wake up. But he went farther, and saw nothing that he knew. He was abandoned under some coconuts, and outside the city, by the look of it.

The road was empty, except for a bullock cart at a standstill. A haze of little flies quivered about the sleepy heads of the two animals, and the shadows under their bellies were black. The

dark folk, Klings and Malays, who padded by occasionally, were probably in another world. They were certainly not in his. He could not speak with them. The heat was so still and heavy that he felt he could not move in it, especially as he did not know which way to take.

"Can I help you? Are you looking for anyone about here, sir?" The voice was so like Oxford that it exorcised the spectral East completely; for a moment it steadied his bewilderment in the midst of what was quick, but was alien and enigmatic. He was too surprised to answer at once, but in the shade of those palms stared at a young fellow who was so attractively dressed in neat and unctuous white, with a flourishing black silk bow to a collar not in the least stained, though the heat was many hours old, that Bennett felt mean and soiled in the regard of that friendly curiosity. Bennett explained. He was lost. He had been unable to make the 'rikshaw men understand. What he wanted now was the Europe Hotel.

"Some distance, the Europe. This is the Ayer Panas Estate. Sorry, but our cars are out. Would you come with me? Then we can telephone to your hotel."

They went off through somber avenues of sleeping trees. Their trunks were scored with pale scars, and under the wounds were stuck small glass cups. His companion said nothing, but strode briskly forward. The crepuscular aisles were deserted, though Bennett noticed that he and his companion were not alone in that silent and shadowy plantation. But what were the figures he could see in the distance he did not know. They might have been dryads, those slender and motionless forms in robes of

THE ROAD WAS EMPTY EXCEPT FOR A BULLOCK CART

scarlet, orange, and emerald, who were intent on some ritual among the trees. They were retired into the twilight quiet of the aisles, and seemed unaware of the intruding Englishmen. But Bennett was startled by one of those figures. It had been hidden by the gray column of a tree near the path. As he went by it raised its head, with its piled black hair and a gold comb diminishing its dark and delicate face, which had a gold stud in the bold curve of a nostril. Her drowsy eyes looked at him, but he remembered only the spot of gold in her nose and the astonishing orange of the silk wound round her lithe figure.

They came to a house in a shrubbery of crotons, and ascended a flight of wooden steps to a veranda. A Malay was there, crouched in the portico; but he might have been inanimate. His gaze was fixed beyond them. And the house was deserted. Their footsteps made an embarrassing din on the boards. Bennett with his brisk friend, who seemed to know exactly what to do, went to an upper room, open to the air on three sides, and overlooking everywhere the green roof of the plantation.

A tiger skin was on the floor. Its head grinned toward the door in shabby and fatuous defiance. Dusty native weapons were disorderly on the wooden partition at the back. There was a picture of Salisbury Cathedral hanging next to a photograph of a dead elephant with a man nursing a gun sitting on its head.

"Wait a minute," said the young fellow in white, and went to the most noticeable object in the dingy and neglected apartment, a bright telephone instrument. He leaned against the wall in superior and casual attention with the receiver to his ear. While waiting like that, suddenly and brusquely he spoke to Bennett.

"I say, sorry, what's your name?" Then he turned in a tired way to the instrument, murmured softly and allusively to the wall for a few seconds, and came away. "That's all right. The car will be here presently. I must go. But you wait here. Whisky and soda on that sideboard. Make yourself at home"—and he was gone.

Bennett sat down. Singapore was an unexpected sort of place. He felt imprisoned now in the silence. Nothing moved. There was no sound but once, when a wasp as big as a bird bolted in heavily, blundered and hummed among the wooden rafters, and went again so straight and suddenly that Bennett thought something in the overhead shadows had flung it out. He began to feel bitter about that romance of the East. Sometimes it seemed lost in a brooding quiet, or else it stirred into episodic and irrelevant activity directed to God knew what. He put his sun helmet on the floor, wiped his brow, and regretted the childish folly which had sent him to look for what perhaps did not exist on earth. What did people mean by romance? What was it? How could it be found in 'rikshaws and rubber plantations? He could not get the hang of Singapore. Ships, temples to all the gods, coconuts, and men and women of so many different colors that they could not talk to one another. And who was that fellow who had just gone out? How did he come into the picture? It was a life which went on outside his own, and he could not follow it. Didn't even know that fellow's name. He might have been created among those trees just to let a Londoner know that the East, though it pretended never to observe him, yet wanted him to understand that he was making a fool of himself in a place not his. He might as well have some of that drink.

The siphon made so immense a noise that he thought the invisible watchers must hear it and send another messenger to mock him politely. He began to drink gratefully.

"Mix me one," grumbled a deep voice.

He almost dropped the glass, and looked round in a little panic. He could not see anybody. A lounge chair with its back to him stood by the veranda at the far end the of room. He went to it.

HE SAT LOOKING AT THE TUMBLER THOUGHTFULLY

An old man, with a mass of riotous white hair and a white beard stained brown about the lips, reclined there at full length. His eyes were shut. His open shirt showed gray hair on his ribs.

"Did you speak?" asked Bennett.

"Of course," said the man, without opening his eyes. "You heard me. I want a drink."

Bennett brought it. The old man sat up sideways in his chair with surprising celerity, opened his eyes at the glass in sullen criticism, and emptied it at once. He sat looking at the tumbler thoughtfully, while Bennett stood by, hoping that the car would arrive soon. Then the bearded figure looked up at him and surveyed him with dark disapproving eyes.

"Who are you?"

Bennett felt very modest. "Oh—nobody—just out from London. I found this estate by chance—got lost, you know. A good friend here, whose name I don't know, has telephoned for a car."

"Well, Mr. Nobody, sit down. No. Get me another drink. Put more whisky in it."

Bennett was meekly obedient.

"Now you can sit down. Go on. Sit down."

Bennett felt that the heat of the day was much worse as he took a near chair. The stranger flung up his glass again with the suggestion that the liquid must fall into a hollow, held the tumbler away from him, turned it about reflectively, put it on the floor, and lay back, closing his eyes. He sighed. His feet were bare except for a pair of crimson slippers which hung loosely from his toes. Bennett listened through five minutes of tense silence for sounds of an approaching car. The figure reclining on the chair then opened its querulous eyes, raised its head, and spoke.

"My name's Hopkins. Ever heard of me, Mr. Nobody?"

"No, sir. I'm afraid not. I'm only just out, you see."

Mr. Hopkins chuckled in his beard. "Then don't stop unless you want to."

"Never heard of me," mumbled Mr. Hopkins several times. "Never heard of me."

"This old fellow," thought Bennett, "is not in his right mind, and here I am, told to wait till somebody comes for me, though I'm not sure that they know I'm here. How can I keep this graybeard amused? He's a truculent old ruffian." Bennett looked out over the tree tops in the sun. The crowns of some palms were individual above the mass of green. They were lifeless. A bird or something was calling "Raup, Raup." What could he talk about to an old reprobate like that?

"What ship did you come out in?" asked Mr. Hopkins, playing with the end of his beard.

"A Blue Funnel—the *Helenus*." The young man relapsed at once into a bankrupt memory.

Hopkins stared at him fixedly, as though waiting. "Well, is that all? But I suppose it is. You came out, and here you are. That's how it's done. Not in my time, though. Not when I was alive."

"ONE OF 'EM LOOKED AT ME AS HE CAME ABOARD"

"Have you been here long, sir?"

"Me? I've been here too long. Seen too much for some of them. They'd like me to go now. I'm old Hopkins—but what's the good of talking to you? You just came, and here you are." Mr. Hopkins rubbed his bare ribs plaintively. "The ships I knew just couldn't come and go." He leaned forward with one of his sly chuckles, and looked round furtively while secretly enjoying a recollection. "I was in the *Nellie Bligh*." He nodded his head at Bennett, and watched for the full effect of this news.

Bennett smiled awkwardly, but nodded back to his companion appreciatively. It was better to keep him in a good humor.

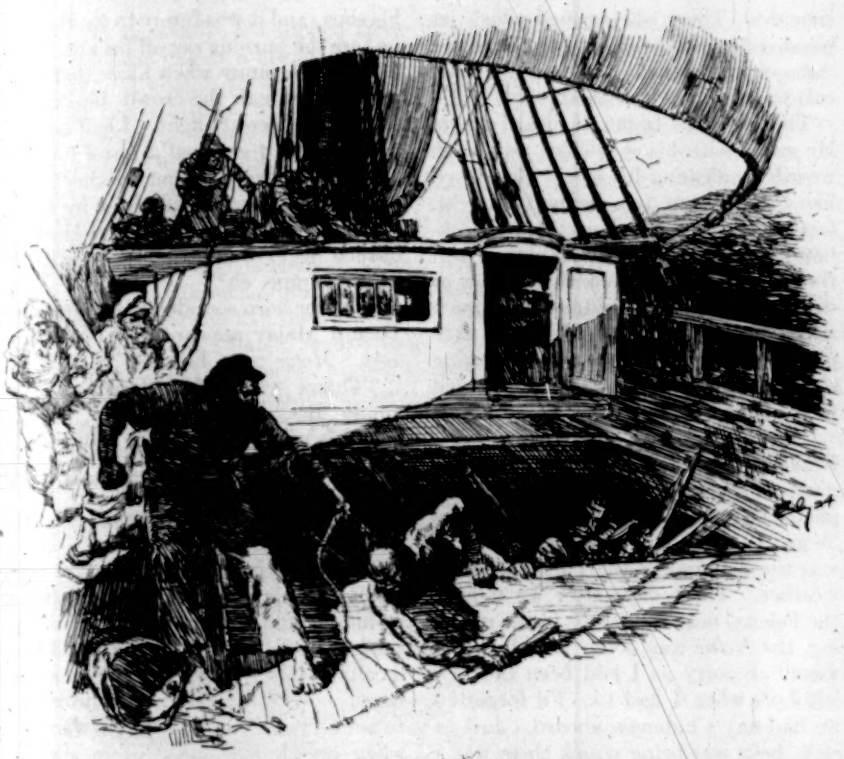
"Yes. You don't know what ships are like, not you fellers. Nor men. No Billy Ringbot now." Mr. Hopkins began to shake in silent laughter over something that had occurred to him.

"Oh, I don't know, Mr. Hopkins. I've heard about the clippers, and Whampoa, and Java Head. But I never saw a sailing ship during all the voyage out. Not one. And yet I know the East India Dock Road, too."

Mr. Hopkins looked startled for a moment. "Poplar," he mumbled. "You say you know the Dock Road! And not a sailing ship." His beard about his mouth continued to move, as though he were talking to himself.

"The *Nellie Bligh* came out from Poplar," mused Mr. Hopkins. "So did I. But not in her. She found me in Java because—well, because I was there." The old man looked very artful and amused.

"She picked me up at Surabaya. She was in the coolie trade to



"I LIFTED HIM CLEAN BY HIS PIGTAIL"

the Chincha Islands then, and her skipper was a Chilean. She was going to China to take in coolies. Ever heard of the trade? You were paid for what you delivered. So it was no good taking in just enough to fill the ship. Some died."

Bennett smiled politely at this little joke. "Some died, did they!"

"The *Nellie*," went on Mr. Hopkins, "was not the ship to choose if you knew of a better. I didn't. She was all Dago, but there are worse things. We got up to China—are you listening?—I say we got out all right. She found her own way, though she nearly finished up on Borneo. The wind fell and she was set inshore on a current. . . . What a dam noise those big wasps make! There's another just come in. . . . Did you hear of a man named Smollet in London? I'm told he's often in the papers, very important, and gives a lot to the missionaries. So he ought. Buying off his dad below, I suppose. His dad was in the coolie trade. I know. I didn't do so bad myself. But the missionaries get nothing out of me. I wouldn't worry over a few Chinks more or less. They're not human. We took in three hundred on the *Nellie*. One of 'em looked at me as he came aboard. After that I went to have a look at the hatch gratings—I wanted to see whether they were sound and handy."

Mr. Hopkins sank back languorously on his long chair, closed his eyes, and lapsed into silence. His long bony hands were folded meekly on his bare chest. Somewhere outside a bell sunk in the depths of the foliage began to toll. The silly story was finished, Bennett

thought. There was a smell which reminded him of incense. Mr. Hopkins' cane chair creaked. Where was that car, to get him out of this?

The old man began to drawl again. He spoke with his eyes shut, as though wearily confessing his sins. He looked like a dying man, too, Bennett thought, for his white beard hung from cheek-bones that were projecting eaves, and the skin of his long hooked nose was so white over the sharp bridge that a touch might have broken it. His eyes were pits, with white bushes overhanging their shadows. One of his slippers fell to the boards.

"It was lucky we sighted the Pelew Islands. Our old man might have passed muster for a sailor with a fair wind and plenty of room. If ever he knew where he was he must have guessed it. But he was the Admiral of the Pacific in good weather. Three days after we sighted the Pelews, near eight bells in the morning, the *Nellie* was doing so well that I wasn't so sorry as I had been that I'd left Java when I had to. I'd forgotten we had any Chinamen aboard. Just as eight bells was being struck there was a howl below, like a man knifed. Then I heard a rush. I looked down. The Chinks were swarming for the deck. They hung on the ladder like bees, and were armed with boards they'd stripped from below. The first of 'em was scrambling over the coaming close to me. I lifted him clean by his pigtail and dropped him on the others." The old man smiled in his sleep. "We made those hatch gratings fast, somehow. We got the Chinks booked, and wolves would have looked prettier. Their faces were turned up, and they were howling at us. Then a pistol went off. That Dago in his gold lace had come at last. He was trembling and whimpering, and firing pistols into those faces. It made the noise worse. The Chinks began to leap and scream." Mr. Hopkins paused and arranged the hair about his mouth slowly.

"As one jumped, a shot caught fire to his shirt, and it was funny to see the way he tore the burning rag off his arm. But it wasn't so funny when I saw that chap pushing through the crowd, blowing on the rag to keep it alight. I half guessed his game, and grabbed a pistol for a go at him. He dropped, but another Chink snatched the burning rag from his hand, and got away with it"—Mr. Hopkins opened his eyes in a smile—"wanted to light his pipe, eh?"

A motor horn sounded in the grounds. Then a Malay appeared. "*Tuan* Bennett. *Motor pergi* Europe."

"Thank you, Mr. Hopkins," said young Bennett rising slowly, for he feared it might be polite to wait for the end of the story, supposing it were not ended. "Good morning."

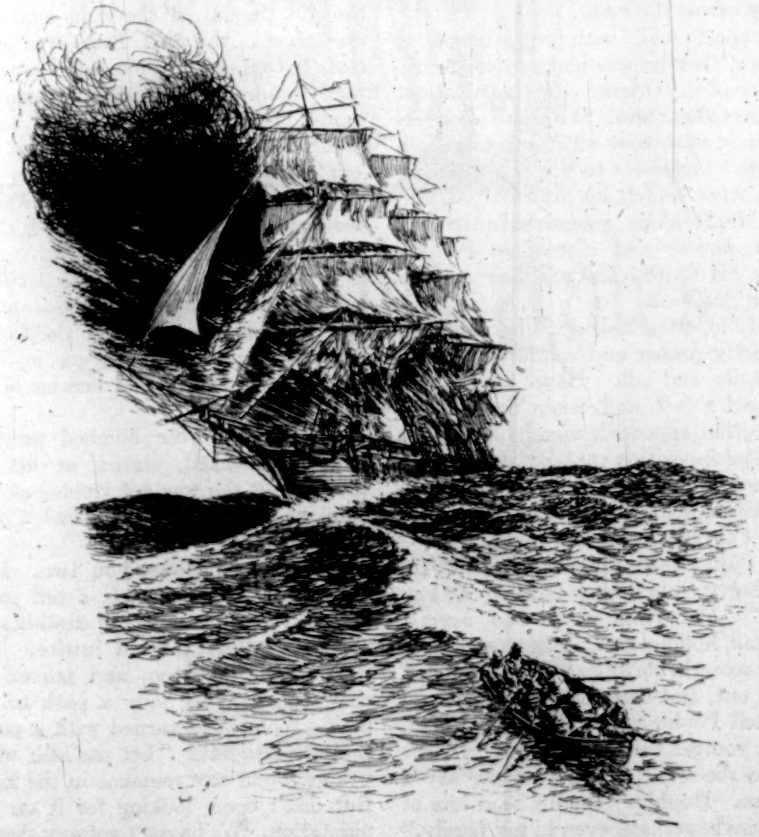
Mr. Hopkins did not speak. He was staring into the rafters.

The quick journey to the hotel gave Bennett the impression that it had been in hiding just round the corner all the time. What he had seen and heard that day might have been the recollections, unreasonable, unrelated, and prolonged to no end, which are jumbled in the mind when one wakes and sees in surprise the familiar objects of the plain morning. "Another day wasted," thought Bennett. "I don't spend one more hour of it looking for romance. I doubt whether the East has got any. All gone before I got here."

He thought he would bathe, and then loaf by the veranda—waste the rest of the day looking at the world till dinnertime. He sat in that corridor, a long shady vista of wicker chairs and marble-topped tables, where men and women of his own kind, as much apart from the East as he was himself, gossiped idly as though waiting for the hour when they could escape. Apologetic Chinamen in white uniform were gliding about like ghosts, ministering to weary guests. The broad thoroughfare outside moved in silent eddies of jinrikshaws and motor cars. A gigantic Sikh domineered with the traffic at the corner. Across the road, fringing the

turf of the esplanade, flat-topped trees were in crimson bloom, a line of gigantic flambeaus. Through their columns he could see the roadstead, a plain of burnished pewter to which was fixed the black shapes of a few ships, a bark, some *sampans*, coasting steamers like toys, high-pooped junks, all distinct and remarkable, even when they were far out toward the indigo islands beyond. The sun was setting. Immense purple clouds piled from the horizon like the vapors of a planet which had burst, smoke too heavy for any wind to disperse, and shot with the glow of exposed internal fires. They were high enough to kindle the sky. The sky was burning. Lightning was exploding in the summits of the clouds. The ships and the sea were suddenly caught, too, and the surprised faces of the watchers on that veranda reflected the glow of a vast catastrophe. The fires died. The islands congealed to cold iron. The only light was the quivering opalescence of the storm in high clouds. A group of Chinamen went by, shadows carrying lanterns, beating a tom-tom, and shrilling on curdling instruments.

Bennett, almost fearful without knowing why, looked round at the guests assembling. They reassured him. The electric fans were spinning above them. They were drinking cocktails. He thought he would go and dress, but then saw a man signaling to him, and recog-



"ALL WAS QUIET AGAIN, EXCEPT FOR THE FLAMES"

nized his nameless young friend of the morning. Beside him was a lady whose little head, in a shadow, seemed lively and detached above a rosy cloud of flimsy silk upon which fell the light of a glow lamp. Bennett went over. Another man was at the table, but Bennett did not look at him.

"Well, you got your car all right?"

"Yes. You helped me out of that trouble nicely."

His friend laughed, and turned to the lady to explain the fun of it. "Found him on our plantation, near the Kling compound, looking for the Europe." Bennett smiled shyly, and the lady glanced at him with tired and faintly insolent eyes. "Why ever was he doing that?" she asked indifferently, looking away across the room.

Bennett said, with an attempt at humor, that he was looking for the romance of the Orient. The lady did not appear to hear him. She began a conversation in a low tone with her companion. Bennett was about to leave, with an excuse, when he felt his arm nudged, and saw Mr. Hopkins beside him in the next chair, severe and correct in evening dress, his white beard and hair scrupulously groomed.

"Hullo, Mr. Nobody," he rumbled. "Strictly proper and comfortable here, cocktails and all. Have one?" He plunged a bell, and, when the Chinese apparition appeared, merely looked at it. The apparition vanished, but almost at once returned with two little glasses containing a golden liquor in which were scarlet cherries on match sticks.

"I didn't finish that story. You were in a hurry to get away, but you can't go now." Mr. Hopkins pushed over a cocktail, holding away a finger on which was a remarkable topaz. "Men who just come out, and here they are! But you can tell Poplar about the *Nellie Bligh*, when you get back. They may wonder where she went. And you can say I said so. Hopkins—there's been lots of Hopkins's, perhaps even in my family." The old fellow had an interval of secret mirth. The young man opposite, and the lady in roseate muslin, were conversing in oblivious animation. "Wasn't that Chinaman just getting away with a burning rag when you ran out? I couldn't stop him. And the Dago, who was a fool, thought we had finished with the mutiny. But he soon knew better. He knew when he saw some smoke coming up by the forehatch. Of course, Chinks are almost reasonable creatures. Almost reasonable, Mr. Nobody. We couldn't let them roast, could we? Of course not. Not if we wanted to put the fire out. Our Dago had the puzzle of his life before him. The Chinks were below us again, clamoring to be let out, and pointing back at the fire. They thought they'd got the right argument that time. And that Dago was going to do it, too, and save his ship, I suppose, with hundreds of murderous maniacs round him. Not when I was there, though. Not when I had a gun. Let 'em roast. There's lots of Chinks, but only one Mr. Hopkins, and the Pelews were only three days back. I don't think, Mr. Nobody, you've ever seen anything like it. But by the time we had the boats provisioned and away all was quiet again, except for the flames. We made the Pelews. Anyhow, my boat did. I never heard what became of the other two."

The lady in rose laughed prettily. Bennett, shocked, stared at her instantly, but she was not looking at Mr. Hopkins. The other pair had a joke between them.

"Well, come along, you two. Dinner!" Mr. Hopkins rose, a tall patriarch, a venerable image of disillusioned wisdom and unexpected justice. The young man rose too, and moved his chair to allow the lady a path to the dining room. He turned with a polite smile to Bennett. "Let me hear when you've found any romance in the East. But don't come looking for it on our plantation. We haven't got any there."

Half-Told Tales

by

Henry van Dyke

Decorations by
Wm. Fletcher White

TALE OF TWO WOLVES

HER PRINCES ARE LIKE WOLVES, RAVENING THE PREY. — EZEKIEL 22:27

THE Wolf Pack had ravaged the towns and terrorized the region round about for four years. Then brave and decent folk got together and broke up the Pack and drove it out. But the wolf-leaders, Old Grizzle and Young Gray, escaped on blood-stained paws and took refuge in the grounds of a pious Small Neighbour, who was very particular about his legal rights. ¶ To him came the Community Council, and said, "Give us up those two wolves, that we may deal with them according to the law." ¶ "By no means," said the Small Neighbour. "I belong to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Criminals. My estate is a sacred asylum. Besides, look at these two poor creatures, how harmless and playful they are! They chase each other around like kittens, and if one nips the other nothing happens except an amusing yowl. They are converted and very religious. They afford innocent entertainment to many visitors, and bring me in some profit. I shall not surrender them unless you force me, and that would do disgrace to your own principles." ¶ The members of the Council, not being very subtle in these matters, looked at one another with Lloyd George eyes, (the colour of which is changeable) and doubted what to do. ¶ "Very well," they said, "you shall keep your dangerous pets; but you must keep them securely. Remember, you are responsible." ¶ "I am responsible," answered the Small Neighbour, adding under his breath, "so far as may be consistent with my duties as an innkeeper." ¶ Meantime the garden gates were left unlatched. One morning at dawn it was told that Young Gray, (who was a Werwolf,) had slunk away to his native jungle. Old Grizzle, gritting his teeth and slavering, paced nervously up and down behind the hedge. Along the borders of the northern forest joyful yappings were heard, and wild ululations of the other wolves. ¶ The Small Pious Neighbour sat on his stoop placidly smoking. "Remember," telephoned the President of the Community Council, "you said you would be responsible." ¶ "Tell him," said the Small Neighbour to his wife, "that responsibility has its limits for an innkeeper, and whatever happens we shall remain neutral." ¶ So he reloaded his pipe,—and the Community Council, their guns.

A PARABLE OF WEDLOCK

BE YE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED TOGETHER.—II COR. 6:14

THAT famous representative of colonial aristocracy and breeder of prize cattle, the Prince of Bordentown, visiting Cape May, fell heavily in love with a gay, charming, young Princess of the Sea, and wooed her with such ardor that she consented to marry him, and they went to live in his ancestral mansion. ¶ But in due time, his ardor cooled down to the mean temperature of the region, and her gayness was touched by drouth and frost. In the third summer, she met the young Duke of Seals at the shore, and yielding to his refreshing importunities very improperly went off to sea with him, and so disappeared. ¶ The Prince of Bordentown, ardent once more but in a reverse fashion, besought the Bishop of South-Central Jersey to pronounce an annihilating anathema against the errant Princess. ¶ "Softly, Sir," said the Bishop, crossing his plump right knee over his plump left knee, "this is a matter which demands consideration. Did you make any promises to the late Princess when you persuaded her to marry you?" ¶ "Oh," said the Prince of Bordentown, "I suppose I did,—a man will promise anything at such a time to make his point,—a salt-water swimming pool lined with marble, an air-plane which could also be used as a submarine, unfailing devotion, and a gay time every day." ¶ "Of course you kept these promises," said the Bishop, crossing his plump left knee over his plump right knee, and smiling benignly. ¶ "Well, not literally and exactly," replied the Prince of Bordentown, "for I found that they were incompatible with my hereditary duties as a raiser of prize cattle and a strict churchman. I thought that the late Princess ought to accommodate herself to the customs and traditions of Bordentown." ¶ "H'm," said the bishop, uncrossing his legs, and looking with level eyes at his petitioner. "You thought the contract had only one side; she must remain charmed and charming, while you were at liberty to become dull, morose, and neglectful. Let me tell you, Sir, that the word 'obey' in the marriage service, has no such tyrannical meaning. A divorce no doubt the State will grant you lawfully, for the lady has grievously transgressed. But an everlasting anathema the Church will hesitate to pronounce in a case of marriage under false pretences."

TALE OF LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE

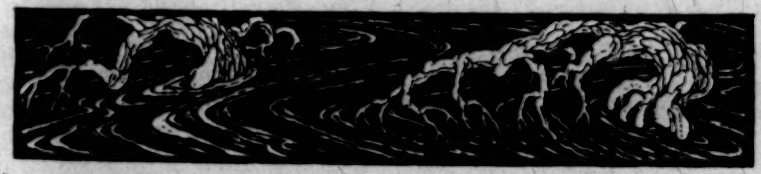
HE THAT INCREASETH KNOWLEDGE INCREASETH SORROW. — ECCL. 1:18

"MASTER," said the Young Fisherman to the Compleat Angler, "pray tell me how I may learn to distinguish the fish which is called a Fluke from that which is called a Flounder." ¶ "Both of them," said the Compleat Angler, "are flatfish; but the one is naturally flat and the other is temperamentally sharp. You can learn by experience to distinguish between them." ¶ "But how shall this method be applied," asked the Young Fisherman, "and how may I know that my studies have been crowned with success?" ¶ "Success," replied the Master, "is a comparative matter. But in this particular question, if you chance to catch a flatfish, you may explore his mouth with your finger. If he bites it off, you may be sure that he is a Fluke." ¶ So the Young Fisherman caught a flatfish, and explored its mouth with his finger, and was sure that the fish was a Fluke. ¶ "This is a certain way of learning," said he, nursing his hand, "but it is costly."

TALE OF THE EMBANKMENT

Though in a land of peace thou art secure, yet how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?—JER. 12:5

THE mad river had gone down; the land lay desolate. The sky was yet dark and lowering, and the people feared another deluge. Then said the Wise Man, "Let us build an embankment. It may not be impregnable; but it will safeguard us for a while; it will give us time before the waters overwhelm us. Let every man bear a hand." ¶ But the Strong Man answered, "No! I am too busy. I must not be entangled. Besides, I am safe, for my house is on rising ground. Moreover your plan is foolish, and your safeguard too weak,—or too strong,—I know not which. I foretell that it will come to nothing!" ¶ So the Strong Man withheld his hand. But the embankment was built. And the rains descended and the winds blew and beat upon it, and the waters rose and raged against it, but it stood, though shaken. ¶ "I told them it would be a poor thing," said the Strong Man. "But now I wonder whether it might not have been better if I had labored on it!" ¶ So he sat watching the embankment, with fear and trembling in his heart, and half an inch of water in his cellar.



A MAN PRAYING

MEN OUGHT ALWAYS TO PRAY AND NOT TO FAINT.—LUKE 18:1

A MAN saying his prayers in a quiet corner of the woods was disturbed by two voices disputing near at hand. As he felt unable to pray without giving his whole heart to it, he paused in his devotions, and went to see the disputants. He perceived that one of them was an obese Orator and the other a lean Scientist. ¶ "Sir," said the Orator, "man is the noblest work of God. Look at me. Do I resemble an ape? Nature is a mystery. You are personally insulting and atheistic in endeavouring to unveil her secrets by what you call evolution." ¶ "Sir," replied the lean Scientist, "I admit that your present resemblance to an ape is dubious, for your weight would forbid arboreal habits, though your manners are slightly simian. But will you tell me why you think I deny or dishonour my Maker by trying to understand the way in which He made me?" ¶ "You are irreverent," shouted the Orator, "you disregard Holy Scripture, which says that the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground." ¶ "On the contrary," replied the Scientist, "I accept that statement absolutely, and seek to verify it by tracing the method of formation." ¶ "You despise the oracles of God," cried the Orator. ¶ "You seem to ignore the works of God," answered the Scientist. ¶ "Was your grandmother a monkey?" roared the Orator. ¶ "Certainly not," said the Scientist, "the latest evidence shows that monkeys were our ancestral foes. But permit me to enquire whether your grandfather was a mud doll set up against the fence to dry?" ¶ "You know nothing about it," shouted the Fat One. "Very little," answered the Thin One, "but I am trying to learn, whereas you make a boast of your ignorance." So they passed down the forest disputing. ¶ "They seem quite angry," said the man, "and I think the thin one had rather the best of it. But that is no reason why I should not go back to my quiet corner to finish my prayers, for I have many troubles; and then to work in my garden, for it is a hard year."

The New Woman-Power in Europe

BY CONSTANCE DREXEL

(At a time when the leaders among the women of America are endeavoring to give some adequate explanation of the comparative inertia of their sex in the matter of exercising the franchise, and with a National Election impending, Miss Drexel's presentation of the situation in Europe is of uncommon interest and timeliness, showing as it does that the women of many European countries have already taken advantage of their opportunities and are exerting a decided political influence—Editor's Note.)

NO more vital question in its possibilities for the future is facing humanity to-day than whether women will remain in their seclusion or come forward to take a part in public affairs.

To make it seem doubtful that women will take advantage of the new avenues opened to them may be a shock to the western world, especially when one starts from the undeniable premise that one of the most tangible results of the world war was the advancement of the status of women the whole world over.

But, paradoxical as it may seem, in several European countries at least, an unbiased observer must record the fact that by no means are women rushing toward their new fields of conquest and achievement. Germany is the other extreme. Women are counting heavily in political affairs.

But in the Latin countries, in France and in Italy for example, public sentiment is farther away to-day from the new conception of woman's role than at any period since before the war—this in spite of the impetus gained from women's co-operation in the war, and the gratitude of the men for their help in winning the bloody struggle, which placed women in the Latin countries in a strategical position to ask for, and obtain, almost anything. Besides having stood by the men, the women also had displayed remarkable and surprising ability, not only in business management and in executive positions, but in performing heavy physical labor. Men could no longer scoff at woman's weakness nor charge her with inferiority. The war gave woman her opportunity.

Women too, even in the Latin countries, seemed delighted with their new freedom. So, all in all, there came a tidal wave in favor of a wider conception of woman's role which, six months after the armistice, resulted in an overwhelmingly favorable vote in the French Chambre des Deputés (May, 1919) giving French women full suffrage rights. But the Senate has never carried the measure and finally turned it down last autumn. Now the pitifully small group of French suffragists have their work to do all over again with little prospect of success, largely due to the indifference of the French woman herself. In Italy, though a step has been taken in Mussolini's proposal granting municipal suffrage to certain groups of women, the situation is practically analogous.

And the reason? Why have Latin women, and to some extent, the women of England as well, failed to follow the example of their sisters in northern Europe and in the United States? Why have they turned their backs on the opportunity of participating in the affairs of men?

Naturally, the *impasse* in which Europe is finding itself has had some influence. With every nation sitting on the brink of disaster and likely to go over the precipice at any moment, women have hesitated to be like fools, stepping in where angels fear to tread!

Nevertheless, the reason lies more deeply imbedded in human nature than that. In the Latin countries at least women have decided that they prefer the old role handed down through the ages from cave-men days, through the civilizations of Greece and Rome, to the new conception of woman's responsibilities. They have decided to let men run things and to remain silent as to their own point of view. They have relinquished the opportunity of playing a solo part in public life because they were afraid thereby to become less attractive to men. The Latin woman has decided that she still prefers to concentrate on marriage, and to have a man look after her rather than to try to look after herself. She firmly believes that enlarging her activities only mitigates her chances of what she considers her personal happiness. She views the masculine women in the Scandinavian countries and hears of the divorce cases in the United States. "Bah! not for us," is her answer. Economic independence if you must, but not in preference to dependence on a man!

Nevertheless, there are at least two European countries where one must look for high lights in a picture of the position of women to-day. Those countries are Italy and Germany. In Rome, where I attended the Congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance and where I spent an additional month to complete a study of political, economic and social conditions, woman suffrage was a topic of the day.

During the four years of the war Italian women worked in the factories and in the fields; they were called upon to occupy places and to assume responsibilities from which they had always been kept away. Men in politics, who had heretofore ignored the work of women, were profuse in their eulogies over what had been to them a revelation of woman's ability. Meanwhile, the suffragists, although busy with their war work, continued their campaign, but without success, as it was claimed that Italian women could not be granted any political rights since they had no civil rights. However, the Sacchi law of 1919, recognizing the civil capacity of women, opened the way for the granting of political rights.

Therefore, in 1919, the chances for woman suffrage were of the highest. Men still were impressed by women's endurance proved in the war; women were enthusiastic over their new freedom. Only a few months after the armistice, a bill for full woman suffrage was presented and discussed in the Chamber. Premier Nitti did not accept the law as proposed, but offered another, the only difference being that political rights should be withheld from prostitutes. After a discussion lasting three days this bill was adopted by the Chamber by a very large majority.

As the Senate was known to be favorable to woman suffrage, women awaited the discussion there without any fear of the result. But alas, because of political complications setting in, notably the question of Fiume, the Chamber was dissolved, and though no law existed against such a procedure, custom forbade a new Senate from discussing a bill voted by a Chamber which had been dissolved. However, women's rights still were *à la mode*. It was with little difficulty that in 1920, a few months after this check, the Chamber voted, two hundred and forty against ten, a bill somewhat less generous than the other. It granted, instead of full suffrage, municipal suffrage and eligibility to city councils to all women over twenty-one. But bad luck stepped in again, and Parliament once more was dissolved before the Senate had time to vote on the project.

After that, the chances for "equal rights" grew dimmer and dimmer, and public interest waxed colder and colder, especially in view of the complicated internal political situation, with ministries falling unexpectedly overnight. At last, in October, 1922, the Fascisti took over the government, and Benito Mussolini was made Prime Minister.

Women still interested in the "cause," remembering that when the constitution of the Fascisti was drawn up in 1919 full suffrage for women was included, were disconcerted by the decided anti-suffrage views adopted by Mussolini when he came to power. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he was brought round to give any sort of governmental approbation to the woman suffrage congress. But he finally was persuaded, came over handsomely, and made an opening speech in which he promised that his government would give a few categories of Italian women the right of municipal suffrage. Hardly a month had passed before he obtained the approval of his cabinet, which in turn presented to Parliament a supplement to the new electoral law making women over twenty-five, with certain qualifications, eligible to municipal suffrage as follows:

1. Those decorated with a military medal or with the *croix de guerre*.

2. Those decorated either with a medal of civil value or with the medal given to those who have rendered special service to the Public Health or to primary education.

3. Those who have been granted paternal authority in the family or been given the tutelage of their children.

4. Those who have passed through the primary school or have been admitted to the first class of a public school or institution recognized and approved by the government, or who can successfully pass a corresponding examination.

The third category will comprise many mothers and widows of officers and soldiers killed in the war. The fourth qualification is an educational one, designed to keep out the peasant and working-class women who have not attended school even up to eleven years, many of whom can neither read nor write, and thus might be too subservient to clerical and other influences. The law gives women no entrance, or political influence, in national affairs, not even granting the right to vote for members of the Chamber of Deputies. What a difference from the bill for full suffrage rights which swept through the Chamber in 1919 and failed to pass the Senate only through a political accident! The contention that the sentiment favoring the new position of women is waning rather than growing in Italy is thus supported by this contrast.

I have already indicated the cause—the desire of dependence rather than of independence, and the firm belief among both men and women of the Latin countries that dependence is jeopardized by independence! That view was constantly brought to the fore in contact with all circles of society, but nowhere more effectively than from a woman who, for the past thirty or forty years, has been prominent in the movement for women's rights. An active member of the Socialist Party (into which women have been admitted since 1894), she was a close associate of Mussolini in that party in Milan, and was one of the first to follow his new ideas resulting in the formation of the now all-powerful Fascisti party. It is known that she still is a power in the inner councils of Fascism.

"What is the reason for what you call this waning of interest in the new conception of woman's role?" I asked her.

"Because of the loss of so many men the competition for marriage here has become keener since the close of the war," was her reply. "Italian women have looked over the ground, so to speak, and have come to the conclusion that Italian men do not like women who talk politics or know too much. Hence they are afraid to express themselves, and do not want to run the risk of ruining their chances of pleasing the men!

"Ah," she added, striking at another age-long human attribute, "women who through force of circumstances if not through choice must forge ahead, have indeed a very hard time. If they are ugly and do not try to be attractive, they are criticized for lack of feminine qualities. If they strive to please, they are attacked for trying to win through personal charm rather than through

ability. It is the same everywhere, is it not?"

Yes, it is, all over the world!

But one must not leave Italy without calling attention to the immense cultural opportunities open to woman and to her strong position in the teaching forces of the nation. Whereas in the United States the best universities and many professional institutions are available only for men, all universities in Italy are freely open to women, who study side by side with the men. Women are highly honored in the educational world, one half of the teachers of the secondary schools being women. They are found also among the full-fledged professors of universities and technical schools.

Perhaps no more striking example of the high regard in which women teachers are held is to be found than in the case of those having illegitimate children. Italy has no law for the research of paternity. No woman may lay claim on any man for the recognition or the support of a child born out of marriage. A woman is prohibited by law and custom from having knowledge of or access to methods of birth control, or to save herself from the results of such intercourse, yet she is helpless in face of the *fait accompli*. However, a woman teacher who, some twenty-five years ago in Milan, had such an experience and had the courage to acknowledge it and challenge the authorities to oust her from her position, was sustained in her efforts, the case even reaching Parliament. Since then it is no uncommon situation for a woman teacher to bring up a child out of marriage and to remain a member of the teaching force.

Indeed, the increasing indulgence with which the unmarried mother is being viewed all over Europe is one of the direct results of the war. Faced with the shortage of men, everyone knows it is impossible for many women to look forward to regular family life. Society was faced with two alternatives, either to make it possible for woman to protect herself by making her mistress of her own body, or to let nature follow its course. In the Latin countries at least, the tendency is toward the latter alternative. The shortage of children resulting from such a devastating slaughtering match as the world war is a factor in the situation.

But it is in Germany and in the Scandinavian countries that one will find the participation of women in public affairs an accepted fact. In Germany—where the three k's of the Kaiser: *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche* (Children, Kitchen, and Church) comprised the alphabet of every well-regulated German woman's life in the days before the war—there has been a sudden, radical change.

In fact, a constitutional and parliamentary mentality is relatively recent in Germany, and took root in masculine consciousness much later than in other countries. As a result, women displayed no concern in political rights or duties at a period when the suffragist movement was already manifesting itself in Anglo-Saxon nations. It follows, therefore, that the sudden transformation which, through the revolution in November, 1918, granted to women at one fell swoop complete equality in civil and political rights was unexpected and unprepared for. It did not come about through feminine efforts, but was due to the vision which prevailed on the masculine side in the unhesitating effort to incorporate all democratic ideas in the victorious revolution.

It was an immense task to reach twenty million new women electors in a few months, but so quickly did the women rally to the new idea that they voted very heavily for the first national assembly, the one which was to write the new constitution. The figures are:

Registered Voters		
Men	*Women*	*Total*
15,016,114	17,710,872	32,726,986
(46 per cent)	(54 per cent)	
Those who voted		
12,471,167	14,572,345	27,043,512

Of the actual number of registered voters casting their ballots, therefore, only one-tenth per cent more men than women voted. In some cities, notably in Bremen and in Hamburg, the feminine vote attained 89.6 per cent against 88.7 per cent masculine. In all these figures, however, the greater proportion of women in the population must be taken into consideration. Of a total population of 60,412,084, the division stands 28,779,498 men and 31,632,586 women.

The elections to the newly created Parliament—Reichstag, June 6, 1920—saw a slight diminution of interest on the part of both men and women voters. When it came to the elections for state parliaments (corresponding to state legislatures) the women dropped below the men, as they did to some extent in municipal elections. Taking the state of Baden as an example, though one must add that political life has been always intense there, 55 per cent of the registered voters voted, of which 61.7 per cent were men and 50.4 per cent women. In the largest city there, Frankfort a/Main, of 57.5 per cent of the registered voters who cast their ballots, 60.1 per cent were men and 55.3 per cent women.

Compared with the much smaller percentage of women who vote in the United States, it will be seen to what an unusual extent German women are taking advantage of their new position. This is all the more remarkable because they have not the clubs and organizations and dinners and public meetings so numerous in the States for the study of public questions. They say they have neither the time nor the means for them.

But the activities of German women and the advancement of their position in the new Reich are still more pronounced when one considers the large number of women members in the Reichstag, the state parliaments, the provincial diets, and the city councils. There are thirty-six women in the Reichstag,* as compared with three in the British parliament and one in the Congress of the United States. There are one hundred and sixteen women elected to the various state parliaments and provincial diets, as follows: 41 in Prussia; 10 in Baden; 2 in Brunswick; 6 in Saxony; 3 in Hesse; 3 in Mecklenburg; 2 in Thuringia; 5 in Würtemberg; 8 in Bavaria; 12 in Bremen; 17 in Hamburg; 6 in Lübeck, and 32 women members in the various provincial diets of Prussia. In the city councils, corresponding somewhat to boards of aldermen, the latest figures are not available. In 1919, however, 1400 women members were elected in the towns having a population of 10,000 inhabitants or over. Taking into consideration the small communes as well, one authority places the proportion of women members in the municipal councils at 11 per cent.

Women also are being called into the economic councils of the Reich. That is to say, five women are members of the Reichswirtschaftsrat, a provisional economic council comprising 326 representatives of various professional groups, in proportion to their numerical strength and importance. Of 44 delegates from employees of commerce, one is a woman. From the consumers' group 4 delegates are women, representing housekeepers.

But the vital question to be answered is: What have the women accomplished? What has been their contribution? Perhaps some may voice the opinion that one should look for the answer in the cities and communes; but the consensus would be that it is in the Reichstag with its 36 women members that one ought to search for light on the position of women and what they have done.

It was in the writing of the new constitution for the German Republic by the provisional national assembly (to which 37 women were elected) that women for the first time had the opportunity of directly influencing legislation. The principle of personal, civil, and

* Germany has no Senate; the upper body, Reichsrat, consisting of about fifty appointed representatives with little more than veto power.

political equality between the two sexes is established in a few brief articles, of which the principal ones, aside from that establishing equal suffrage rights, are as follows:

Art. 109: In principle, men and women possess the same civil rights and duties.

Art. 119: Marriage rests on the equality of rights of the two sexes; maternity has the right of protection and assistance from the State.

Art. 121: The law must assure illegitimate children the same conditions of physical, moral and social development as legitimate children.

Art. 128: All citizens without distinction shall have access to public office, in accordance with conditions as fixed by law and in the measure of their ability and experience. All provisions which might result in the exclusion of the feminine sex are abolished.

Art. 163: To every German citizen the possibility of earning a living by working shall be assured.

So much for the constitution. Following are some of the measures enacted by the first national assembly through the efforts of the women members:

Law for the assistance of women at time of maternity.

Law for control of cinematographic films, which calls for the co-operation of women and whose application has already brought beneficial results.

Law for the protection of women employed in hotels and restaurants.

There were others, but let us turn to the efforts of the women deputies of the Reichstag since June, 1920, all designed to effectuate the principles of equality between men and women established by the new constitution:

Law providing for the eligibility of women to Chambers of Commerce and boards of trade.

Revision of the law concerning the Stock Exchange, permitting the admission of women.

Law for the service of women on juries.

Law opening judicial careers to women.

Child Welfare Act of June 1922, the most comprehensive piece of legislation —aiming at the physical, mental, and moral welfare of every child in the nation —ever attempted by any government.

Social Hygiene Act of June, 1923, one part aiming at the eradication of venereal diseases, the other part dealing with prostitution. Regulation of prostitution would be abolished and licensed houses closed.

Passed by the Reichstag, this law was vetoed by the Reichsrat, owing to objection to one of its minor provisions, *i.e.*, that of permitting treatment of social diseases by other than licensed physicians, because it was feared the doors would be opened to "quacks" of all kinds.

During my visit to the Reichstag I learned that the committees on which women members predominate are working on other public welfare laws, such as a revision of the old family laws and a new educational policy for Germany. But the Child Welfare Act, and the proposed Social Hygiene Act alone are sufficient to support the contention that German women have done more to change the complexion of legislation, and one might even say to influence the trend of collective and individual life, than the women of any other country.

That statement might be disputed by citing the example of the Scandinavian countries, but not when the element of time is considered. It must be remembered that the Scandinavian countries were not at war, and that the modern conception of women's position has been in vogue there for many years. There is at least one field in which the Scandinavian women have set the pace so far: they have done more to improve the position of the married woman, under the law, than has been accomplished anywhere else. Though the ref-

erence is to the new Swedish marriage and divorce law, the provisions will likely be worked into the code of Denmark and Norway, as there is a movement to attain a uniform legislation.

That this new law has been most carefully worked out is to be gathered from the lapse of time since the first part, that dealing with marriage and divorce, was passed by the Swedish Riksdag in 1915; and the second part, dealing with the relative rights and duties of both parties to a marriage, in 1920.

There is only one kind of marriage, consummated by an optional ecclesiastic or civil ceremony. It can be dissolved quite easily, on the agreement of both parties. First, the court must pronounce a judicial separation for one year. Then, when proof is pronounced before the court that the parties have not lived together during that time, a final decree *nisi* is granted. If only one party wishes to be divorced, the court must see to it that adequate reasons, first for separation and then for divorce, be produced. Grave and continual disagreements, drink and neglect of maintenance, adultery, venereal diseases, and desertion may be advanced. The court can decree which of the married couple is better able to care for the children. As for "alimony"—in the same manner as the husband is bound to support his wife, the wife can be made to contribute her share in the maintenance of her husband. The law is ultra-modern, making it simple to end a marriage if both parties are agreed to do so, but nevertheless, there is some attempt at mediation, whereby a clergyman or other person appointed by the court has to try to conciliate the husband and wife petitioning for divorce.

That part of the new marriage law dealing with the personal and economic conditions of marriage was voted by the parliamentary session of 1920. It abolishes the guardianship and ownership of the husband and makes the wife a personally free being, disposing of her energy and administrating her estate with exactly the same rights as her husband. On the contraction of marriage the estates of both the husband and wife are combined, unless it is distinctly agreed that each retains his or her property. But the theory is to make one collective estate of which the husband owns one-half and the wife the other, yet each continues to administer his or her portion, giving an account to the other of his or her administration. This is necessary because, in case of divorce or death, each party to the marriage has a right to half of the accrued property. What is administered for the common interest of both is called the "husband's and wife's marriage portions," and is not private estate, which may be retained by a marriage settlement, by gift or will, given under the condition that it shall be private property.

But the feature that has caused the most widespread attention is the legal right of a wife to a fair proportion of her husband's earnings—not as a gift, nor as a means of merely supporting her under his roof, but as her just due under the law. If a woman earns outside the home, she has a right to her own earnings, but if she spends her time running a home and bringing up her children, that also is considered "earning money" which the husband and father is bound to give her, or she can apply to a court for her fair share. This places an economic value on the mere business of being a wife which raises the status of housekeeping and home-making to that of a profession.

All in all, the law's administration and its results in the happiness of family life are being watched with keenest attention, and the new Swedish Marriage Law is already being considered in many respects a model for those who believe in the development of a womanhood freed from the chains of ancient tradition and custom.

In the new nations sprung from the war, one finds almost as great a change in the position of women as in Germany.

Poland, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania all have granted full suffrage rights to their women on equal terms with men, Hungary on less favorable terms. But the activities of the women in Czecho-Slovakia have been the most pronounced. The proportion of women taking part in the elections for the Chamber of Deputies in 1920 is shown by the following table:

Total population: 13,611,235; 7,052,717 women; 6,558,518 men.

Entitled to vote

Women: 3,653,760 (52.82 per cent)
Men: 3,264,196 (47.18 per cent)

Those who voted

Women: 3,320,650 (53.4 per cent)
Men: 2,900,128 (46.6 per cent)

Fourteen women M. P.'s were elected, and 3 to the Senate. In the city and small town councils, 12 per cent are women, some towns having women mayors or deputy mayors.

Not only have the women in Czecho-Slovakia been active in the elections and in Parliament, but their efforts have resulted in an important group of laws, as follows:

Law affecting the legal position of women in marriage and stipulating cases where divorce might be demanded (1919).

Laws regulating working hours (1918); establishing equality of salaries and pensions for men and women teachers in primary schools (1919); establishing equality between men and women teachers in the upper primary schools; permitting women teachers to continue after marriage (1919); bettering working conditions for home work (1919); regulating the organization of special professional schools for women and fixing the conditions for the teachers therein (1922); concerning the supervision of children given to the care of strangers, and of illegitimate children (1921).

Laws granting subsidies to working women at the time of maternity (1919); forbidding the sale of alcoholic drinks to juveniles under sixteen (1922); combating venereal diseases (1922); providing for the construction of sanitary houses and protecting tenants (1922).

Glancing over this list, one might question the statement that the women of Germany have done more to advance their position and to affect the complexion of national and individual life than those of any other country in the brief period of time since the close of the war. It is, therefore, necessary to point to a state of affairs which has considerable bearing on the situation. Germany practically is prohibited from having an army, navy, or air force; the race for armaments and questions of defense are almost a closed question in her national existence. Therefore, this gives the woman's point of view and her program of human welfare legislation a greater opportunity for expression and realization than in those countries—one might say all other countries—so much of whose time, thought, money, and energy still are consumed, either through inclination or force of circumstances, in the questions of national defense and race for armaments.

It may be a cause for astonishment in some quarters to learn that in England, adding Scotland and Wales, women have failed both to change their political, economic, and social status as effectively as in other countries or to affect the legislation of their country very sensibly. Indeed, most people are under the impression that English women have the vote on the same terms as men. Such is not the case. The act of February, 1918, fixed the age of thirty for women instead of twenty-one as for men, and there are other restrictions. Whereas any male citizen of that age may vote simply from the fact of six months' residence, even a business residence in a district, a woman must qualify as a resident by being a proprietor or a tenant of furnished

quarters. There is a strange contradiction in the act passed eight months later, in December, 1918, which makes women eligible for election to the House of Commons on the same terms as men—that is, twenty-one years of age or over.

Since this opening of the gates, the only reform carrying sweeping changes is the Sex Disqualification Act of 1919. It does not remove all legal inequalities, but it does stipulate that no person may be disqualified by reason of sex or marriage from filling any public function, from being appointed to any civic or judicial office, or from engaging in any career or entering any association legally recognized. No reason of sex or marriage may be invoked to exempt a person from being a member of a jury. On the other hand, the law provides the reservation that the admission of women to official positions may be regulated or restricted by special conditions, and that the admission of women to juries may depend on the decision of a judge or president of a court that the jury be composed entirely of men, or entirely of women.

Other reforms included in the list of what women in England have accomplished are decidedly trivial. The women of England have not been able to gain admission for their sex in the upper House of Parliament, or to make any dent in the Divorce Law, which gives legal sanction to a double standard of morals in permitting a husband to sue for divorce on the ground of adultery alone, but obliging a wife to prove other grounds in addition, even though the sanctity of the family home itself has been broken by the man. It is a fact that in England, as in no other country with the possible exception of the Scandinavian countries, one gains a distinct impression of antagonism between the sexes—that is, on the part of the male.

It is true that women's private organizations in England are strong and numerous. They are run on similar lines with those in the United States and for much the same purposes. And now that the new government of the Labor Party is giving women greater opportunities in Parliament and public affairs, more may be expected from the women of England. For it is a fact that the countries where women have been most successful in making a real impression on the trend of events have been those where they have flung themselves into the political parties, have elected a bloc of women to Parliament who stood shoulder to shoulder on certain reforms and sought action in the political arena instead of trying to watch the game from the side lines.

In resumé, although the women of the United States may not yet have exerted the influence expected, and although the women of the new republics in Europe have forged ahead to a remarkable degree, yet it is unquestionably in the United States that one may expect a new turn in the movement to bring about a modern evaluation of woman's sphere of activities. With over 2,000,000 more men than women in the population, with freedom from irksome economic pressure because of the wealth of the country, the women are tending toward a solution of the question which will be probably a combination of the view that "Woman's place is in the Home" with the theory that, to win a home, and to win a home worth having, women must have equal rights which will allow them full opportunities for self-development, and for training to help them cope with the world as it is.

That is the middle road between a state of affairs where women remain in ignorance and seclusion and one where women attempt the same duties and responsibilities as men. No civilization as yet has accepted or operated under a middle of the road conception of woman's role; it may be that, if adopted, happiness and well being not yet dreamed of will be attained.

Autumn

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

THE weather was milder than she remembered it. She had remembered October days crisp with frost and bright colored with autumn leaves. The voices of farmers had sounded strong and round, the horses' harness had merrily jingled, and the wagons had rattled over frozen ruts in the street. A smell of apples had jolted from them. Every detail had remained in her memory through all the years. The road coming under the oaks from the high-shouldered brick schoolhouse, the wooden bridge where horses' hoofs had sounded hollowly, the long upward slope past little houses painted white or yellow, and the jog in the street at the top of the hill—these were like beloved objects worn by much handling. They had been part of her thought of Harry, and somehow, under all the other occupations of her mind, she had always been remembering him.

The weather made the difference. The little town that had been purposeful and energetic was limp in lukewarm dampness. Brown leaves fell heavily, and did not rustle underfoot. A stain of moisture spread on her glovelike kid shoes. How strange to be walking here! Her shoes, and her frock, and the coat with its collar and clever cuffs of *kolinsky*, were strange. "*Mais, il vous va à merveille, mademoiselle!*" Who was this stranger walking here in clothes from the Place Vendome? Would no sharp edge of reality pierce through this dream and with its pain wake her to knowing who she was?

Rose slipped a hand into the crook of her elbow and gave her arm a little squeeze. "It's good to have you home again, Evie," Rose said. "I was scared at first you'd be so changed I shouldn't know you, but you aren't changed a bit. You're just the same old Evie you were when—" Rose's voice stumbled, and went on quickly. Rose had thought of Harry.

But there was no longer any pain in that. She had put the thought of him away from her, desperately, for so long, because she could not bear the pain of it. During those years, in some mysterious way, its power to make her suffer had gone. Remembering him had become a part of her so deeply rooted that to tear it out would make her bleed to death. She had wanted to tear it out. Loyalty had not restrained her, nor sentimentality about love. Quite simply, no other man could be to her what Harry was.

They came to the top of the hill, she and Rose. The new cement sidewalk began here, and there before them was the Square, its wooden hitching-rails replaced by iron ones. Farmers' wagons were thick around it, their wheels in mud. Under pale sunshine the street was pathetic. A country road, at home in woods and hazel thickets, it was miserable before false second-stories and harsh brick fronts. The farmers, who had once seemed bold and hearty men, wore now the sad aspect of those whose lives are eaten away by the land. Peasants. In every country the same bowed shoulders, crippled hands, and wintry smiles in cheeks of leather. Oh, piteous strugglers that we are, upon the indifferent earth! Something in her put its arms round them all, to weep with them. But a little smile came out to run along her lips and hesitate in their corners.

Yes, after all the years and beneath

all the differences they had made, she was still the girl who had strolled past this Square on moonlit nights, coming home with Harry—the serious girl whose cheeks had shone with scrubbing and whose serge dress, trimmed with pink baby ribbon, had cost so many anxious days of sewing.

Rose still wore a "best dress." She was wearing it now, for this was a great occasion. Rose was taking her famous sister to a reception given by the wife of the banker. The farmers stepped stiffly aside to let them pass, and followed them with oblique glances. Rose was proud and excited. She was wearing a new hat from Paris, France, brought by her famous sister, and beneath it two spots as red as rouge burned in her cheeks. Rose, too, was a stranger. One saw only the outside. One saw, with aching fond amusement, this climax to her long social striving.

"I hope you'll be awfully nice to Mrs. Mason, Evie. She'll be hurt if you don't. She's read every one of your books, and she was so nice to me last summer when Mrs. Hornbrook was so mean. Just because she comes from Kansas City, that Mrs. Hornbrook thought she could just run this place and she'd have taken the Embroidery Club right out of my hands if Mrs. Mason and I hadn't got together. I know it doesn't seem important to you, Evie, after all the places you've been, but to me—"

"Rose dear, if you only knew how unimportant I am in all the places I've been!"

"You aren't, Evelyn! Knowing Cabinet Ministers, and Princes, and everything! You're the most important person that ever went out of this town. I want you to remember that, I want you to remember it every minute!" Rose's voice was shrill with earnestness.

But who knew what Rose really was, deep, deep underneath? Rose, who had not been jilted; Rose, who had married Bob and borne her children and been—happy? One saw only the outside of Rose—the new house with a bathroom, the little car, the trip to Los Angeles, where, for a dollar, she had seen everything from a sight-seeing bus. That was the successful Rose whom others saw. There was another Rose whom only Rose saw, when she had shut all the doors of herself and sat peaceful in loneliness. It was this Rose who did not speak of Harry.

This was the corner by Latimer's store, where he had stood with other boys on summer evenings while she went laughing past with other bareheaded girls on imagined errands. Here unchanged was the gravel walk that went by the old unchanged white church.

"Latimer's sold out," said Rose. "It's a wholesale feed-and-grain store now. The town isn't what it used to be; it gets deader every year. I guess it's the mail-order houses; they've killed everything. Mail-order houses and automobiles."

"Our old-fashioned little towns seem doomed," she answered. "The small stores can't outlive their economic usefulness."

All the time, silently, she was talking to the other Rose. "You need not be tender with me now. Truly, truly, all the old hurt is gone. So much of it was vanity—seeing pity in all the eyes, and I so young and naked to them. Oh, a great deal of my pain was vanity. How amusing we are, in the tragic solemnities of our little lives! Yes, but—I do love him. I've never been able to get over that. But I am not ashamed or hurt or struggling about it anymore. It is just something one accepts, even with gratitude for the little that it is. And I have built myself a good life. There is one thing you could tell me, perhaps, if we spoke aloud. Why did he do it? I have never understood that. Because he loved me, too."

The giant oak was gone, the oak whose shadow in the moonlight had sheltered the awkwardness of their first kiss. She smiled at that memory now, as a mother smiles at the funniness of a child.

But the oak, now only a ghost, wakened two other ghosts who lingered in its vanished shade.

They had sat pressed together by the crowd on the benches of the church. The smell of oil lamps and of sweat was in her nostrils. Light and color and white faces blurred before her eyes. For hours they had risen and sung, sat and prayed, controlled by the exhorter's passionate voice. "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus! Come and be washed in the blood of the Lamb!" Sobs and cries rose round them. Weeping, on their knees, calling to God for help, the girls she knew struggled with their sins. "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus!" She trembled, tears ran down her cheeks. All of her melted into one ache of longing. Somewhere, waiting for her—"Jesus is calling, Jesus is calling you!"—unimaginable power and glory and joy! A thinning resistance held her still until one intolerable shriek broke it. Shaking and blinded, she stumbled to her feet—and felt his hand firm on her arm. "Let's get out of this," said his unshaken voice.

He had taken her from that orgy into the sanity of darkness and stars. Breathing the clean air, she was grateful and ashamed, like one rescued from degradation. She trembled, clinging to him, more entirely his than she knew. But he must have known. He said, "Religion is all right, but that back there—it isn't healthy." Always, with a word, he could show her what she had known. For a long time they had walked up and down past the oak, talking. "I feel I want to do what I can to make the world better," he said. She was reproved. Her ambition to escape and to accomplish great things was selfish. His was noble. At that moment she had first loved him.

Yes, there had been in him a fineness, a strength, that she had never found again. His steadiness had never failed her in the crude years of their growing up together. Never until that last inexplicable month that had ended with his marriage.

"But how cleverly you managed it!" she said, to the end of Rose's long story of Mrs. Hornbrook's defeat. An automobile passed, flinging mud from its sucking wheels. Far in the depths of her were echoes of that crude and terrible battle: the intolerable pain of jealousy that tore her like claws; the night of wind and freezing rain when she lay and beat her hands to bleeding on the icy ground, waiting to hear them pass together; the question, never answered, "What did she give him that was finer and deeper than I could have learned to give?"

Automobiles stood in a row before the banker's many-gabled house. Rose's breath came fluttering. "If only our car hadn't been laid up for repairs!" The picket-fences were gone, too; there was no gate to click behind them. But there on the lawn was the old cast-iron dog, holding as always an empty flowerpot on his rusty head.

She and Rose were going up the walk to the scrolled porch of the banker's house. The house was conscious of its importance on this afternoon; it wore an air of festivity as farmers wear Sunday coats, and figures moved as if embarrassed behind its staring windows. Strange. When there had been a picket gate it had never clicked behind them. She and Rose had never been invited to the banker's parties; their father was the drayman. Now the house was agitated because of her coming. The drayman's daughter was stiff with self-consciousness, and some one else within her smiled, and some one else was bored, and everything was strange. Her finger pressed the bell.

There was desperation in Rose's clutch on her arm. "Oh, Evie, I just can't let you—without telling—please don't be mad at me—Harry," Rose gasped, "He's going to be here."

She stared at Rose's rounded blue eyes. This must be what writers meant who wrote, "The blood drained from her cheeks." There was a tingle in her fingertips. Because of the dampness the

door was sticking in its frame, and through the glass scrolled with frosted flowers she saw the banker's wife in undignified struggle with it. She heard the laughter of the gods. The door opened with a jerk.

She had been told that he was in Washington. She should have remembered that Congress was not in session.

The banker's wife was nervous, and her face was red. Perhaps tight corseting, perhaps the struggle with the door. "I am pleased to meet—to welcome our noted authoress," said the banker's wife. The others said, while looking at her with shy keenness, "I am pleased to—pleased you're home again." Some added, "Are you going to stay here now?" He was not in the parlor, where women who had been girls she knew sat on rigid chairs. What atrocious wall-paper! "Are you glad to be home again, Evelyn?" "You look just the same, you haven't changed the least bit." "Well, now you're here we hope you'll stay a long time." No, he was none of the men who stood together as if for self-defense in the doorway to the back parlor. But surely, surely, she would have recognized him instantly. Rose was garrulous. "Well, as I tell Evie—"

What was she doing here, in this *petit bourgeois* atmosphere? Her chair pressed gilt scrolls against her knees, held her upright as in a vise. Inside the constraint of her self-conscious muscles something ran about wildly, trying to escape. The smile on her face was hardening like a mask. Her polite voice repeated, "Yes, I am glad to be here again." A phonograph ground derisively in her mind, setting the words to a tune. "Yes, we have no bananas"—That was what they did to Handel's Messiah. How piteous they were, the eager young girls she had known! They looked at her helplessly through eyes dulled by commonplace. They, who had been so sure and happy, were wistful now as she had been.

At any moment he would come.

Was there no end to meaningless phrases? The young and eager girls were still there, behind softening cheeks and thickened bodies. They were like animals born in captivity, wistful behind inevitable bars. They wished to ask her the news of the far places, but they did not know how. "Give us the scent of wind on mountain tops, and the taste of the fears and the kills you have known in the jungle," that was what they wanted to say, while they spoke phrases without meaning: "Paris is awfully wicked, isn't it?"

His step was on the porch; she would have known it anywhere. Her blood answered it with a leap, as it had always done. The mask of her face broke. The banker's wife was struggling with the door. A little smile scampered over her lips and quivered in their corners.

He was unchanged. The same Harry, he stood in the doorway of the parlor, and his smile expressed the same confidence and good humor. "Well, folks—!" The old, remembered heartiness in his greeting! Their voices answered him in chorus.

Her chair was no longer uncompromising in its rigidity, it seemed soft to her relaxing body. A fountain of laughter flung a jet from her throat. Love him? Love that man? She did not love him. She had never loved him. The laughter of the gods swelled to a roar at this climax of comedy. So all our tragedies become comedies in the end? Farce, broad farce. Here were the girls, who had risen, fearing they had not done the proper thing, and sat down again in imitation of her!

His clasp, the warm one of the successful politician, enfolded her fingers. How could he know that the sparkle in her was not for him? Indeed, there was something of the moving-picture actor in all American politicians. This was delightful. Her gesture settled him in the chair beside her.

He had still the habit of running his fingers through his thick hair. Then they sought a watch-chain no longer looped across his front. His talk

sounded well to the ears for which it was intended. He had ideals, purely emotional. Words like Mother, Home, and England struck in him a chord of noble feeling. He was inconsistent, illogical, and usually right. One must admit that minds made by newspapers were more normal than those of independent thinkers; human beings were created to feel in crowds. His kind was the preservative of nations, institutions, customs, morals. Every Sunday morning he would eat the same thing for breakfast. No doubt he was an admirable husband and father. No doubt. If one were to ask him, "What do you think of women in politics?" he would clear his throat and answer seriously, "Well, of course, I believe that woman's place—" All the time, a wilder sense of freedom was intoxicating her.

The banker's daughters gave them each a plate on which was set a cup of coffee beside a slice of brick ice-cream and a slice of layer cake. Oh, of course! "Refreshments." The talk became animated, as the end of the reception was perceived. She had forgotten to be nice to Mrs. Mason. It was not difficult; Mrs. Mason stammered in her pleasure. "I've always thought I c-could write, myself," Mrs. Mason confided. "Things come into my mind, sometimes—Do you ever run out of ideas for stories? I—I'd be glad to give you some, if—"

She thanked Mrs. Mason. Now all at once everyone rose, with an outbreak of farewells like a chattering of sparrows. Everyone was shaking hands with everyone else. They crowded the hall where the banker's wife stood by the open door, smiling in relief. They overflowed upon the porch and their voices sounded shrill on the quiet air as they had sounded long ago at the end of a schoolday.

She went down the walk with Rose. Beside his car Harry hesitated. He thought of taking them home in his car. Then he thought, better not; it might make talk. He held his hat in his left hand and took her gloved fingers in his right. "Good-by, Miss Evelyn, it's been a pleasure to meet you again." A timid look came for an instant to the surface of his eyes—his vanity looking out to see if it were hurt. But no, it could see nothing, and whisked into hiding again. Better let sleeping dogs lie, he thought.

"And I'm very glad to have seen you, Harry. Good-by."

In the moist air there was now a promise of frost. Behind them automobile engines complained of the prodding of self-starters, then one by one rushed down the street. The last team of horses at the hitching-rails tossed their heads with jingling of bits. The buildings round the Square seemed to huddle together for warmth. In the yards of little houses women with knitted scarfs over their heads were bringing in wood. Rose hurried. "I'm afraid I'll be late getting supper," Rose said in a strained voice.

"Never mind, Rose, I'll help you," she said, giving Rose's arm a little squeeze. Better than joy or happiness was this sense of wholeness, of oneness with herself. With pleasure she felt her muscles moving as she walked. There was exhilaration in the chilling air. Her feet marched to the rhythm of a tag of verse: "I will run and stand in the wind on the hill, now that I am lone and free."

Late that night she was still too much alive to sleep. Supper had been mirthful, Rose and Bob answering her laughter until the children grew hysterical in their milk cups. Evening had been prolonged round the lamp after the children had been forced to bed. Now she was alone, and sitting by her window, wrapped in a dressing gown, she looked at the moon in the cold sky. A branch of cherry tree made a Japanese print across it. She knew that her door was opening softly before she heard the whispered, "Evelyn?"

"Yes? Come in, Rose."

"Where—? Oh, I thought you'd be in bed." Rose stood hesitating. Then in the darkness, that Rose whom only Rose knew spoke shyly, "Evie—you aren't mad at me, are you?"

Softly, softly, not to frighten her away. "No, I'm not mad at you. Come and look at the moon."

Moonlight fell on Rose's thick body, huddled in a shawl over her nightgown. The night was still, and bare twigs were delicate against the sky. "It's pretty, isn't it? I like to look at it. . . . Evie, I didn't mean to be mean to you. You're the only sister I have."

"Yes. I know."

"It—didn't make you feel bad?"

"No."

"You see, Evie, all that was a long time ago. I've thought about it so much. I thought it must be the reason —Evie, I hate for you to be an old maid. You miss so much. I thought if you could only see him again—and I knew talking to you wouldn't do any good." She was trembling. "Don't you think, maybe now—?"

"Rose dear, how did you know?"

"I'm awfully glad." Their hands clasped in the shadows that veiled their faces. "It doesn't much matter who, Evie—who you marry, I mean. Just so he is a good man." The secret Rose came shyly again into her voice. "Men are only what we make them, you know. In our minds, I mean. What they *really* are—But you find they are just as—lost and—fumbling, as we are. And they cling, like children. So you have to be brave for them. It doesn't last, the—feeling you have at first. They say that at the last, when your children grow up and go away and have their own lives, that then—I don't know." Rose leaned her forehead against the cool pane of the window, her voice spoke quietly to herself. "Maybe we are always alone, really."

There was companionship in that knowledge shared.

Rose shivered, drawing the shawl closer. "I declare, the nights are getting chilly. You'll catch cold, sitting in that thin thing." Her fingers felt it expertly. "What is it?"

"It's an *abba*—the Bedouins wear it. The silk? Handwoven; I got it in Damascus."

"Oh, Damascus." Rose's mind slid absently over that jeweled word. "Sure you have enough covers on your bed?"

Alone, Evelyn lay with hands clasped above her head. She felt the weakness and the surging energy of convalescence. Her life had been wasted? She smiled. Dear Rose, poor Rose. Wise, illogical Rose, urging marriage now. To each human being one thing is solid, stable, an anchor to which to tie. That is the thing not yet examined. How merry and busy Rose would be, too, when the children were grown and she was free! So all the ecstasies and the heartbreaks come to one end, and the end is freedom from them all. Freedom. And the good years still to be lived!

America's Responsibility in the Far East

BY WILLIAM HOWARD GARDINER

IT was only eleven days after the great earthquake in Japan. Relief supplies were being rushed from Shanghai to Yokohama, where most of the American and British naval forces in the Far East had been concentrated for rescue work. On board the *Shuntien* we were waiting at the mouth of the Yangtze for a typhoon to pass so that we might sail, when from out of the murk to seaward came a flotilla of Japanese destroyers. Our score of passengers, mostly official and business residents in the Far East, glanced at them and remarked, in effect "Ah! A demonstration in force"—whereupon they returned unconcernedly to their novels and games of bridge.

That a flotilla of destroyers had been dispatched from Japan at that particular time to one of the troubled regions of China was noteworthy from several angles. But the laconic comment of those sojourners in the Far East showed above all how oft-repeated experiences had inured them to manifestations of that one dominant factor and essential sanction in Far Eastern affairs—armed force.

This fact was profoundly impressed on the present writer by many political and military authorities throughout a personal survey he made during the summer of 1923 from Japan to Java, of the Far Eastern politico-naval situation. And at the outset it may be said advisedly that that situation has been affected *only for the moment* by the appalling cataclysm of the Japanese earthquake.

To state the major consequences of this in a few words: About four hundred thousand persons were killed—a number much less than one per cent of the Japanese population and much less than the annual net increase of that population. If we bear in mind the superabundance of people and the dearth of dollars in the Far East, then, from the point of view of an Oriental nation, this terrible loss of life is of less moment than the great destruction of productive property. The economic plant destroyed is being rebuilt, in the main, by internal and external loans; and it is expected that the increased efficiency in operation of the new plant, built as a whole, over that of the old plant, sporadically developed, will meet the larger part, if not all, of the charges for reconstruction loans. So the Japanese may find themselves in a better economic position than before the disaster.

In naval matters, apart from obsolete vessels and "small fry," the Japanese lost only one new light cruiser, the *Naka*, and one unfinished battle cruiser, the *Akagi*, which was being converted, under the Naval Treaty, into an aircraft carrier. Within a month after the earthquake the building of a similar light cruiser was started at Kobe; and one of the two new battleships which the Japanese were to demolish under the Naval Treaty is being substituted for the *Akagi*. Persistent reports from Japan that the great battleship *Mutsu* was lost may be dismissed; for the writer saw her and her only sister ship, the *Nagato*, afloat four weeks after the earthquake in Yokohama harbor, and showing no signs of injury. So the Japanese fleet was not seriously injured and may be expected to be as powerful as ever within less than a year.

But the earthquake destroyed the

only great powder factory in Japan and also the vital fuel oil reserves at the Yokosuka naval base. Consequently, until fresh supplies of powder and of oil could be bought, the Japanese navy could not fight for any length of time; and certain Japanese realists were appalled as they realized that thus other Powers had been presented with an "opportunity" similar to that which the Japanese Empire had seized to force its Twenty-one Demands in 1915 on distraught and defenseless China, and which the Japanese Premier, Count Ojkuma, had described as "the opportunity of a century" for Japanese imperialism. But China and the world at large sent only relief forces, supplies, and funds to the Japanese in the hour of their calamity and momentary weakness.

The Far Eastern situation might be described under four major headings: Chinese political incompetence and consequent general helplessness; Japanese activity and virtual omnipotence from Kamchatka to Formosa and into China; European impotence—from Java and Singapore up and throughout the Far East; American responsibility—originating eighty years ago and now centered in the Philippines.

The self-destructive incompetence that now engulfs China has its sources far back in the declining decades of the Manchu dynasty—and in the inconstancy, not to say the fatuousness, of decades of American Far Eastern policy. Here it must suffice to suggest only that its immediate cause is the present form of government in China—a factional politico-military oligarchy, miscalling itself a republic—which will prove to be merely a passing phase out of which, if China can survive for several decades, will rise a real leader who will give his country a government natural and fitting to its civilization.

Japanese potency and European impotence are vividly suggested by the following words from the latest history of the Japanese Empire that has been written in England:

> Great Britain may contemplate Japan as a commercial rival (in all quarters of the globe) . . . who, in a future that is not very remote, may be found a competitor that will test her industry, ingenuity, and enterprise to the utmost. If Japan must still take a backward place in the commercial arena of the world, she can already claim one in the very front rank of the great military powers. Indeed, she is perhaps already the greatest, when judged not only by the size and quality of the forces that are at her immediate disposal but by the completeness of her organization in every possible detail, and by the provision she makes to meet all contingencies long before they can arise. As a nation, she is saturated with the spirit of militarism.

After describing the high spirit and outlook of the Japanese, the historian continues:

> Great Britain now holds her Far Eastern colonies, the great commercial depots of Hongkong and Singapore, entirely on the sufferance of Japan. From either she could be ousted as speedily as were the Germans from Kiaochow, and it is even possible that Japan might not be always indifferent, in view of her new [panasiatic] doctrine, to events in Great Britain's Indian Empire. The pact of the Pacific binds her as it does ourselves, but the history of the most Christian nations shows how illusory are international covenants as instruments for the limitation of national covetousness or ambition . . . can anyone dare to cast a stone at her if, in the future, she finds it imperative in her own interests to strengthen herself at the expense of other Powers in the Far East? It behooves Great Britain, therefore, to retain her goodwill . . .*

Thus an Englishman, in England's latest history of the nations, when recognizing Japanese power and British impotence in the Far East, bows to the Rising Sun. But he seems to have overlooked the potentiality of the United States in the Pacific, if only we face our responsibilities.

In more explicit terms, those who are really experienced in matters of Far

* *Japan*, by J. H. Longford in John Buchan's "The Nations of Today," p. 8.

Eastern international grand strategy have long since recognized that Japanese policy, though it may shift one way or another as circumstances develop, is ever directed toward an ultimate purpose. In the broadest sense, this purpose is to obtain the hegemony at least of Eastern Asia and of the Pacific.

To this end two quite different plans are known to exist. The Territorialist Plan looks primarily to the impenetration and progressive conquest of as much of the continent of Asia as possible. The absorption of Korea, dominance in Manchuria, the adventures in Fukien, Shantung, Mongolia, and Siberia, and the attempt of 1915 by means of the Twenty-one Demands to turn China virtually into a vassal state are incidents of the unfolding of this plan. Nor should Japanese incitements to insurrection in India be overlooked.

In contrast to this is the Maritime Plan. It is perhaps not generally realized that, during the last fifty years, the Japanese have completed their hold over all of the insular barrier to Eastern Asia from Kamchatka to Formosa, and that they now control all of the islands of the Pacific north of the Equator except the Aleutian Islands, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, northern Borneo, a few small and scattered American or British islands, and the coastal islands proper off China and off the American continent. Some ten years ago there was displayed in the Tokyo Museum a map that showed *all* of these islands—and even Lower California—as within the prospective Japanese realm. Though obviously stimulating to patriotic ardor, this map has been withdrawn long since, presumably as being indiscreet.

So far as is known to the writer—from many authoritative sources in the Far East—the full scope of the Japanese Maritime Plan contemplates the progressive extension of Japanese control along the insular barrier to Eastern Asia, down to its southern terminal in the Antipodes and round into the Indian Ocean.

It may be objected that such a project is altogether fanciful because of the British and Dutch tenure of intervening positions. The power of the Dutch to defend their Far Eastern possessions against external aggression is negligible. And when we examine the English statement just quoted to the effect that Britain holds Hongkong and Singapore on the sufferance of the Japanese, there seems to be solemn substance in it.

In point of fact, Britain has been without capital power of magnitude in the Pacific since the rise of German naval power obliged her to concentrate her fleets in home waters. To-day the turmoil in Europe would prevent her from detaching an adequate force for the Pacific. Furthermore, Britain has not got at Singapore, or anywhere else in the Far East, such naval-base facilities as would be essential to the maintenance of a considerable capital fleet in the Pacific on a war basis. And even if she had such facilities, the very outbreak of serious trouble east of Suez beyond doubt would engender such conditions in India and along her eight-thousand-mile line of communication to Singapore that, at most, she would be able to maintain there only a regionally defensive force—which would be inadequate if the Japanese could gain a base, say, in the southern Philippines, and could guard their line to it. The conclusion seems inevitable that the European Powers are incapable, by themselves, of offering effective opposition to an advance of the Japanese along the insular barrier.

Returning to the Japanese plans, it should be recalled that the Japanese first completed their hold on all the outer insular barriers from Kamchatka to Formosa, between 1874 and 1895 and then began the conquest of the hinterland to that part of the barrier in pursuance of the Territorialist Plan they had learned from Prussian military policy. Much progress was made in this

direction until about 1920, by which time several unexpected things had happened.

In 1898 the Philippines had passed from Spain into the strong though relatively inexperienced hands of the United States; and after 1905 European power had virtually vanished from the Pacific. Though the outbreak of the European war in 1914 gave the Japanese Territorialists "the opportunity of a century" which they were not slow to seize, the collapse of Germany in 1918 demonstrated the fallibility of Prussian policy. Meanwhile the Japanese were beginning to find that the practice of such policies in Asia aroused many unexpected obstacles and necessitated in several instances an expenditure of energy more than questionable.

The consequence of all of this was that the Territorialist Plan suffered a partial eclipse, and a Japanese recession from the continent began about 1920. For at last the supporters of the Maritime Plan had persuaded the Japanese supreme authorities that the Maritime Plan promised substantially the same results as the Territorialist Plan, namely, the virtual monopoly of Eastern Asia, but by isolation instead of by conquest; that the Maritime Plan promised much more, in that it looked to the hegemony of the Pacific as well as to that of Asia; that, instead of necessitating the conquest and permanent policing of Asia, it required, in view of European impotence, only the removal of the United States from the Philippines and thereafter the progressive extension of Japanese control over virtually defenseless and more or less isolated islands; and that, therefore, the energies of the Japanese Empire should be concentrated on the development of the navy rather than of the army—and on the freeing of the Philippines.

Such is the order of the day in high Japanese circles; and such are its purposes.

It places before the United States the undivided responsibility of determining the future of the Far East, of the Pacific, and of much more on our ever-shrinking globe.

In the face of such a responsibility, it would seem fitting to review our policies and practices in the Far East in order that our future conduct there may be as appropriate as possible.

Somewhat as the principal Powers in Europe have struggled for centuries against one another for preponderant power there, so the extensions of their activities to the Far East have been characterized by rivalries to secure preferential opportunities for commercial profits. In those rivalries diplomacy, the show of force, and war have played prominent parts. And toward the close of the nineteenth century the Japanese Empire—having succeeded, where China failed, in escaping the role of victim—joined in the contest, intensifying its record of impairments of sovereignty, of sequestrations of territory, and of subjugations of peoples primarily for preferential economic opportunities.

The first commercial treaty of the United States in the Far East was with Siam in 1833. But instead of seeking preferential opportunities, it provided that Americans were to enjoy economic opportunities merely equal to those granted to other nationals. By a show of naval force in 1842, we secured similar concessions from the Chinese when the British were seeking special concessions at the close of their Opium War; and these Chinese concessions to us were embodied, in part, in the Treaty of Wang Hiya, in 1844, incidentally to which our Open Door Doctrine was inaugurated. In 1853 and 1854 we opened the Japanese Empire to the modern world—again by a show of naval force. Subsequent commerical treaties with it and the revised treaties of 1858 with China connoted the maximum area of theoretical application of our Open Door Doctrine, which aims that all nations should enjoy equality of economic opportunity, so that none need

impair the sovereignty or sequestrate the territories of others.

During those decades American opportunities and interests in the Far East had been developed in the face of intense rivalries to a remarkable extent by our insistence on being conceded opportunities merely equal to those conceded to others. Whenever necessary, we had supported such equitable insistence by a show of adequate armed force. And by thus supporting such a policy firmly, we had done much to decrease inequity and to raise to a more equitable plane the conduct of affairs in the Far East. But from 1861 until 1898 we neglected the Far East, our energies being diverted from it by our Civil War and by the subsequent internal development of our own country.

Meanwhile the British Empire, the Russian Empire, and France sedulously prosecuted their politico-military campaigns for special privilege in China. In 1894 the Japanese Empire entered this arena actively and won its first modern war against China. But then the Japanese were so weak and the European Powers so strong in the Far East that the latter were able with impunity to deprive the Japanese of important items of their spoils of victory. Yet the advent of this ambitious though relatively weak local contestant in the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire so stimulated the activities of the European contestants that the great diplomatic "battle for concessions" developed at Peking.

At that time European power was the transcendent factor in the Far East. It was composed, however, merely of extensions to that region of the relative status of the leading nations in the European balance of power. But developments elsewhere began to show the British that they would have more urgent need in other parts for the sanctions on which their premier position in the Far East rested. So they stimulated the American Government, whose interest in the Far East had just been reawakened by our acquisition of the Philippines, to revive our Open Door Doctrine, which the British themselves had been prominent in disregarding.

This facilitated our obtaining in 1900 from the principal European Powers and from the Japanese Empire separate professions of accord with our Doctrine. But whatever hope such professions promised for an end to the struggle for preferential opportunities was soon dissipated; for the initial Anglo-Japanese alliance of 1902 furnished England's Oriental ally with a shield behind which to move with impunity; and the consequent Russo-Japanese War virtually eliminated Russia as a first-class Power in the Far East and added immeasurably to the self-confidence and actual power of the Japanese.

During these developments American diplomacy was active in the Far East, incidentally making the mistake of enabling the Japanese to end their war against Russia victoriously before their finances were exhausted and before slow-moving Russia could mobilize its full strength. But when the Japanese committed such a flagrant violation of the Open Door Doctrine and of their own solemn promises as they did when they absorbed Korea, the United States closed its eyes to the occurrence.

Meanwhile the rise of German power on land and sea had forced the concentration of British and French strength in Europe, preparatory to the great war, which European statesmen saw, years in advance, was virtually inevitable. So with Russian, British, and French power gone from the Far East—in as much as they no longer would express material force there—the kinetic power of the Japanese Empire, the potential power of the United States, and the impotence of the newborn Chinese Republic were the major factors in the Far Eastern situations immediately before the outbreak of the European war.

It is difficult to believe that, if American statecraft then had been as realistically clear-sighted as that of the Euro-

pean Powers or of the Japanese Empire, we should not have made every effort to substitute American naval power in the Far East for the European power withdrawn of necessity from there; and this in order to give to our Open Door Doctrine — and to the international equity it connotes—the sanction that subsequent events proved was essential to maintain it and to maintain peace in the Far East. But we did nothing of the sort. Consequently, when the long-expected European war broke out in 1914, there was virtually no material obstacle to prevent the Japanese Empire from working its will on the defenseless Chinese Republic.

In view of our record since 1861, it is not surprising that we merely filed mild paper protests against the enforcements of most of the Twenty-one Demands in 1915, whereby the Japanese sought to turn China virtually into a vassal of the Japanese Empire—in spite of the Open Door Doctrine and of Japanese subscription to it. And when the consequences of those Demands were under discussion at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, our President-Delegate took no effective step to contravene those consequences; nor did he seek to prevent the Japanese from retaining the former German islands in the Pacific that brought them nearly half-way across the Pacific and directly across our lines of communication with the Philippines.

According to some pacifist theorems, abstention on the part of China, the European Powers, and the United States from forcefully opposing the Japanese expansion should have assured peace in the Far East. But unfortunately, upon the inauguration of the late President Harding, in March 1921, there came to hand detailed, specific, and conclusive evidence of a technical nature that the Japanese were making intensive preparations for a naval war in 1924. On the other hand, at that time in the United States there was most positive demand for a retrenchment in Federal expenditures, and there was emotional clamor for disarmament such as usually occurs in victorious countries after a great war fought supposedly "to end war."

To solve this dilemma, among other things, the Washington Conference was called "with a view to reaching a common understanding with respect to principles and policies in the Far East" such as to permit of a limitation of naval armaments by agreement between the United States, the British Empire, the Japanese Empire, France, and Italy. It produced six treaties of which we need here consider only three.

The Four-Power Treaty, now in effect between the United States, the British Empire, the Japanese Empire, and France, provides that if the rights of any of these four Powers in relation to its insular possessions and dominions in the Pacific are threatened by the aggressive action of any outside Power, then the four Powers shall confer together as to measures to meet the situation. This treaty also provides that if a controversy arises between any of the four Powers themselves as to said insular rights that is not settled by diplomacy, then the subject shall be referred to a conference of all of the four Powers. To quote the Report of the American Delegation to the Senate: "The present Treaty promises not an agreement of any sort, but merely consultation." It also ended the Anglo-Japanese alliance but not the Franco-Japanese alliance.

The Nine-Power Treaty reasserts the oft-professed Open Door Doctrine and lifts it from the level of separate diplomatic exchanges among the Powers about China to that of an explicit and solemn engagement, signed simultaneously by China and by all of the Powers except Russia now especially interested in the Far East. Unfortunately, up to the moment of writing, France has not seen fit to ratify this treaty, though her Delegates signed it more than two years

ago. So as yet it is no more in effect than a contract which has not been properly countersigned.

Assuming, however, that France will ratify the Nine-Power Treaty, we still shall be confronted by the implications from the actual record of the Open Door Doctrine in the Far East. In substance this record is that professions of adherence to the Doctrine have been made innumerable times by many Powers during the past eighty years, but that such professions have been violated in practice when the Open Door Doctrine was not supported at least by the potentiality of force where the latter would be effective. This gives added importance to the Naval Limitation Treaty now in effect.

Before the Washington Conference the total tonnage of effective American, British, and Japanese combatant vessels of all kinds—built, or for the building of which appropriations had been made—was in the ratio of about 6-5-3; and the corresponding tonnage of their effective capital ships was in the ratio of about 6-4-3.

At the opening of the Conference the United States proposed that the tonnage of capital ships, of aircraft carriers, of virtually all other surface combatant auxiliaries, and of submarines be limited so that, after specified scrappings and replacements, the ratio in each and all of these four classes would be 5-5-3. But where such all-inclusive combatant fleet-limitation was sought, only the limitation of the sizes of the capital ships and of the aircraft-carrier classes was secured, thus leaving all Powers entirely free to build any number of such auxiliaries as cruisers and submarines, provided only that no such individual auxiliary exceed 10,000 tons or mount a gun of larger caliber than eight inches. Indeed, the Japanese refused to agree even to this half-measure of fleet-limitation unless we agreed to their proposal that all insular fortifications and naval bases west of Alaska and of the Hawaiian Islands should not be developed beyond their strength at the close of the Conference.

Politicians and laymen seem to have given little consideration to this limitation of insular fortifications and naval bases. But, in contrast to lay opinion, strategists generally agree that it is of the utmost importance. For many of them recognize that this limitation was really the major objective of the Japanese at the Washington Conference. In fact, some American strategists foresaw that the Japanese would attempt to secure just such a limitation; and this because a limitation of forts and bases would make it especially difficult and costly for the United States fleet to reach Far Eastern waters and to operate there protractedly; and it would leave most of our dependents—of our possessions and of our other interests in that region—virtually without either land or sea defenses.

As the Naval Limitation Treaty more than cut the power of our capital fleet in half, reduced its ratio from 6-4-3 to 5-5-3, and greatly increased the difficulties of our expressing an effective measure of naval power in the Far East, it seems impossible to consider the Naval Treaty as supporting the Four-Power Treaty or the Nine-Power Treaty—from our point of view.

On the contrary, these three treaties, taken together, seem to be in accordance with our traditional procedure in the Far East during the last sixty years; namely, to make political paper gestures there which we leave to "moral force" to support, although armed force has ever been the dominant factor and essential sanction in the Far East, and although the recent record of realities in the Far East has shown a marked recession of equitable policies before the advance of forceful practices.

In brief, our record in the Far East has had two phases: At first we supported equity with force whenever there was need of the latter and until about 1860. By so doing we bettered both our own interests and general conditions in

that part of the world. But since then we have merely dallied with the Far Eastern situation, seeming to be satisfied by the consistency of advancing the same paper program—from which, as a rule, we withheld the support essential to its realization.

The consequences of this omission on our part were not so serious while the European Powers maintained enough real force in the Far East to curb the growth of Japanese power. But the sin of omission for which we must bear the undivided responsibility is that we did not substitute the restraining influence of American naval power for that of European naval power when conditions in Europe obliged the Europeans to withdraw the weight of their forces from the Far East.

The outstanding result of this last omission on our part is that, whereas the Japanese were barely able to overcome the Chinese in 1895 and the Russians in 1905, by 1915 they had grown so strong as to attempt to turn all of China practically into a vassal state; and now they are virtually unopposed and all-powerful in the Far East north of the Philippines—where, for the moment, one small island at the mouth of Manila Bay blocks their whole southward expansion.

This brings us to a consideration of the responsibility confronting the United States in the Philippines and to the question of how the United States may use and support its position there to maintain peace in the Orient.

The outstanding circumstances relating to the Philippines may be summarized as follows: While the Japanese have had a large measure of success in impenetrating the continent of Asia, and while they have attained virtual omnipotence within a radius of say, fifteen hundred miles from Tokyo, good and sufficient reasons have developed for their suspending present prosecution of their Territorialist Plan in favor of their Maritime Plan—which latter looks to their pushing their control southward along the insular barrier and isolating Eastern Asia by controlling all strategic points of communication. This prospect is of exceedingly great future importance to Britain and to the Netherlands, neither of which can defend her equatorial possessions. But it is of more imminent importance to the United States: for the Philippines are the immediate obstacle to the next essential step in the grand plan that the Japanese have selected for their imperial expansion in the Pacific and in Asia.

Under such circumstances it would seem patent that the Japanese, from now on, will concentrate every effort toward bringing about such conditions that the Philippines will no longer block their empire building. And here it is well to recall that, immediately after the Japanese took Formosa in 1895, they became keenly interested in the efforts of some Filipinos to throw off the rule of Spain; and they were bitterly disappointed when the Philippines passed into the stronger hands of the United States. In fact, from then on Japanese activities of all kinds in the Philippines have continued to be of great concern.

It is under such circumstances and influences that some advocate giving the Philippines their independence. Here it should be said frankly that, while it would be possible for the United States to withdraw entirely from the Philippines and to turn them adrift, it is impossible to give the Filipinos self-governing independence as we understand it; and this for the very simple reason that the mass of the eleven million inhabitants of the islands are utterly incapable of throwing off the rule of the handful of professional politicians who have been allowed to entrench themselves in the government of the Philippines—by methods and with results to themselves that would make an old-time Tammany chief turn green with envy. The present question is not one of independence for the Filipinos. It is merely whether they shall be governed by a lot of Spanish and Chinese half-breeds with or without

the restraining influence of the United States.

There cannot be any doubt but that if this restraining influence were withdrawn—and if the Philippines could be isolated from all external dangers—the internal rivalries of such as the three-quarters Spanish Quezon and the three-quarters Chinese Osmena would embark the Philippines on a career compared with which that of Mexico would appear one of extreme tranquillity and prosperity. Nor can there be any doubt but that, if by some miracle the Filipinos could set up a government of approximate internal orderliness and stability, it would be undermined and overthrown by external influences even more rapidly than was that of the ancient Korean realm when it stood in the path of the Japanese Territorialist Plan just as the Philippines now stand in the path of the Japanese Maritime Plan.

Since the Washington Conference Filipino casuists and their partisan fatuists have taken to pointing to the Four-Power Treaty—which "promises not an agreement of any sort, but merely consultation"—as guaranteeing the security of an independent republic of the Philippines. But in doing so they serenely overlook the fact that the Four-Power Treaty refers only to the rights of each of the four Powers in their own several "insular possessions and insular dominions" and not in any way to any territory which is not an "insular possession" such as the Philippines now are, or an "insular dominion" such as New Zealand. And even if the Four-Power Treaty could be stretched to cover an independent republic of the Philippines—which never could hope alone to defend itself against the Japanese—it would be well to bear in mind the English historian's statement quoted above that "the history of the most Christian nations shows how illusory are international covenants as instruments for the limitation of national covetousness or ambition."

On the one hand, the well-meant but fatuous fancies of many Americans, in and out of office, are responsible in no small measure for the deplorable internal political conditions and for the consequent backwardness of economic development that now characterize the Philippines. On the other hand, the failure of the United States to apprehend and to meet the realistic trend of events in the Far East in recent decades—as we have seen above—is in no small measure responsible for the unrestrained growth of such extremely menacing external conditions as those to which the Philippines now are exposed.

To withdraw the restraining influence of our internal administration on Filipino politicians would be a glaring manifestation of lack of any decent sense of responsibility to the mass of Filipinos. To turn the Islands adrift now that they are the outstanding obstacle in the chosen path of Japanese expansion would be a flagrant betrayal not only of the Filipinos but of every interest which white civilization possesses east of Suez, from Siberia to New Zealand—to say nothing of the determining effect that our action will now have on whether the Pacific is to be a safeguard or a menace to future Americans.

The only question to be considered is how to make the Japanese realize the utter futility of entertaining designs against the Philippines, or other adjacent regions, while not giving them any warrant for interpreting our action as having an aggressive intent. Fortunately we can do this—if we will.

Our ability to make obviously futile an attack on the Philippines, or on any region to the south of them, depends on our being manifestly able and ready, at all times, to focus in the Philippines a naval force so superior in every essential respect that the Japanese naval forces could not cover the landing of an adequate invasion force and keep open its sea lines of support—or could not maintain southward sea lines of communication past the Philippines. In turn, our ability to focus such a force there at

any time depends on the condition as well as the size of our fleet in every essential respect—*and* on its being assured of a secure haven of refuge for refit in the Philippines at the end of a five-thousand-mile emergency trip from the Hawaiian Islands. And finally, the assurance of our fleet's finding such a haven as a base-region from which to operate depends on our being able to hold such a haven against any attack until our fleet and reinforcements arrive.

The great expanse of virtually land-locked water in Manila Bay offers the natural facilities for such a haven. And most fortunately, during the Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson administrations our military authorities were allowed gradually to build up a system of fortifications on Corregidor Island and in its vicinity, at the entrance to Manila Bay, such as would for a time deny an enemy entrance to the Bay. Indeed, in the summer of 1923 the military authorities in the Philippines described Corregidor to the present writer as "the Gibraltar of the Far East."

Naturally, the composition and distribution of its defenses are military secrets. But it is broadly known, in general terms, that the Corregidor defenses of Manila Bay would be virtually impregnable *for a while* against attacks from land, sea, or air—provided that the defenses were adequately manned, munitioned, and supplied before an attack and before our lines of communication to the Philippines were interfered with.

Yet Corregidor does not defend the Philippines. Corregidor defends merely Manila Bay as an essential refit haven for the fleet. Once the fleet is based on this haven, then it is the function of the fleet to defend the Philippines at sea by taking such measures that the enemy's ability to land and maintain an invading force will be parried and destroyed.

But if Corregidor were to fall before our fleet arrived, then the enemy fleet could enter Manila Bay and, probably, could debar our fleet from entrance. Under such circumstances we not only would have failed to defend the Philippines, but our fleet, depleted by a long voyage and without secure refit facilities, would be in a very serious situation opposed to an enemy fleet, presumably ready for battle though smaller in numbers.

Assuming that the fleet we could send to the Philippines would be larger than the one the Japanese could send, the success or failure of our defense of the Islands would depend, primarily, on the length of time Corregidor would hold out and on the length of time it would take us to prepare our fleet, dispatch it, and have it reach Corregidor, and cut the sea lines of the enemy attacking Corregidor.

As with every fortress, the length of time Corregidor could hold out would depend on the strength of the force attacking it. As its reduction not only would prevent us from defending the Philippines, but might make possible the virtual destruction of our fleet, it is safe to assume that the enemy would concentrate the maximum possible force against Corregidor as quickly as possible. To offset the speed with which he would hope to reduce Corregidor, we should get our fleet out to its relief as quickly as possible.

This means that, in every essential respect, our fleet should be ready in American waters for instant service in Asiatic waters. But our fleet is in no such condition.

Out of the eighteen battleships left us by the Naval Treaty, thirteen need to have their guns elevated to shoot at the enemy as far as the enemy can shoot at them; and thirteen need additional protection against torpedoes and air bombs. Whereas we have only 75,000 tons of modern light cruisers, we should have about 295,000 tons under the "Treaty ratio." That is, we are short by about 220,000 tons in light cruisers. And simi-

larly, we are short by about 50,000 tons in submarines.

Our most westerly so-called advance operating-base in the Hawaiian Islands requires construction which will cost close to $40,000,000 before it approaches adequacy. And our Pacific coast has nothing approximating the supply-base facilities necessary to maintaining even our present fleet on the Pacific.

Our navy is below its quota under the "Treaty ratio" by more than 4,700 commissioned and warrant officers and by more than 10,000 men. And of late years it has been kept on such reduced supplies that both the training of the individual ships and of the fleet as a whole have been very seriously neglected.

All of these conditions will have to be remedied—and remedied so obviously that all can see—before we can expect the Japanese to recognize that they cannot take Corregidor and the Philippines before we can get our fleet organized and out to the Far East. Yet on our making our readiness obvious to them depends our ability to deter them from attempting the next step in their Maritime Plan to control the Pacific and thus to isolate and control Eastern Asia.

Mahan said that "The most beneficial use of a (naval) force is not to *wage war*, however successfully, but to *prevent war*."

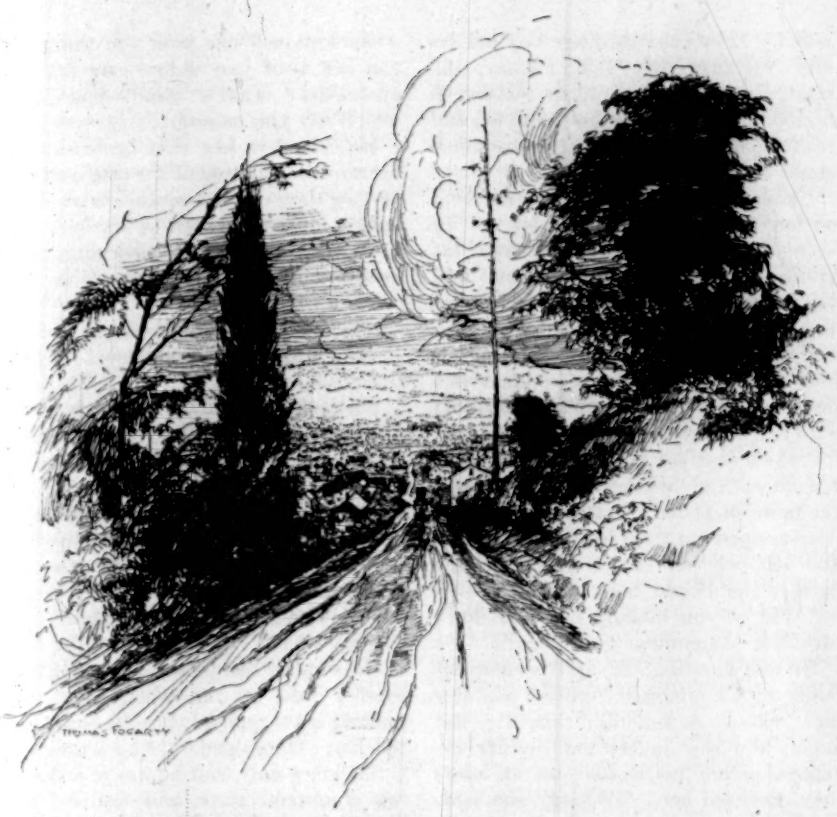
Evidently we have not yet learned that obvious doctrine. For we continue to keep our navy so far below the "Treaty Ratios" that it is utterly incapable of meeting our responsibilities and of maintaining peace and equity in the Far East.

Sea Mist

BY DANIEL HENDERSON

THE sea assumes her most mysterious dress,
And vainly homing ships her films explore
For castled ports upon familiar shore,
Lost now, Atlantis-like, beyond all guess.
Hearken the eerie bugles of distress
That wail across a wilderness of hoar
Where mighty squadrons have become no more
Than phantoms on a tide of nothingness.

It is as if the unconquerable sea,
Weary of ships, and weary of man's boast
That he had tamed her tide and chained her coast
And bound her tempests to his sovereignty,
Bade Mist, her frailest servitor, efface
The ramparts and armadas of his race.



LOOKING BACK, THE VILLAGE WAS LIKE A COLONY OF PRAIRIE DOGS

Julie Cane

A NOVEL—PART IV

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

XX

JULIE CANE said nothing to Alice about the incident of Alan Birdsall's night visit to her in the Careys' playroom, having promised him that she would not tell—and being prevented by her natural secretiveness, in any case—so that he was free to cut her again at school on the following day, even when she sat beside him at lunch. She did not question his behavior; and, to anyone else, there was nothing unusual about it. He spoke to Alice during the noon recess but not to her, and she did not raise her eyes to look at him. He let her pass his gate on her way home, without attempting to waylay her; and she did not even glance at the house to see whether he was in sight. She told her father of everything else that had occurred on her visit; and when he

asked, "How's the Birdcage boy behaving?" she answered, "I don't know. All right, I guess," being guiltily puzzled to decide how, in fact, he *had* behaved, and realizing that her father might misunderstand him.

Cane, if he saw that she had something on her mind, did not press her for an account of it. He was busy with his grand theory of things in general, and he was unwilling to descend to the details of any individual problem until he had the whole theory ready. She herself had other things to think of beside Alan's peculiarities, being greatly occupied with her studies, particularly her music, for which she had an unusual industry but no aptitude whatever. And she was the more surprised, next morning, when Alan popped out from behind the bushes and stopped her as she came up the path to the Perrin back door.

"Why're you making out you don't care?" he demanded.

He was scowling; he had been quarreling with his mother; but he was also pink with some emotion that was not anger, and she understood neither his expression nor his words—or, at least, they confused her. "What?" she said.

"You know what as well as I do," he hectored. "You like me and you needn't pretend you don't. It doesn't worry me any, only I'm not going to be cheeked by *you* or anybody else." The "anybody else" referred to his mother, of course.

She did not know what to say to that. She looked away from him vaguely. He caught her by the arm and pulled her round to him. "You're nothing but a little nobody," he raged, "and if I show I like you, I'm not going to have *you* . . . You've got to be darned meek about it. You needn't think you can come it over me. I've stood about enough from you, do you hear?"

"You're hurting me again," she said, trying to free her arm.

"Well, you bet I am! And I'll keep on hurting you, if you think you can treat me *that* way. You come sneaking round me, making up to me, and then when I show I like you, you think you can act as if you didn't care. You'll apologize. That's what you'll do. You'll say you're sorry."

He talked so fast that he bewildered her, and the hurting of her arm confused her, so that she was quite inarticulate; but he must have seen in her eyes that she was sorry for him, for he commanded in a tone suddenly confident, "Say it."

"Say what."

"Say you're sorry."

"I'm sorry," she said.

He released her.

She looked at him a moment, worried, and then she started up the path again. He caught her back. "No, you don't," he said. "You've got to do more than that." And since she did not seem to understand, he went on, "You like me, and you've got to show it. You've got to do something to show it. You've got to—You've got to *say* it. Go on."

"Say what?"

He wanted her to say the things his mother said to him when they were making up a quarrel; but he could not tell her. He gulped. "*You* know."

She knew only that he was in a shocking emotional state and she did not know why.

He ordered, "Say you're—Say I'm—your darling."

It came out in a ridiculous, hoarse, cracked, and agonized voice; and, at the sound of it, he added at once—whispering, with a fierce insolence—"and kiss my hand."

He thrust it out at her. She looked at it. She looked up at him. And suddenly there were tears in his eyes—tears of rage and mortification and shame and pity for himself, if she could have understood them. But before she had time to understand anything, he turned from her with a sob and flung back into the bushes and crashed through them out of her sight.

She stood there a long time, frowning, unhappy for him, seeing still the suffering in his face, and wholly at a loss about it. When she continued on her way up

the path, she went slowly, miserable, but with no clear idea of what was the matter. Martha Perrin, at her desk in the schoolroom, looked up from the exercises that she was correcting and greeted her with the usual, "Good morning, Julia dear," as she entered. Julie replied with a pale imitation of a smile that was rather tragical. They were alone. She hung up her hat and sat down with her books at the schoolroom table, moodily.

Martha came to her at once. "What is it? What is it, Julia? Aren't you well?"

The question irritated her. "I'm all right," she said. She opened a book at random and fixed her eyes on it.

Martha reddened. A little gray-haired spinster in her conventual black, she stood gazing at Julie as helplessly as an affectionate little girl who has been rebuffed by an elder. Julie did not look up from her book. Martha went back, hurt, to her teacher's desk.

It was not merely that she was fond of Julie, and therefore sensitive to a slighting of her sympathy. Julie's relations with her—and with her sister—had become much more complicated than that. The elder sister, Agnes, at first brusquely superior in her manner to the child, had been won by the sturdy way, the obedient but unservile way, in which Julie had accepted direction, instruction, criticism, or what not. Whether they were correcting her dress or her accent or her manners or the harsh roughness of her voice, Julie had taken it equally well, without offense, intelligently and sensibly. There was, as Agnes said, "no sentimental nonsense about the child." She had no fear of them. She had not fawned on them. She had resented nothing from them. And if she was grateful to them, she had shown it only by her willingness to obey and improve.

As a consequence, Agnes had accepted Julie as her particular protégée and a child after her own heart, although she had taken Julie for instruction in piano-playing only. She had talked about Julie to Martha in a way which might have made Martha jealous if Martha had not been convinced that Agnes did

CUSTOMERS WERE ASHAMED TO HAVE HIM STOP AT THEIR DOORS

not understand *her* Julie at all. Agnes, for instance, had never seen Julie smile. As between the two sisters, her smile had obviously been reserved for Martha alone. Martha had noticed that. And she believed that you could not appreciate Julie unless you saw her when her face was warmed by one of her rare expressions of irradiating friendliness.

There had begun, in fact, between the two sisters, a little unconscious rivalry about the child. They had talked of adopting her—not as a serious plan, because they knew her mother would not have sense enough to give her up, but as a pleasant speculation. "I'm sure," Agnes said, "that Father would have been fond of her." And they agreed that, even if they could not adopt her, they might train her to be an assistant in their school and so keep her with them for years. Old age was beginning to look lonely to them in prospect.

"I'm sure," Agnes said, "that if I had a daughter"—and there she stopped. She was going to say that *her* daughter would have been like Julie, but she was embarrassed by the necessity of choosing a husband of such a character that the inheritance from the father might not conflict with her own endowment of her child. "It's too bad," she said vaguely, "that one can't have children in some other way."

"I loved so dressing her," Martha put in quickly, to change the subject. "She was so shy and sweet about it."

"I hope you'll not sentimentalize her," Agnes said.

And Martha resented it. She felt, in her heart, that under Julie's difficult exterior, there was a loyalty and a passionate devotion beyond anything that Agnes could understand or appreciate. Agnes was all for Roman character, sternness and upright strength. Martha saw in Julie a support for her own need of love and kindliness—a support, indeed, against Agnes's disparagement of that need in her.

She was the more distressed to have Julie refuse sympathy in her own evident unhappiness. It was almost a proof that Agnes, after all, was right about the child. And if Agnes were right——! Martha foresaw a day when Julie would advance from her classes to Agnes's, and become a superior little strong-minded Agnes, and regard her with tolerant disdain.

Her manner toward Julie for the rest of the morning was prophetically tinged with the sense of coming depreciation; and when at midday she took her pupils in to luncheon and her sister's atmosphere of Roman poise, she went resigned to the sterile necessity of behaving with fortitude and self-reliance even in the face of food.

Julie sat down, as usual, beside Alan. Miss Perrin, as usual, said grace. But then, under cover of the murmured "Amen" of the others, Julie, with her head still bowed, whispered to Alan, "I'm sorry." And he replied "Shut up!"

He had intended to say it in as low a tone as hers, but a break in his voice put a squeak in it, and it was audible to all around him in the moment of decent silence that intervened between the prayer and the return to things of this world.

"Alan!" Miss Perrin cried, shocked. "*What* did you say?"

There was no answer, but the rustle of movement and the intake of breath that accompanied the turning of public attention in his direction. Julie looked guilty.

One of the little girls piped out ingratiatingly, "He said 'Shut up.'"

Miss Perrin ignored her. "Did he, Julia?"

Julie was silent.

"Answer me, Julia."

She shook her head. "I mustn't tell."

"You don't need to," Miss Perrin said, with approval. "I should think, Alan, that you would be *ashamed*."

"Well," he sulked, "I don't want to talk to her, and I don't want her to talk to me."

"Spoken like a little gentleman, I'm

sure." Miss Perrin was heavily sarcastic. "Julia, change places with Alice. And I hope that none of you will speak to Master Alan until he has apologized to Julia, before you all, for his boorishness."

Alan remained unrepentant under that threat of isolation; Julie gave up her chair to Alice Carey and took the seat beside Martha; and it seemed an unpleasant but unimportant incident. Nevertheless, it began a new movement in the tune to which life was making Julie and her young Romeo dance.

XXI

Meanwhile her father's progress toward a comprehensive understanding of things in general had become evident in two significant acts. He had changed the name of his shop to "The Old Findellen Grocery," which he had painted on his lintel and printed on his billheads; and he had put in his show window a large papier-maché figure of a Chinese mandarin, obtained as an advertisement from a wholesale tea house. This dignitary had a balanced head that bowed and nodded on his collar bone, benevolently, for a considerable time after you had jerked his pigtail. Cane had inked a length of white string, tied one end of it to the Chinaman's black queue, and led the string through a course of staples, concealed between tins of canned goods, to a place where he could reach the other end, unnoticed inside the shop. And whenever anyone passed the window, he plucked the string: the Chinaman began to bow and bow and bow; the passer-by slowed down and stared; and Cane, watching out of the corner of his eye, whispered to himself "Ducks!"

"Ducks!" In that mystic word he celebrated the fact that his new theory of life and human conduct was proving its point triumphantly. For his new theory of life was briefly this:

According to Darwin and his school, mankind, having evolved from an animal ancestry, was still largely animal. As animals, we were all more or less moved and animated by certain animal instincts. People, as Cane had noticed, did not use their minds. Why? Simply because their instincts were more powerful than their intelligence. That was clear enough if you considered them in the mass. Looking back on Findellen

"I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT HIM"

from the hillroad, you could see that the village was very like a colony of prairie dogs, held together by a herd instinct; and every little house was an animal burrow, built and defended in response to animal instincts of love and affection. Intelligence would not keep a man or a woman working as these people worked to support a family and maintain a home. Quite otherwise. A purely intelligent man, if he decided to live at all, would preserve his liberty and limit his burdens by living for himself alone; but, being an instinctive animal, the average man could only live happily if he satisfied his animal instincts by marrying, raising a family, making friends, earning the good opinion of his fellows, and living at peace with his herd. He did not intelligently choose this course of conduct, however. His instincts moved him to it ungovernably.

That was the point—that word "ungovernably!" Man, in many ways, was like Darwin's migratory ducks. When the instinctive impulse came to him, he could not resist it. And if you could find out what those instincts were, and get your finger on the triggers that exploded them into action, anything would be possible to you. You would, in Cane's phrase, "have the world by the tail."

Take the instinct of curiosity, for instance. Cane had seized on that instinct as an innocent and easy one to reach, and after much thought he had penetrated to what he felt was the trigger for it—namely, motion. If you sat perfectly still among the trees on the hill above Findellen the birds and the squirrels failed to see you. Naturally, a motionless thing was for them an inanimate thing. Only when you moved were you alive, a menace, an object of fear and curiosity. Motion, then, was the trigger that exploded the instinct of fear or the instinct of curiosity in an animal. And wasn't it true, also, of man? It surely was.

As long as the Chinaman in the window was motionless the busy passer-by failed to notice him; but as soon as Cane pulled the shop-end of the string, it was as if the other end were attached to the head of the man, woman, or child on the sidewalk. They turned at once. They stared. They responded, in fact, automatically, ungovernably. And Cane found himself flooded with an unholy sense of power. He felt as if he had his hand on the lever of Archimedes with which to move the world.

He was so excited that he had insomnia and lay awake nights, planning new miracles of power. The herd instinct, now! If he could only find the trigger for that, and press his finger on it, and have all Findellen running to him like a flock of sheep to buy! How? How? Well, to begin with, he could call his shop "The Findellen Grocery." In the vague exhausted cerebrations of the middle of the night it seemed an inspiration of genius; it would surely touch the herd instinct of the town. In the morning it looked feebler. He helped it by adding the word "Old." That would appeal to the instinctive conservatism, the natural inertia, the fear of change which works so obstinately in mankind. So, for a beginning, he became the proprietor of "The Old Findellen Grocery" and awaited results.

They were not noticeable. Observing that most of the buyers of groceries in Findellen were women, he accumulated showcards and advertisements which contained pictures of infants, and he decorated his shelves and his walls and his windows with them till his shop looked like the headquarters of a campaign for Better Babies. Many of the women noticed the pictures favorably, but the sale of groceries was not increased. And he knew why. He saw that he had begun to use his theory before he had perfected it. "It's all right," he told Julie, mysteriously. "Don't you worry about anything. I'm on the right track. I haven't told you what I've been doing, but I've got an idea as big as Darwin's. Don't you worry. I'm going to stand this village on its head before I'm through."

Yet on the whole Cane's preoccupation with scientific thought was proving bad for business. His mind was not on the dollar, and the minds of his competitors were. He had spurts of interest, in which he tried to apply his conclusions concerning the nature of man to the problems of trade, but his spurts were only spurts, brief and intermittent; whereas his rivals, seeking security in a bank balance rather than in an understanding of the laws of life, gained trade, saved money, and improved and made more attractive their shops.

ON THE HILL ABOVE FINDELLEN

It had been two years after the first telephone came to Findellen before Cane installed one. He took no part in politics and benefited by none of the local political patronage—such as supplying groceries to the insane asylum near Findellen. He belonged to none of the fraternal orders which might have brought him customers. He had quite lost touch with the congregation of old Daniel Sowers' church. The radial trolley lines had begun to carry customers from Findellen to the larger towns. With the general use of the telephone, so many housekeepers did their shopping over the wire that Cane had to set up a delivery service; but he bought a lame horse, purchased a second-hand wagon, and hired as his driver a rheumatic old negro who needed work; and

he was cheated on the horse and wagon and betrayed by his own compassion in the matter of the driver. During the winter months, when the negro bound his feet in gunny sacks and wrapped himself in dirty horse-blankets, he looked like black death driving a bone wagon, and customers were ashamed to have him stop at their doors. It became chiefly the poorer people who dealt with Cane—because he gave them credit when no one else would—and he might easily have declined into insolvency if it had not been that Mrs. Cane, like many other religious people, needed the security of money in the bank as well as the assurance of salvation. She scrimped and saved, and vetoed his attempts to buy unnecessary stock for his shelves, and took the money from the till before he could get it, and wrung the last reluctant dollar out of the outstanding accounts.

XXII

While he was busy with his theoretical explorations into the nature of man, Julie was engaged in some experiential studies of the same mystery as it showed in Alan Birdsall; and she was the more baffled. Knowing nothing of Alan's relations with his mother, she had not even a clue to what her father would have called the condition of his instinct of affection. She could make nothing sensible of the way in which he behaved.

He had begun to devote himself to Alice Carey—particularly when Alice and Julie were together—and to slight Julie with an appearance of unconcealed dislike; but when the fat boy, Phil Mondell, adding himself to the trio, took Julie as his partner, Alan was furious. His fury was silent until Phil walked home with her from school. Then it burst out in what threatened to be a public fight on the Center street bridge where Alan, following them along the river road, overtook and stopped them.

Rage made him incoherent, but his grievance seemed to be that Phil, as his friend, was insulting him by paying these attentions to a person who was peculiarly unpleasant to him. "You're not going to get away with it," he threatened her. "I know what you're up to, but you're not going to do it. If he keeps on I'll punch his face. I'll throw him in the river."

Phil, perspiring fluently—it was a warm June day—kept protesting. "What's the matter with you? I ain't doing anything to you?"

Alan ignored him except by implication. "You keep away from him," he ordered her, "or I'll just about kill him. That's what I'll do. You go on home. Go on."

She looked at Phil. He was helpless. He could only rub his moist palms down the sides of his coat and complain, "What's the matter with you?" The creases under his eyes were wet, but she could not be sure whether it was with heat or tears.

She left them. And when she turned at the bend of the street to look back, Alan, with his fists in his pockets, was still glaring after her, and the mortified Phil was still feebly protesting but afraid to follow her.

Next morning, at the bridge where she had parted from him, she found Phil waiting to accompany her to school. Evidently he had not been able to pass that scene of his shame without some support from her; he had needed to reassure himself—by convincing her—that he had not been absurdly bullied and cowed. And he might have looked pathetic in his hangdog air of miserable self-defense if he had not been so fat. His clothes were tight on his round back, round arms, round legs. His straw hat was round above a round face. He suffered altogether from the inevitable tragedy of rotundity—that it makes pathos ridiculous.

"What's the matter with him?" he said. "I don't want to fight him. They won't let me—up home. If they know I've been fighting they lick me. I don't mind *that*. Maw, she don't hurt much.

But I don't want to worry her. Besides, it ain't nice to fight. People oughtn't to fight. They ought to love one another."

She knew that he was repeating what his elders had told him, and she thought it over solemnly, with the respect which you should pay to the opinions of your elders. But it seemed to her that these elders ought to talk to Alan, not to Phil. If Alan insisted on fighting it was useless to convince Phil that *he* should not.

She did not know what to say, so she kept silent.

"What's the matter with him?" he insisted. "I couldn't make out what he thought you'd done to him."

"He's mad because I said his name was Birdseed."

"Well, he called you 'Sugar Cane' first."

She had nothing to say to that.

"Besides, supposin' he *is* mad with you. That's no reason why anybody else can't speak to you, *is* it?"

She shook her head. They had turned into the river road, and at the far end of its vista they could see the trees which shaded the Birdsall, Carey, and Perrin gates. Phil slowed his pace to a crawl. "He doesn't *have* to have anything to do with you unless he wants to, but I don't see what that's got to do with me, do you?"

"No."

"I don't want to fight him. I could lick him if I wanted to. I'm bigger'n he is. But I don't *want* to. I don't know what's the matter with him."

He gloomed along beside her, his head down, watching the distance anxiously under his eyebrows.

"It's all right for him. I s'pose his mother don't make so much trouble for him. But it ain't nice to fight anyway. An' I don't want to fight him. I *like* him. He's all right—unless when he starts something like this. I don't know what's the matter with him."

He stopped suddenly. Some one had come out of a gate in the danger zone. It was Alice Carey.

He took a long breath. "Well," he said, his eyes wavering between Julie and the road ahead, "I guess I'll wait till I've had a chance to talk to him. I don't want to get him into trouble—with Miss Perrin or somebody. You go on now, an' I'll tell you what I said to him when I see you again."

She nodded and went on. He became interested in some grass at the foot of one of the roadside elms. He approached it and picked up a twig, which he scrutinized carefully. Then, in order to examine it more at leisure, he leaned his back against the tree with an air of being unconscious that he was hidden from anyone who might come out of the Birdsall gate to see whether Julie had arrived unescorted. As soon as she passed that gate Alan appeared and followed her. He was close behind her when she caught up to Alice Carey; and he joined them in their progress up the Perrin path with a "Hello, Alice," that was affectionately friendly and a "Good morning" to Julie that was polite but reserved. Alice blushed and smiled. Julie answered him only with a steady puzzled look which he pretended that he did not see.

"I've a birthday next week—Saturday," he said. "I'll be fourteen. I'm going to have a birthday party Saturday afternoon. Will you come?"

"Why—why, yes," Alice stammered, finding the invitation addressed to her alone. She glanced, embarrassed, at Julie. "If Julie," she began loyally—

Alan affected not to notice. "Mother has some people coming from New York in the evening. We're to have a dance—if you can stay."

"You could stay with me all night," Alice said to Julie, "couldn't you?"

She answered only, "I don't know. I'll have to ask."

She was in the humiliating position of accepting an invitation that had not been given, but she was not humiliated. She knew that Alan wanted her to come, even if he would not ask her; and when Alice put an arm around her, consol-

ingly, as they went up the path she was unresponsive.

Linked together in this way, they were both stopped when he took Alice's hand and held her back where the lilac bushes ended and the house appeared. She clung to Julie, a little frightened. "I like you a lot," he said, as intimately as if Julie were not there. "You're wonderful."

"Oh, Alan!" She tried to get her hand free.

"That's all right," he said loftily. "I want her to know. You go round so much together, I don't want her to think I'm after *her*."

"Oh, *Alan!*" She thought him horribly cruel. She broke away from him and Julie, ran up the path, and dashed into the schoolroom breathless.

Julie followed slowly and Alan came with her, smiling his nervous little smile. "She's wonderful," he said. "I'm mad about her."

Julie had nothing to say—then or later. When Alice murmured, ashamed of him, "He's not nice to act like that," she replied, "Oh, well," and opened her book. She could not be sure that Alan was paying Alice such devoted attention in order to annoy *her*. And she could not be sure that it was because of jealousy that Alan would not let Phil Mondell go with her. It was easier for her to let them believe that he hated her and persecuted her. It flattered something in her to have them misunderstand—as she had been flattered to have Miss Perrin mistake her name on her first day in school. She did try, one morning, to talk of the matter to Phil, but her voice would not come; her throat, her vocal chords, seemed independently unwilling to utter the words; and, as a matter of fact, whenever she tried to give her confidence in any situation she was opposed by this physical resistance. It was one of the peculiarities of her temperament.

She had another. She was not ashamed of Phil for his cowardice, and she did not like him any the less for it. She accepted it as quite natural that he should hide behind a tree to meet her and leave her on the way to school before Alan could see them together, and be afraid to speak to her when Alan was about. He brought her furtive gifts of candy, shamefacedly, and she said nothing of them to anyone, but it was not for shame. She was no more ashamed of him than she had been of her father when *he* brought her candy and said, "Don't tell your mother." She smiled on Phil with a real friendliness when Alan was not there.

With Alice she was in a difficult position, because Alice was afraid of her eccentric young admirer and afraid to be alone with him; she clung to Julie with an affectionate timidity whenever Alan sought her out; and since he never sought her except when Julie was with her, Julie had to play a role of silent submission to whatever insults he had to offer her over Alice's shoulder. She accepted them with an appearance of insensitive composure. If he complimented Alice, as a born New Yorker, on being different from "these village girls," she listened blankly. If he struck at her silence by remarking that a city girl always knew how to talk, she seemed to give him a large-eyed thoughtful attention. She did not respond to the consoling pressure of Alice's hand in hers when Alan was with them, nor did she make any reply to Alice's indignation on her behalf when they were alone. He brought Alice flowers from his mother's garden, and Julie did not refuse to accept some of them at second hand; when he told Alice, arrogantly, that they were for herself alone, Julie calmly gave them back. The only sign she showed of discomfort in the situation was this: she did not, as often as before, stop to play croquet on the Carey lawn on her way home; she excused herself to Alice—who excused herself to Alan—and went to find Phil Mondell waiting for her behind an elm tree down the river road.

This was the state of their sentimental

SHE ACCEPTED IT AS NATURAL THAT HE SHOULD HIDE TO MEET HER

journey when they arrived at the afternoon of Alan's birthday party. And at first it seemed that there might be a holiday truce between them, because Alan, sensible of his duties as a host, tried to be as pleasant to Julie as to all the others; but Phil, under the protection of Mrs. Birdsall and the other duennas of the day, showed an open preference for Julie, and Julie frankly smiled on him, and Alan resented it.

She had on her first real party dress—made under Martha Perrin's loving supervision—and she carried it with a striking air of self-reliant young dignity. She had a little white rose in her red hair. She had begun to learn how to use her smile. She moved through the childish shrill merriment of their noisiest games with an unconscious absorption and a sort of stately delight that made her different from all the others. Phil, a dazzled devotee, seemed to see no one but her; and Alice hung about her like a maid-in-waiting; and Mrs. Birdsall watched her and made admiring comments on her to the other mothers and to Alan; and Alan rapidly developed into a suppressed and mannered maniac.

He tried to slight her, and she did not notice it. He singled her out for attentions, and she accepted them as placidly. He attempted to intimidate Phil, and Phil grinned and got away from him. He made a determined set at Alice and suddenly sickened of it. He struggled for two hours with the conflicting emotions of Romeo, Othello, and Hamlet. And finally he became altogether impossible.

"Don't be a little fool," his mother scolded him, aside, when he refused to play a kissing game or to let the others play it—secretly because he would not

kiss Julie himself and would not let anyone else. "You're behaving like a perfect boor."

"I'm not," he sulked. "I don't like kissing games. They're silly. Besides, I'm not going to play kissing games with *her*!"

"Her? Who?"

"That Cane girl."

She opened her eyes very wide. "Are you losing your mind, or have you never *had* one? She's worth all the rest of these brats put together. You're disgusting." And going to Julie, she put her arm around her and led her to the center of the room. "Now," she said, "we're going to play forfeits, and Julia's to be the judge; and she'll kiss anyone who wins; or, if it's a girl, then she'll choose a partner for her."

And with that Alan ran upstairs and locked himself in his room.

The game went on better for his absence. None of the children missed him and not even his mother followed him to coax him back. When it came time to sit down to the table she sent a servant to call him, and he returned pale but apparently in his right mind. He took the head of the board, and did the honors "like a little gentleman," and pulled his Christmas crackers with Ann Bainbridge on his left—a big wet-nosed blonde girl with reddened eyelids—and when Julie found the ring in her slice of the birthday cake (by virtue of his mother's connivance) he put the ring on her finger and kissed her gallantly.

His mother was proud of him. While she was playing the piano for the dance which was to end the children's part of the day she watched him admiringly and thought that he danced well, particularly with Alice Carey. And Alice's father agreed with her. He had arrived to say that his wife might not be able to come to the party, but that he would certainly be there himself; and having delivered that message, he remained, leaning on the piano beside her, watching with her, and joining in her enthusiasm for Alice and Alan. "They not only make a handsome couple," he assured her; "they set a handsome precedent for their parents."

She laughed at him. "Your compliments are so legal they make me think of the divorce court."

It was Carey who proposed that the children finish with a Virginia reel, which he led off with Mrs. Birdsall while one of the other women took the piano. And he acted rather as if he were the man of the house when the children said their good-byes—standing on the veranda with Mrs. Birdsall and assisting her to find places in the carriages for those who would otherwise have had to walk.

By the time the affair was over Alan was hating him with a murderous venom. The guests from New York had begun to arrive for the week-end, and Carey was helping to receive them. He insisted on mixing a special cocktail for them, according to a recipe of his own, and with the second round of it, he was calling Mrs. Birdsall "Virginia."

"Well, children," he announced, "it's time you were in your beds," and he included Alan in that proprietary speech.

"Alan will take them home," his mother said, and she tried to draw him to her, to whisper that he was her darling and that she was proud of him. He evaded her and went out on the lawn to wait for the girls in the gathering darkness. He wanted revenge—any sort of revenge—for the day's humiliations. He had a mad idea of going to Mrs. Carey and saying, "You'd better send for your husband. He's making a fool of himself." Lacking the nerve to do that, he caught Alice back as they went through the hedge, and kissed her because he knew her father would not have permitted it. And a moment later he let Alice go ahead and caught Julie, and muttered in her ear, "I hate her. I hate them all. I hate them all but you."

He succeeded only in frightening Alice so that she ran up the steps into the house without saying good-night to him, and Julie followed in her usual silence. He turned back home, frus-

trated. One of Carey's flower beds lay in his path, and he relieved his feelings somewhat by trampling down a clump of irises. A few steps farther on he took out his jack-knife and slashed the smooth bark of an ornamental cherry tree like a young Jack the Ripper. A red moon was rising. With his cap down over his eyes and the open knife in his fist, he skulked back toward his home, behind the bushes, till he came to a window where he could see Carey talking to his mother; and there he performed a murderous pantomine of hacking and stabbing. They crossed toward the piano, out of his sight, and he hurried to the back door, and ran up the back stairs to his room, to lock himself in and cover his ears with his pillow before the music could reach him.

XXIII

It was not long afterward that Carey, at Mrs. Birdsall's insistence, pretended to go home in order to find out whether or not his wife was now well enough to join the dinner party. He knew, of course, that she would not come; she had said so after a scene in which she accused him of flirting with "that woman"; but he could not very well explain this to Mrs. Birdsall. He had said that Mrs. Carey was threatened with a headache—which was true enough, since she invariably had a headache after one of their quarrels—and he intended to return, after a decent interval, and report that the headache was worse.

He sauntered across the Birdsall lawn in the moonlight, with his hands in his coat pockets, enjoying his cigar and his thoughts. You had to ignore that sort of thing in a woman. And, after all, it was flattering. If he had been married to Mrs. B, the shoe might have been on the other foot. He was lucky.

The moonlight was so bright that he had to go through the hedge into his own property so as to be out of sight of the Birdsall windows; and, standing in the shadow of a tree on his side lawn, he looked at the upper windows of his own house to be sure that no one was watching him there. He saw distinctly a dark figure climb in the window of the children's playroom and disappear.

He threw away his cigar and hurried into the house to get his revolver.

He was not greatly alarmed. As a lawyer who had defended criminals, he had a natural contempt for them; and with his weapon in his hand, he walked quickly and quietly to the playroom. He blew out the hall lamp outside the door—so that he might not have a light behind him as he entered—and then he turned the knob noiselessly and walked in. The room was empty in the suffusion of dim moonlight that shone in the western windows. He heard low excited voices in the bedroom, but they were children's voices. He put his revolver in his pocket and crossed to the bedroom door.

The moment he appeared there the shielded night-light by the doorway shone on him. There was a gasp and then silence. He turned the lamp round to throw light on the bed. Alan stood up to confront him. Alice had hidden under the bedclothes. Julie, partly out of bed on the far side, sat staring at him.

"Well, young man," he said, "what does *this* mean?"

It might have been a good tone to use to a witness in court, but it was wrong for Alan. The "young man" promoted him to an equality of insolence. He answered, contemptuously, "What do you think it means?"

It meant only that Alan, alone and jealous in his room, had needed revenge and consolation; he had sought out Julie—in order to make her say again that she liked him "a lot"—and he had included Alice in his visit because he knew that her father would be horrified if he heard of it. Naturally, he did not explain. He saw that Carey was reading some alarming adult meaning into the circumstances, and he was fiercely satisfied to have it so.

Carey took the lamp and approached with it. "What are you doing here?"

He had the advantage of being in the darkness while the light shone full on Alan's pale, excited sneer. But Alan, unable to see *his* face, retorted all the more boldly, "What are you doing over *there*?"

"Over where?"

"*You* know as well as I do. You keep away from my house and I'll keep away from here."

There was no mistaking the meaning of that, to Carey's mind; and there was no mistaking the degree of lunatical emotion that jerked the muscles of the boy's mouth. Carey turned the light on the bed. Alice was still hidden under the bedclothes, but the counterpane showed where Alan had been sitting beside her.

Julie said hoarsely, "He came to see *me*."

"I didn't!" Alan cried. "I came to see *her*. I've been here before. And I'll be here again—if you don't keep away from *my* house. You can't come it over me, I guess."

Carey changed the night-light to his other hand. "You have a sweet precocious young mind," he said. "How old are you?"

"Never you mind how old I am," Alan exulted. "I'm old enough to see through you."

Carey went back to the table and put down the light, which was shaking in his hand. "Now get out of here. Get out the way you came. And if I ever catch you so much as speaking to either of these children again, I'll break every rotten bone in your body."

"Yes, you will," Alan answered, retreating to the nearest window. "You'll do a lot, *you* will. You try getting fresh with me and I'll make things so hot for you you'll wish you'd minded your own business." He had gone so weak in the knees that he could hardly get his legs over the sill. "You," he wept, "you can't scare me. You bib-big bub-bully."

He slipped and sat down on the slanting roof of the veranda, unable to go any farther. Carey closed the window and came back to the bed.

"Alice," he asked, "how long has this been going on?"

The child, cowering under the bedclothes, was afraid to answer; and when he tried to uncover her she squirmed over to Julie, for protection, like a panic-stricken animal.

"He came to speak to *me*," Julie said.

He ignored her. "My dear girl," he said to Alice, trying to take her in his arms, "I'm not going to punish you. It was all just a boy's nonsense. I'm not angry."

His voice was false. She clung to Julie, burying her face.

"When was he here before?"

She shook her head, beginning to sob.

"Was he *ever* here before?"

"N-no."

"Has he—has he been kissing you?"

Her silence admitted it.

"How often?"

"Once."

"To-night?"

"Ye-yes."

"Well, that isn't very serious, is it?" he said. "He's just a foolish boy, with all sorts of silly notions in his head. Now we'll say no more about it. We'll say nothing to your mother or anybody else. I'll see that he doesn't worry you any more. And you go to sleep and forget all about it."

He patted her reassuringly and went back to the window. Alan had disappeared.

He turned to Julie, who was watching him in silence. "This," he said, "might be very serious for the boy if it were known. We had better agree to say nothing to anyone. Do you understand?"

She nodded.

"Are there any more boys of his sort at the school?"

She shook her head.

"Very well," he said. "I'll see that he doesn't annoy either of you again. Now go to sleep, both of you." He re-

arranged the lamp by the doorway. "Good-night."

Neither of them replied.

He went downstairs to his study to light a cigar and consider the case in all its aspects before he returned to the Birdsall's, and when he arrived there he seemed only a little worried because he had to report that his wife was ill and he ought not to leave her. "Naturally," he said, "she doesn't like to be left alone. I'll come back later, if I may." And at the doorway, making his smiling apologies to Mrs. Birdsall, he said, under his voice, "Come outside a moment."

She went out to the veranda with him. One of the women slid her eyes round to the other with a significant quick glance. The other, catching it, looked demurely at the floor. The men pretended that they had noticed nothing, but all were aware that something was wrong—particularly when Mrs. Birdsall, in high color, came in from the veranda again and ran upstairs without speaking to them.

A dining-room maid looked in for her—obviously to announce that dinner was served. "Mrs. Birdsall is upstairs," they told her.

They were waiting silently round the fireplace when Mrs. Birdsall came down to the balcony-landing that overlooked the room, and gasped, "I'm so sorry. My boy's ill. I'm so sorry. It's not serious. It's just nausea. He'll be all right. Go in to dinner, *please*. I'll join you. Later."

She disappeared, in tragic haste, before they found voice to condole with her, and then suddenly they all began to talk distracted platitudes—children were such a care; his birthday party had been too much for him; a delicate boy, he never looked strong—in a decent human effort to conceal the fact that they had seen in her face something disastrous which her words had tried to hide from them.

They had finished the birthday dinner without her and they were playing cards in a subdued silence when she returned, smiling bravely, to assure them that he was better. "It was just the excitement. And the heat. I'll have to take him away—to the mountains. Tell me, can't you recommend a nice quiet resort somewhere—not society—where we can just rough it and be by ourselves?"

They recommended a number of places, trying not to look directly at her because her eyelids were swollen.

Carey did not come back, and she made the mistake of not mentioning him or appearing to expect him. Naturally, they supposed that the boy's illness was a subterfuge—that she was running away from a scandal.

"I hope Virginia hasn't come a cropper," one of the women said, hopefully, in the privacy of her bedroom. "I've always been sure she would."

They were sure that she *had* when they found, next morning, that she had been up before them, packing her trunks. "I'm going right away for the summer," she said. "I'm paying off all the inside servants. John and the gardener can look after the place. If Alan's well enough to travel we'll go as soon as I can buy the tickets. Oh, yes, he's doing wonderfully. His fever's gone. He's sleeping now—or I'd have you say good-by to him."

As soon as they had departed for their train she sent the gardener to Miss Perrin's to say that, Alan having fallen ill, the doctor had ordered him away for a holiday. And when Phil Mondell came after school next day to ask for Alan, the veranda was bare of furniture; the blinds were down; the gardener, in answer to the doorbell, came round from the kitchen entrance to explain that the family had gone away for the summer; and Phil ran, at the top speed of relief and eagerness, to overtake Julie and tell her the news.

(To be continued)

Bare Souls. III: Horace Walpole

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

DURING all the last two thirds of the eighteenth century Horace Walpole held a mirror to the faults and follies and fascinations of the great world. He devoted his time mainly to keeping the mirror bright, polished, and gleaming, and to enjoying mirror and reflection both.

Few human beings ever had better opportunities for living such a life. Born in 1717, he stepped almost at once into the atmosphere of kings and courts. His father was a favorite and popular prime minister and a most curious and striking figure. He was a rough English squire who hunted foxes, told dirty stories, laughed, and, by judicious political corruption, governed England wisely and peacefully for twenty years. The son took little direct part in politics, had no taste for them, or indeed for any active intervention in the world's affairs. But he moved daily and always among the most prominent people, knew them not only in their state garments and ceremonial manners, but in all their fireside and bed-chamber littleness. Royal dukes were trifles to him; his niece married one. Peers were as familiar and as indifferent as other folks. When he was over seventy and tottering toward the grave, he became a peer himself. Authors and artists courted and flattered him. Great scholars corresponded with him; and he corresponded with them and with everybody, and made his letters, next to Voltaire's, the most remarkable epitome of a historical epoch that has ever come down to us.

Not that there was any profound philosophical consideration in Walpole's view of things. He made plenty of reflections, but they did not go very deep. Nor had he the passionate ardor with which Saint-Simon probed human souls. But all that the most quick and vivid curiosity, watching from the most favorable angle, can do to portray the huge spectacle of the world Horace Walpole has certainly done.

The great events which stirred the eighteenth century can all be studied in his pages, at least in their English and in their superficial aspects. The Rebellion of 1745—that last desperate effort of the Stuarts—came close home to him, and he shows most clearly the attitude of a loyal and somewhat terrified adherent of the House of Brunswick. The vicissitudes of the Seven Years' War are indicated in the midst of London gossip and the daily doings of the crowd. The long-drawn agony of the American struggle appears in all its length, and it is to be noted that Walpole's sympathy was often with the colonists. Finally, the lurid shadow of the French Revolution hangs over the closing volumes, and here, with the conservatism natural to age, Walpole's hopes and fears were for the members of his own class and the old order of civilization, which seemed to him, as to so many others, utterly imperiled by the wild Gallic frenzy.

Not one of the prominent actors in all these tumultuous doings fails to make his figure on Walpole's wide and variegated stage. The show personages are there, the popes and emperors, the kings and queens and princes. They are all handled gaily and with precious little respect, as by one who knew their human foibles too well. The writer's nearness to royalty is insinuated, though slighted: "How strange are the accidents of life! At ten years old I had set my heart on

seeing George I, and . . . I was carried by the late Lady Chesterfield to kiss his hand . . . and now, fifty years afterward, one of his great-grandsons and one of his great-granddaughters are my great-nephew and niece." But royalty is a petty thing, not only in the English Georges, but in the Louis of France and the rhyming, fighting Fredericks of Prussia, and in that curious, murderous, lecherous, fiendishly clever Tzarina Catherine, who ruled a vast acreage beyond the confines of the civilized world.

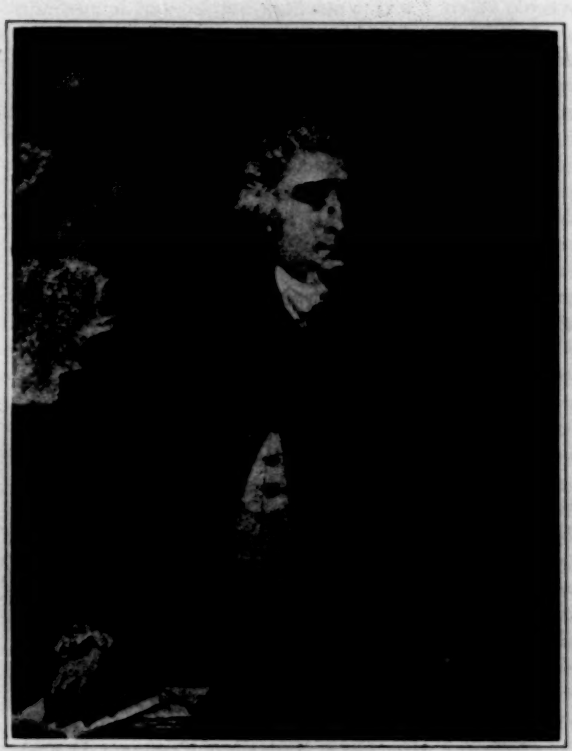
Then there are the statesmen, who move these royal puppets, at any rate in civilized England, statesmen who live to serve their country, when they happen to be our own relatives, or mainly to serve their own ambition, when they happen to be our relatives' enemies. They are far more interesting than the puppets; yet even they have too often wily tongues and oily hands. And Walpole paints them at full length, every one. There is his own father, and the son's energy and ingenuity in his father's defense are always commendable and usually dignified. There is the great Pitt, later the great Chatham. It is interesting to see how Walpole's personal grudge checks and colors his laudation of the mighty minister. Yet through the grudge, the energy, the large ambition, the passionate earnestness, the unfailing genius, are always to be seen. And there is Fox, all gifts and no stability. And there is Rockingham, with little more stability and no gifts. And there is North, that strangely winning yet fatal spirit, so auspicious to America, so disastrous to England, whom Walpole gibbets, perhaps justly, as "a bad minister and a selfish man, who had abilities enough to have made a very different figure."

Beside the great and serious statesmen there are the freaks and oddities who diversify solemn moments with whim and antic. A detached spectator, like Walpole, naturally takes great delight in these, and his picturesque account of them compels the reader to share his amusement. The wayward and fantastic figures dance across the stage, those of greater note and importance, like the witty and brilliant Charles Townshend, or the social Selwyn, with his strangely mortuary tastes, and those less familiar but often more piquant, like Scrope or the Duchess of Kingston. Most singular, most clownish of all, at least in Walpole's presentation of him, is the ever-reappearing Duke of Newcastle, with his extravagant silliness, his inevitable gesture of colossal ineptitude. Take him crying, capering, cowering at the solemn ceremony of the interment of George the Second in 1760. "This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle—but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with t'other. Then returned the fear of catching cold, and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble."

Such scenes, with or without conspicuous historical figures, are scattered everywhere through Walpole's pages, and prove what theatrical delight he took in the vast, disordered show to which he had such intimate access. There are the elaborate trials and executions of the rebel Stuart lords in the beginning, there are the Gordon riots in the middle, there is the superbly picturesque trial of Warren Hastings at the end. And all between there are vivid incidents of every kind: a public wedding or a public hanging, a hot debate in the House of Commons, perhaps an earthquake, which jars the observer as well as the rest of the world, but cannot prevent his getting amusement out of it afterward, and recording odd occurrences and clever

speeches. So, from the eager, hurried jumble of his crowded days and nights the man drew an ever-renewed satisfaction for his insatiable curiosity, and commented on it with a certain breadth, if not depth, of historical generalization: "If I have tired you by this long narrative," he writes of one singular incident, "you feel differently from me. The man, the manners of the country, the justice of so great and curious a nation, all to me seem striking, and must, I believe, do more so to you, who have been absent long enough to read of your own country as history."

With the historical personages and events, there were the authors and the artists. Walpole, indeed, had little to do directly with any Bohemian society. Actual Grub Street would have offended his delicate taste and aristocratic correctness. But constant whiffs of that slovenly, unhandsome world came betwixt the wind and his nobility, and even while he held his lordly nose, he was careful to set them down. Lady Mary Wortley, to be sure, was an aristocrat as well as a writer; but she was dirty as any Bohemian, and Walpole, who disliked her, noted her dirt as well as her cleverness. Doctor Johnson was not strictly Bohemian, but he certainly inhabited Grub Street, and worse still, he was a Tory, therefore not likely to get Walpole's good word: "Prejudice, and bigotry, and pride, and presumption, and arrogance, and pedantry are the hags that brew his ink, though wages alone supply him with paper." Actors and singers and painters also find their place, Garrick and Mrs. Siddons and Sir Joshua and many another; for London, after all, was a small town, and there was not a corner in it that Walpole's eager human instinct could not penetrate.



From an Old Engraving

CHARLES JAMES FOX

Yet, undoubtedly, he was most at home in the polished, courtly social world into which he was born; and its sayings and doings, its passions, its scandals, its diversions, its laughter, form the background against which his painting of larger things and people necessarily stands out. The love affairs of all these idle men and women charmed him, their marrying and giving in marriage, their running about after pretty faces and mighty fortunes, then squandering the fortunes and crowding the forgotten, old, worn, pretty faces into the gutter. What a part the two beautiful

Gunnings play for him, with their wooers and their triumphs and their mishaps and their fading away! Then there are the diversions of all this noisy, futile, vanishing mob. There is whist, which comes in like a mania and takes possession of society, charming dukes and dowagers and brides and bullies out of their sleep and their money and their wit, if they ever had any. There are the public places of entertainment, Vauxhall and Ranelagh, where everybody goes because everybody else goes, and comes away bored because everybody else was there. And over all the medley of honeyed social dainties is sprinkled a sauce of piquant anecdotes, invented, or borrowed, or begged, or stolen, sometimes trivial, sometimes dirty, but almost always amusing and often worth carrying away.

From a Contemporary Print

HORACE WALPOLE

Only it is the gay world, the wealthy world, the happy, or should be happy world, that makes the substance of all this. The vast foundation of common human labor and privation and suffering is singularly absent. When particular cases of misery were called to his notice Walpole could, no doubt, be sympathetic enough. But the herd, the million, the grubbers below Grub Street, as individuals, were left out of his pages because they were left out of his thoughts. They existed because God had made a queer world. Probably they served their purpose. Even, if you reflected upon it, their lot was desperately pitiable, and you wished something might be done for them. Meantime, you thanked God you were not born one of them, and forgot them, till the French Revolution most indecently forced them upon your attention, and they became a horror.

So, the conclusion was that the way to treat existence was to dissipate your worthless self in the swift, shifting, flashing, distracting pageant of life and death. You might not get happiness out of it: "I have a million of times repented returning to England, where I never was happy, nor expect to be." You might feel that your appetite for excitement and diversion was so endless that even that wild world could not fill it: "I who love to ride the whirlwind cannot record the yawns of such an age." Yet yawning in company was better than yawning alone, and to see and to hear and to tell some new thing was all that could make you quite sure that you were out of the grave.

As to the material side, it is hardly necessary to say that Walpole was always luxuriously provided for. His health, also, though not robust, was at least such as to enable him to enjoy life. As to the finer spiritual sides and needs, Walpole certainly recognized them and in his way endeavored to

satisfy them. When he wrote, at a period considerably past middle age: "I have a more manly resolution, which is to mend myself as much as I can, and not let my age be as absurd as my youth. I want to respect myself, the person in the world whose approbation I desire most," he was unquestionably sincere. At the same time his natural drift was toward the surface of things, and his natural instinct was to play with the deeper thoughts and passions, to shuffle them off and forget them. In other words, he was all his life essentially and in the highest degree a dilettante, that is, a person who somehow takes great matters in their petty aspects because he is incapable of taking them in any other way, even with the best will in the world. He looked like a dilettante, little, finical, airy, insubstantial; and to the day of his death he was one. The saving virtue in it all was that he appreciated his own dilettantism and did not insist that he was more serious or more lofty than he really was.

So you may follow Walpole's dilettantism through everything. No one will deny that he was a dilettante statesman. His father's influence and position took him into Parliament. He attended regularly for a good many years, and sometimes spoke. But it cannot be said that he affected the destinies of England, nor was he desirous to do so. His own summary of his political life cannot be improved: "I go to balls, and to the House of Commons—to look on; and you will believe me when I tell you, that I really think the former the more serious occupation of the two."

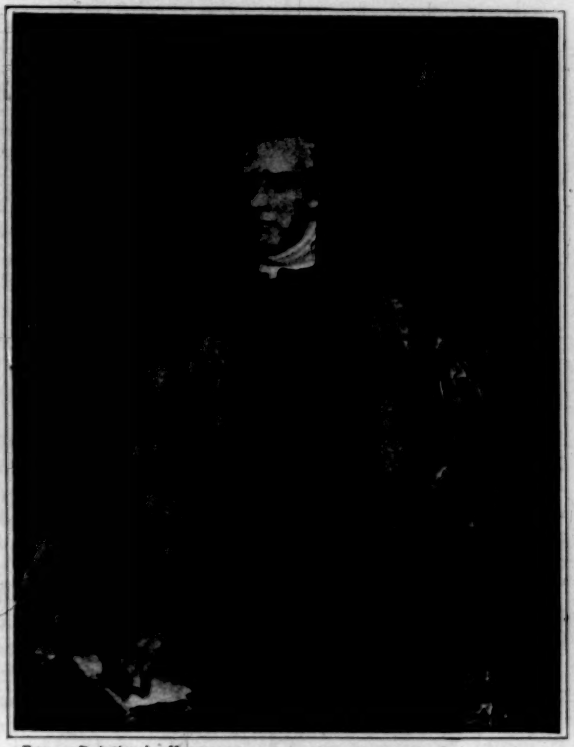
He was a dilettante author. His novel, *The Castle of Otranto*, set a fashion of mystery stories; but it is pasteboard, like his own castle and like himself. His one tragedy was rather horrible than tragic. His verses were trifles, and were meant to be nothing more. His memoirs are curious, perhaps in parts veracious, yet certainly not profound. But in authorship, as in other things, he made no claims, and while he would have disliked to have others say what he said of himself, his modesty must be counted to his credit, even if it were not absolutely sincere. Underneath, there was always the obscure feeling that authors belonged in that horrible Grub Street, and never, never would he take up his abode in such a region, or have posterity imagine that he did. But what he could write were letters, and he knew it, and was proud of it. To be sure, they are literary and conscious letters, do not bare soul to the extent to which Lamb's do, or Flaubert's, or Voltaire's; but then there was little soul to bare, and what there was was hardly worth baring. At showing off the great, motley, glittering surface of the world, who could beat him? So, when he was eighteen years old, an age when surely most men are not preserving their correspondence, he writes anxiously, "You have made me a very unreasonable request, which I will answer with another as extraordinary: you desire I would burn your letters; I desire you would keep mine." For a dilettante author that was beginning young.

The same spirit affects all Walpole's dealings with art and artistic matters. He himself did not paint, but he was a wide and curious connoisseur. His father was a great collector of pictures, and there are moments when something like actual passion seems to flicker through Horace's own collecting, as when he writes of a work of Domenichino, "I think I would live upon a flitch of bacon and a bottle of ink, rather than not spare the money to buy it myself." Then we read, "I forgot that I was outbid for Oliver Cromwell's nightcap," and we see what it all means or does not mean.

In rural surroundings and charms Walpole's interest was much less intense and sincere than in the fine arts. He liked what his century called "a noble prospect," especially if it had a temple in it or a rustic bridge or grotto, with a few naked nymphs squatting about in verdant umbrage. He liked a

pseudo-pastoral background to a pseudo-pastoral festivity. But of solitary rambles in the fields and woods, with birds and flowers and thoughts, there is not a trace in all his fifteen volumes of letters. "I hate the country," he says frankly. It was simply a place to get away from the city and whet your appetite for going back again.

With this idea of the country in mind, he made himself the toy castle of Strawberry Hill, near enough to London to get all the gossip and far enough to get a quiet nap if you needed it. All Walpole's dilettantism was poured out on this dainty little residence. There were bits of Gothic and bits of classic, stained glass and cathedral monuments, altars and fragmentary goddesses and curiosities like Cromwell's nightcap thrown in for good measure. Royalties and peeresses and foreign beauties came to see it, and the owner showed them about with his apologetic compliment and witty embroidery, and cuddled and petted his dilettante delight in it all, and then wrote to Mann what a bore it was, and generally enjoyed himself to the fullest extent.



From a Painting by Hoppner

WILLIAM PITT

As it was an amusement to cultivate the arts with the distinguished ease of a gentleman of quality, so it was diverting to patronize authors and artists. And Walpole's real kindness must not be forgotten here. He liked to help and did help. If there was some carelessness and more misunderstanding in his treatment of Chatterton, it was certainly not intentional. And he did not overrate the position and the value of a Mæcenas. Yet the glory of printing Gray's Odes at Strawberry was worth having. It was pleasant to be appealed to for a subscription and to give it, pleasant to be asked to speak a good word for a struggling playwright. One did these things, and they much increased one's sense of being far, far above that odious Grub Street.

It was pleasant to make light of scholarship, also, and infinitely easier than to acquire it. Walpole delighted to write dilettante books about history, and he collected curious anecdotes and bits of gossip often illustrative and of permanent value. The reputation of being a learned man was the very last which appealed to this butterfly-flitter about the bright blossoms of the world. It

would be worse even than Grub Street: "Gray says (very justly) that learning never should be encouraged, it only draws out fools from their obscurity; and you know I have always thought a running footman as meritorious a being as a learned man."

On the other hand, there is this to be said for the intellectual attitude of the dilettante: it is compatible with independence, with forming one's own judgment, such as it is, without regard to the pedantry of professors or the dogmatism of the academic mind. Why should a gentleman praise a poem or a picture because he is told to? These things are made for him, not he for them. If they please him, well and good; if not, who cares what they are? Thus Walpole often has an interesting and stimulating freshness of judgment, where a deeper thinker might be stuck fast in a rut. If Virgil bores him he says so, and even those whom Virgil does not bore may be grateful to him.

Something of the same advantage attends the dilettante in matters of abstract thinking on religion and politics. It would be preposterous to consider Walpole's ideas on such subjects as of serious importance. He would have been the first to smile at such a thing himself. He had a sort of set of fixed opinions, when you delved down to them, or rather captured them; for they fluttered high rather than were hidden deep. He wrote Madame Du Deffand, with solemnity, "I believe firmly in a God, all powerful, all just, abounding in love and pity." In politics he considered himself a moderate, enlightened liberal, believed in government for the people of course, by the intelligent class to which he himself belonged, mocked at kings and divine right and aristocratic privilege till it was seriously threatened. He liked to quote, if he did not originate the saying, "This world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." He did not wish the game of thinking, as he knew it, to be turned into tragic feeling by those who would infuse passion and bitterness and cruelty into the things of men or the things of God.

Walpole's dilettantism is less obvious in social concerns than elsewhere, because the whole social world in which he moved was chiefly governed by a dilettante spirit. It was not a world of real affection or sympathy, or even of a profound human interest, but simply curiosity and gossip and the haunting, unappeasable desire to escape from oneself. Dancing gave place to cards, and cards to love-making, and love-making to scandal, the whole seasoned with a perpetual chatter, spiced at times with wit, often clouded and clogged with illimitable boredom. And Walpole danced and chattered through it all, from eight to eighty. And he enjoyed it as much as anyone could, being apparently built by nature for that sort of thing. Sometimes even he yawns behind his hand, sometimes the noise and clatter grow so repellent that he mistakes himself for a misanthrope and really announces a wish to withdraw altogether. "I am so far from growing used to mankind by living amongst them, that my natural ferocity and wildness does but every day grow worse. They tire me, they fatigue me; I fling open the windows, and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders!"

He was young when he wrote this, but it represented a mere passing mood or fancy. He returned to the throng, he could not keep away from it. Old age, of course, meant a decent assumption of repose, gave an excuse for doing nothing that you did not wish to do. But people, and the gay world, and the dilettante enjoyment of them were his life, and always continued to be so. "I have been out three times, and to-day have made five-and-twenty visits, and was let in at six; and, though a little fatigued, am still able, you see, to finish my letter." Not a bad record for a man of seventy-three.

Walpole's dilettantism is less manifest

From an Old Print

A MASQUERADE AT RANELAGH IN WALPOLE'S TIME

where his affections are concerned than anywhere else. It is impossible to deny him a certain large kindliness and human sensibility. This appears, at least in words as regards the more general aspects of suffering: "I welcome pain; for it gives me sensibility, and punishes my pride. Donatello loses his grace when I reflect on the million of my fellow creatures that have no one happiness, no one comfort." Such reflections should be credited, even when they do not color a life, or give rise to much accordant deed.

Also, Walpole loved his friends, so far as he was capable of it, and he himself had a fair opinion of his capacity. His mother's memory he adored, and we have seen that he was always loyal to that of his father. The rest of his family were not very much to him. But for the two Manns, for Montague, for Chute, for Selwyn, he cherished a tenderness which even occasionally was realized in self-sacrificing action. For his cousin, Henry Seymour Conway, he had a peculiar affection and an admiration perhaps not quite so preposterous as Macaulay deemed it. Yet, after all, his own understanding of his own nature peeps out even in the warmest utterance of this special regard: "If I ever felt much for anything (which I know may be questioned), it was certainly for my mother. I look on you as my nearest relation by her, and I think I can never do enough to show my gratitude and affection to her."

One would not expect from a temperament like Walpole's any great display of love in the more erotic sense. Such love is liable to afflict all tempers and at all seasons, even where one looks for it least; but one could hardly be more surprised at it anywhere than here. There is certainly very little trace of love affairs in Walpole's correspondence. He was intimate with hosts of women, laughed with them, gossiped with them, analyzed their foibles, and on occasion commended their merits. But even when he was twenty-four he preferred crockery: "For virtu, I have a little to entertain you: it is my sole pleasure—I am neither young enough nor old enough to be in love." As to marriage,

the following passage does not display what can be called enthusiasm: "I own, I cannot much felicitate anybody that marries for love. It is bad enough to marry; but to marry where one loves, ten times worse. It is so charming at first, that the decay of inclination renders it infinitely more disagreeable afterward."

Yet when this gay, superficial, unloving, unloved life had extended to fifty years there came into it the strange, volcanic tenderness of that blind old French woman of seventy, Madame Du Deffand. This lady was the opposite of Walpole in nearly every element of character. She was cynical and bitter where he was flippant and diverted. She found everything false, and far worse, hollow where he found everything amusing. In her youth she had lived in a blind whirl of dissipation under the Orleans regency, a whirl which made Walpole's lively surroundings seem like soberness. Yet it is doubtful whether in the gayest madness of it all she found amusement or even oblivion. She had princes to make love to her, poets to sing for her, great wits to laugh with her. In her age she was blind, and though certainly not deserted, by no means the prominent figure she was in her youth. Yet it does not appear that her dissatisfaction and disgust with life were a matter of circumstances at all: they sprang rather from some deeper source within herself.

At any rate, disgust there was, vast, enduring, and almost suffocating. Lovers were false, friends were indifferent, life meant nothing and led nowhere. Worse even than the hatefulness was the tediousness and emptiness of it. Of all people who have ever lived, Madame Du Deffand seems to have suffered most from ennui; at any rate, no one has described it so elaborately, and, it must be said, so interestingly. The long afflicting days and longer nights seemed to cover her with a pall and smother her. Could one express negation more effectively than thus? "I hear nothings, I speak nothings, I take interest in nothing, and from nothing to nothing I fare onward to the moment close at hand when I shall become nothing."

Yet when you delve under the surface-veil of cynicism and indifference to the deepest depths of this woman's soul, you find a singular nobility, a strange, haunting, searching, yearning tenderness. Like so many passionate pessimists, she was but an idealist upside down, one who asked so much of life, made so many lofty demands upon it, that nothing in this mixed and troubled world could ever satisfy her. She went patiently, obscurely seeking for something, and because the something could not be found, the sun lost its luster and the stars their charm. Here she tells the story, as she does so often: "I do not know why I was fated to grow old: apparently it is so that there might be an individual who had known all the miseries of every age: I know well what was needed to make them all delightful, but it is what I have never found."

It was love she wanted, some one to be devoted to her unselfishly, some one still more to whom she could pour out the rich treasures of her passionate woman's heart. Hear her tell it herself: "Everyone loves in his own way: I have only one way of loving, infinitely or not at all." Yet always beside the throbbing heart was the cold, questioning, mistrusting intellect. The final word of her whole life sums it up. She said to her secretary Wiart, when he wept as she was dictating her last letter to Walpole, "You love me then?" And who shall say whether she had loved most or doubted most?

So at seventy she fell in love with Horace Walpole, the fluttering, the mocking, finical, critical Horace Walpole. Was there ever a more singular freak of Eros? And how did Walpole take it? On the whole, not so badly. He was a vain creature, an intensely social creature, and like all such, he feared ridicule above all things. What would the mocking wits in Paris and London say to this sentimental, Platonic infatu-

ation of an old woman for his gay, irresponsible, loveless maturity? So he tried all he could to restrain her ardors, laughed at her a little, petted her a little, sympathized when it was absolutely necessary. Yet, with it all, he was fond of Madame Du Deffand, speaks of her with tenderness unusual for him, and evidently felt obscurely that in his frivolous and artificial life such a blaze of real passion was too rare and precious a thing to be altogether rejected or neglected.

But what she felt about him is a far more interesting study. Her judgment of him is profoundly curious, for she was one of the most acute observers of the soul that ever lived, where her own passions were not concerned. When she read him calmly she saw his weaknesses and noted them. His vanity as to his letters? How childish it is: "Nothing is more annoying than your eternal excuses about the insipidity of your letters. Why should they be insipid? Can the letters of a friend be so?" (Ridicule? Why fear it? Why bother about it? Be yourself, be sincere, and let the ridicule go:) "You fear mortally being found fault with, and above all, being ridiculous." Yet, in spite of these rare moments of insight, generally she sees him with the coloring, magnifying glasses of her devoted affection, and he appears to her a superior being. Horace Walpole! Fancy! She admires his gift of contentment. She praises his common sense, his insight, his knowledge of the world, his knowledge of himself. She compares him to Henri Quatre, which would seem to be startling enough. Then she goes farther still, and compares him to God, to be sure with a slight touch of sarcasm: "You have a thousand points of resemblance to the Divinity, but particularly that with both one never knows whether one is worthy to be loved or hated." It will probably be admitted that anyone who could make a deity out of Horace Walpole must be very far gone. What would Gray have thought of it?

The poor lady was far gone. No schoolgirl of sixteen could have cherished an infatuation more complete. She asks his advice, wants him to guide and counsel her out of his exhaustless wisdom and experience, as indeed, for all her acuteness, she was always anxious for advice and help. She is afraid of offend-

From an Old Print

MADAME DU DEFFAND

ing him, of boring him with the ardor and tenderness of her letters. He scolds her and she resents it, cannot understand his coldness and indifference. Is love like hers such a cheap commodity that he can afford to throw it away? There are times when she is driven to the despairing resolution of breaking off altogether: "You write me," she says, "that I desire only to make slaves, that I love only myself, and that as you also love only yourself, we can never agree. Very well, sir, let us disagree, and let us end a correspondence which for you has long been nothing but a persecution." But how could such a love break off? And in one of the very last letters she writes before her death, in 1780, is this exquisite phrase: "You will regret me, because it is a beautiful thing to know that one has been loved."

So the dilettante was profoundly and strangely worshiped. Then, as the years slipped by and Time's whirligig brought in his customary revenges, the dilettante came to worship in his turn. When he himself was seventy years old, as Madame Du Deffand had been at the beginning of her attachment, he met the two Miss Berrys, Mary and Agnes. Immediately his thoughts and interests became centered upon them, as the French lady's had been upon him, except that Walpole's affection was hardly capable of her wild ardors and immense despairs. But the girls were charming, and the gay old merrymaker of Strawberry Hill was completely charmed by them. In fact, if it was a question of ridicule, he was much more exposed to it in this affair than in the earlier one. Not, it must be said, that he made himself really ridiculous. He was too intelligent and too widely experienced in the world to do anything that the world would brand as senile, or even as quite undignified. "If you were really my wives, I could not be more generally applied to for accounts of you; of which I am proud. I should be ashamed if, at my age, it were a ridiculous attachment."

But it all gave a singular grace and color to the fading years. Love had always seemed a toy, a trifle, like all the other serious interests of life. It was no better now; but in its way it was exquisite.

"I do pique myself on not being ridiculous at this very late period of my life; but when there is not a grain of passion in my affection for you two . . . I am not ashamed to say that your loss is heavy to me. . . . Adieu, my dearest friends: it would be tautology to subscribe a name to a letter, every line of which would suit no other man in the world but the writer." Elsewhere he signed himself "Horace Fondlewives." What would Madame Du Deffand have said? And, since he could not well marry both, it is said that he at least offered to marry one, simply that she might have the benefit of his late acquired title and be Countess of Orford after him. She had the good sense to refuse. But is it not curious to see the great dilettante of a dilettante century going out of existence with a dilettante love affair?

It cannot be denied that there is something to be said for Horace Walpole's spiritual attitude. The spectacle of the moving world is inexhaustible in interest and diversion, an endless comedy for those who take it from the thinker's angle. Perhaps the best chance of being happy, or of avoiding unhappiness, is to lose oneself in it. Yet it is a damnable reflection upon life, personal life, your life and my life, that the best thing to do with it is to forget it. And there is something to be said also for living with intense personal passion, to achieve success, to achieve glory, to help others, to make the world better. Such a passion is full of disappointment and failure and bitterness. It means tired limbs and nerves and sleepless nights. Others disregard our efforts and we ourselves despair over them. Yet, after all, if we were made for any purpose, it seems as if we were made to live really. Persons of Walpole's type trifle forever and do not live at all.

A Lady of Rank

BY BARTOLOMEO MONTAGNA

(Reproduced on the cover of this Magazine)

BARTOLOMEO MONTAGNA was one of those accomplished artists who made Northern Italy the source of art in the years about 1500. How the age grew! "Famous" workmen lived in almost every town, every artisan had his following, and patrons praised the hand of many a now-forgotten celebrity. Over the countryside weaved a train of influences which caught all Europe in its enthusiasm, creating a *vir famosus* as easily as it made Montagna *celeberrimus pictor* in his own city.

Except for what we may read from his pictures, Bartolomeo has, like so many others, almost disappeared into the background of this contemporary life. We know when he bought land, that he was successful, admired and that he died rather well off. His movements from town to city can be traced broadly. But only his own handiwork can tell us of his personality. And one must turn chiefly to his larger compositions, the best of which are to be found in Italy. London has several: the National Gallery catalogues three by Montagna. All other institutions are not so lucky. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has a Madonna and Child, a delicately strong piece of work, and A Lady of Rank, reproduced on the cover of this magazine. The portrait of the Lady is unusual. Here the Renaissance glistens like the Lady's pearls and rich dress. Her pretty face wears an expression calculated to show her piety, as she poses in a holy and customary attitude. Perhaps she takes the part of Saint Justina of Padua, who was martyred by the sword in the reign of the Emperor Maximilian and became patron saint of Venice, where Montagna was popular. Or she may be playing St. Bibiana, a Roman lady who was scourged and pierced with a dagger for her Christian faith. At any rate she plays to modern eyes the part of an apocryphal queen—the ideal of a court of artists who painted her expressive spirit in all they touched.

Montagna's chief quality as "most celebrated painter" is the skill with which he illumines his work. A clean sunlight plays thinly over the monumental folds of the drapery. Light appears to shine from the saintly heads, so devout and yet so human, as though the painter's friends, good citizens all, had consented to pose occasionally for a St. John or a lithe-figured St. Sebastian. In the Madonna Bartolomeo saw a whole gallery of sweet-faced girls, sedately posed in almost natural manners and modestly conscious of their responsibility. His backgrounds lift one into the graceful heights of imaginary temples, open to the sky except for tall canopies or pierced and vaulted roofs. It is the lightness, the airiness, and brightness of the Renaissance caught on the end of a sensitive, well-trained brush.

ALAN BURROUGHS.

THE LION'S MOUTH

THE PERSONAL HABITS AND SAYINGS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

WHY are there so few great men? Perhaps it has occurred to you, dear reader, to wonder why so few men succeed in raising themselves above the average level? Or perhaps it hasn't. Very few things seem to occur to you anyhow. But if it did you would ask yourself why cannot we all raise ourselves above the average? The answer is, very simply, that we all can if we try.

In short, anybody who wishes to take a long step forward in the success movement should study the lives and careers of great men. And he should not study them in the dull pages of the college histories. There, only a very partial and limited account is found. He should study them in the much more human and vivid records supplied in the advertising pages of the success magazines. For example, it is very doubtful whether Bancroft ever knew that George Washington was in the habit of taking four deep breaths just before eating. If he did he never mentions it. Nor does he make any reference to the fact that Benjamin Franklin once said that no perfect breakfast food had as yet been found (that, of course, was in his day: it has been found since, as we shall see). In the same way Lord Macaulay, a man otherwise well informed, does not seem to know that Oliver Cromwell once said the secret of making money lies in scientific investment. Nor was Shakespeare aware that the cloak or mantle which Julius Caesar wore on the day he overcame the Nervii and which he wore when he was stabbed by his assassins was undoubtedly made by the famous Knit-Right process, now so widely known.

In short, as a result of the wonder movement of success, the whole of our history is being rewritten. We are getting to know things about our great men which we never knew before—intimate, personal things that we never knew before.

And of all the historical characters whose careers are being thus illuminated, there is one who stands out conspicuously above all others—the Emperor Napoleon.

This great man enjoys in the success movement an eminence over all others. It is the aim of everybody to be a Napoleon in his own particular line of activity, and a great many are succeeding. You can see their pictures any day. There are at least thirty-seven Napoleons now doing business. There is a "Napoleon of Billiards," and a "Napoleon of Water Polo," and a "Napoleon of the Rubber Shoe Industry," and there is also a man who is the "Napoleon of Pants Designers," and another who is the "Napoleon of the Ladies' Shirtwaist Business." There is a dog who is the Napoleon of Airedale Terriers, and there is a cow who is the Napoleon of Holstein milk-givers.

In short, it is becoming a very important thing to learn how to be a Napoleon.

You have only to turn over the back pages of any of our greatest journals—the serious pages where they teach people how to live and how to sell things—to see little pictures of Napoleon inserted everywhere. Sometimes there is just his head under his hat; sometimes a full-length picture to show his hands clasped behind his back. And in each case there

is some little motto which Napoleon said or some statement about his habits. From among the years and over the wastes of the South Atlantic, Napoleon is still teaching us how to live and how to sell things.

From these statements thus printed I have pieced together a component picture of Napoleon in which is shown those little personal things which made him what he was.

Anybody who wants to be a Napoleon has only to imitate these things. I admit that they are a little complicated. But even Napoleon couldn't have learned that all at once. He must have picked them up bit by bit.

In the first place, the great Emperor was an early riser. The hour of three in the morning saw him in the saddle or at his desk. "Early rising," he once said when talking of a well-known breakfast food, "not only peptonizes the stomach, but with the aid of a simple remedy obtained at all drug stores, restores tone and vigor to the lost digestion."

Napoleon also sat up late. He never sought his couch till three in the morning. "The later the hour," he once said, in referring to a new patent oil lamp, "the better the brain."

It was the practice of Napoleon to chew his food twenty minutes before swallowing it. Eating a sirloin steak took him all day. Napoleon was in the habit of eating standing up. He also ate lying down. He could even sit and eat.

Before coming to any great decision Napoleon always made a point of taking four deep breaths through his nose. While talking the great Emperor habitually kept his mouth firmly shut.

Napoleon always wore wool next to his skin. He once said, in an interview which he seems to have given to a well-known firm of woolen manufacturers in Paterson, New Jersey, "There is nothing like wool."

In the same way he always said, "There is nothing like a delicious cup of Ozo when exhausted from the pulpit and the platform."

Napoleon drank, but always with the strictest avidity.

Napoleon made little use of tobacco except in the form of snuff or cigars or cut plug.

During his exile at St. Helena Napoleon is reported to have said, "If I had taken a course in Personal Leadership, I should not have landed here."

MY FIGHT WITH THE PURPLE-GILLED BONZA

BY PERCY WAXMAN

As every lover of the gentle art knows, the Purple-Gilled Bonza, (*Fulminata Prehensilis*) is one of the gamest fighting fish ever taken in American waters. For years it has been my ambition to conquer one of these gaudy beauties, and at last, early this spring it was my excessive good fortune to take a six-ounce "Fighting Bonza" on a four-ounce Ziegheimer split-bamboo, carrying two Democrat leaders, three buckshot, and a Soda-fountain Queen (dry) fly, made by Beauchamp of Rochampton. From the moment the Bonza rose to the fly a terrific battle took place, lasting exactly until lunch time. Then, exhausted, panting, and happy, with the assistance of Algonquin, my half-breed guide, we had him on the scales in the presence of Alpheus M. Bilge, Vice-President Connerawantissatuckettick Angling Association, Naples, Maine; Bliss B. Succotash, Treasurer Amalgamated Cranberry Growers Club of Hyannis, Mass., and Puller O. Chuck, Advertising Manager Loose Scales Company, Dayton, Ohio.

Since the report of my success has gone the rounds of the newspapers, many people have written to inquire just what tackle I used, where I caught my speckled beauty, whether I used a Volstead runner, a boat hook, or lyddite, so that I feel it my duty to give an exact account of my battle in order that other lovers of the Waltonian art—to coin a phrase—may be inspired by my success to go on, and on, in their chosen work

and not let discouragement win the day. I know that, if I had not made up my mind to persevere, I never should have experienced that gorgeous thrill which came to me on that memorable May morn as I stood on the edge of Lake Pemigewamsettuck, casting my lead upon the waters.

It may be as well right here to give a complete list of the equipment needed in order to have even a fair measure of success in a fight with a Purple-Gilled Bonza, so I will allow my readers to have an intimate peep behind the scenes and see what an old-time Knight of the Rod and Line (as the boys call me) buys when he "goeth a-fyshynge." This is what I pared my whole outfit down to:

1 pair Jimson Waders
1 Radio Set
1 jar Maple Sugar
100 yds. Collapsible Silk
1 package Cream of Wheat
3 Elite Glukes (size D)
1 can of Baked Beans
3 Kugel Spinnies
1 pound Sliced Bacon
4 Senegambian Sinkers
1 package hooks
1 Keglet Internal Sunburn Cure
½ doz. Ickel Casters
Automatic Minnow Pail
Half-peck Potatoes
4 bottles Skin Repair
3 cans Sardines
1 case (small) Scout Pills
¼ doz. Ointment Remover
1 can Condensed Milk
1 Stulz
2 special Bonza Ticklers

On the morning of the fifth I rose with a curious feeling of elation and dressed myself in typical woodsman fashion—snug white Khaki Leroy bloomers, reinforced for rock and boat friction, blue fiber-silk puttees to keep out leeches and hay fever, two pair socks, one of Smull and the other of ordinary shoddy to counteract swift changes in temperature, light pink-and-green-striped silk shirt to avoid casting shadows, heavy lined gloves, vici-kid shoes, rubbers and waders. After breakfast (and I here want to remark that no guide in the world can equal Algonquin in the preparation of *Foie de Veau vin blanc*, plovers' eggs Richelieu, coffee Alsace, and ham *réchauffeur*) we sped to the Lake on a quest for pickerel, shiners, or any other of the finny tribe that happened to be careless that morning.

After about ten minutes' steady casting, unhooking from trees and self, repairing reels, etc., Algonquin landed a three pound Stemmle, using a fabricated Minz with a two-foot leader and a ½ oz. Nolce. It may be interesting to those not familiar with this fish to state that the Stemmle rarely goes over 1½ lbs., even with your own scales, as its feeding season is very uncertain. It belongs to the smaller Cetaceans (*Cetaceæ Diminuendo*), and like all of that clan, is mainly pelasgian in habit, roaming loosely and finnickally throughout spring and fall, and rapidly becoming ganglionic in winter and summer. Where it spawns is known only to two men and they are both members of Macmillan's Arctic Expedition and at present out of focus. Anyhow, I think enough has been said to give you a good general idea.

Just as Algonquin had put his Stemmle to sleep with a left hook, something jerked at my line that felt like the Michigan Central and I knew in an instant I had hooked a Purple-Gilled Bonza. I laughed hysterically, as fat men do under stress, and began playing with that fish for a sucker. But no, I soon realized those tactics would not do. Quick as a flash, I drew out my electric Clange and wound it up, but that Bonza seemed to know intuitively what I was up to and fled. With the delicate tackle I had I knew it was not going to be easy to pit it against such colossal power, but I held on, nothing daunted. My breath came and went in short pants; my hands burned, my eyes popped, my mouth ran, but I held on—Heaven knows how! The Bonza plunged, he rose, he fell, he pirouetted, he giggled, he showed his fangs—but I held on! Just as I was

about to give in through sheer inhibition, Algonquin shouted, "Stop playing him and haul him in." You can imagine how I felt at those words. The sweat stood on my brow like tapioca pearls; my face was just an animated beet, when these epoch-making words of an untutored guide rang out like a loud-speaker. Without stopping to consider the why or wherefore—*I took his advice*—and there at my feet, on the grass by the crystal waters of Lake Pemigewamsettuck, lay the finest Purple-Gilled Bonza (*Fulminata Prehensilis*) my eyes had ever beheld. Tears flooded me—my gratitude was such that I knelt there and then in the wide open spaces and vowed to be a better man. And even now as I write these words, several weeks later, I can honestly say that I am just the same man I was before my Success came, for I realize that something greater than I must have held me in its grasp on that glorious morning.

TWO REALISTS

BY KILE CROOK

THE young man wrote a weighty work
Of stark and vicious lust and passion;
No telling detail did he shirk,
He wrought in realistic fashion.
The young man wrote to rock the earth,
To startle hell and all above it.

The old man read with gentle mirth:
"Of course," he said, "but son . . . what of it?"

FATHER HIEROFONT AND THE BEAR

BY ERNEST POOLE

WHEN I was in Russia last, in the autumn of 1917, I spent some time with a Russian friend upon his little estate in the North. In the midst of revolution, by way of rest, as it were, from the present, he would often tell me at night little stories of the Russian life which he had seen when he was young; and one of the best was his account of a night when he went bear hunting with a huge village deacon who lived not far away from his home. In this Age of Prohibition the little tale has a certain charm.

"Father Hierofont," he said, "was a shockingly enormous man. Like a great barrel he was shaped—though never perhaps has a barrel been made so huge and weighing so much as he. The bear hunting, of course, was not his profession—but always he liked to go anywhere, hunting or fishing, to be apart from his little, thin, and peevish wife, who never would let him eat and drink so much as he craved for the good of his soul. So naturally each hunting trip for him was quite a splendid feast. And so it was when he came with me.

"We were going to hunt the bear from the 'roost'—a platform of poles close by the path where the bears would come to drink in the night. When we climbed the ladder to our roost the huge Deacon pulled up a stupendous bag and opened it. And here was vodka, in the old-fashioned green-glass bottles—about two gallons of it he had. Also plenty of boiled eggs and ham, and fish smoked and baked and salted, salted cucumbers, and plenty more. One might have supposed from the size of Father Hierofont's feast that we intended to stay on the roost for many days. But this was not all. The second man, a veteran hunter, had brought as his share a fine provision of smoked game and quite a load of spirits too, while I had brought two bottles of cognac and some caviare and bread. So now when Father Hierofont saw such fine provisions for the night he was bellowing the joyous songs—until the hunter begged him to be quiet as a little mouse—else no bears would come to us. The good Deacon stopped all singing then, and with all the power of his soul he began to eat and drink. Now in the forest all was still; on the roost it grew exceedingly dark. A fresh autumn wind was softly blowing. We warmed ourselves with food and drink. From this we all grew drowsy, and finally I fell asleep.

"But almost in the morning-time I was shocked by the stupendous voice of Father Hierofont from beneath, begging most energetically the hunter down there to let him sleep and leave him in peace, for the sake of the saints; and if this were insufficient, then for the sake of all devils, too! Greatly astonished, I looked down, and I saw a scene worthy of primeval times. Father Hierofont was lying on the huge old bear down there, as upon a sofa bed, while the hunter was begging him to stand up and allow him to disembowel the beast. When at last the good Deacon understood that he was not at home but in the forest, that this was not his bed but a bear, and that the hunter was not his wife—then he rose up and crossed himself, and repeated in most solemn voice:

"'Miraculous are thy works, O God!'

"In the same moment, now quite awake, he remarked that not possibly could we have drunk all the reserves that we had brought; and so at once he re-started to drink, while still praising God's miraculous works. The hunter in the meantime swiftly disemboweled the bear and went away to fetch a sledge, for the path was so rough that nobody could bring any wagon here. Soon he returned with some *muzhiks* driving two horses with a sledge; and first of all they looked at the scene and consulted how the thing could have been done. For the dead bear had not been shooted! What had killed him? Then said the hunter:

"'I was asleep up on the roost when I heard a most fearful crash and roar—and so soon as I jumped and looked over the edge, there was the Deacon below on the bear!'

"So now at last we understood that the bear, when going on the path, had collided in the dark against the two poles of the roost under Father Hierofont's end, so at once this end of the roost was tipping, and the enormous Deacon asleep crashed down on the beast and bursted him!

"Father Hierofont, who had been breakfasting now mainly on the alcohol, was ready for bed once more again. So we made him to sit down on the sledge by his dead victim; and, as we moved along through the forest, the Deacon in his huge deep voice was solemnly singing '*de profundis*.' But when at last we came near to his home he grew quiet and rose and walked by the sledge; and now, while thinking about his wife, he was saying in a most serious tone:

"'Nenila Fedorovna—ah, how astonished she will be—that I killed such a monster!'

"When we came to the house his thin little wife was looking with the deep fright at the bear, and could not grasp how it had been killed, for no part of the fur had been damaged. But Father Hierofont piously said:

"'Wonderful are Thy works, O God!'"

THE COVERED PUSHCART

BY HENRY B. FULLER

ON a certain bright morning in June Felix Frey and his Sonia turned their faces westward for the exploration of a virgin continent.

The covered pushcart preceded them by a foot or two. It contained a pan and a kettle, some blankets, a camera, plenty of writing-paper, and one of those keyed and lettered "Portables." A kind of canvas canopy protected them all.

"There are no roads," said Felix to Sonia.

"We will make one as we go," said Sonia to Felix.

Felix was a young radical thinker. Sonia was—Sonia. Had she been wedded to Felix she would have declined to bear his name. For a similar reason she had refused, some little time since, to continue bearing her father's. She had left it somewhere in Russia perhaps. She was Just Sonia, individualist.

"Oh, this America!" she said, with her face turned well to the westward. "We'll show them!"

"They need to be shown," rejoined Felix.

And they took their first step into the uncharted wilderness.

It was rough going and solitary. Nobody passed them moving eastward. Nobody was ahead of them moving westward. Sometimes they looked behind to see if anybody was following their lead.

"We're hewing our own course," said Felix.

"So we must expect to be lonesome," returned Sonia.

"We have each other," said Felix.

"Sonia *contra mundum*," observed his companion.

"Oh, don't say that," comforted Felix. "Here's a handle for each of us."

And they pushed along together.

They pushed along all day and met no adventures. At night, after a tiring tramp over rough fields and stony slopes and a moist, muddy fight through a marsh or two, they camped on the edge of a wood.

"So far so good," pronounced Felix.

"The world will follow," declared Sonia.

The next day was much the same, and the next. The rough ground, still roadless, was hard on feet and joints. Nobody passing, nobody ahead, perhaps nobody behind. The pan became smoky; the blankets got bedraggled; the camera shot at nothing in particular; the "Portable" took down their impressions, together with their hopes and ambitions for a better order.

On the fourth forenoon something objective took place. Still nobody before or behind; but—

Parallel to their course, and less than half a mile away, something was going on. Through thin patches of trees and between clumps of shrubbery they perceived signs of movement, even of traffic. There were heads—the heads of people passing along in the sturdy, yet jerky fashion of pedestrians; and sometimes compact groups of people, on a level slightly higher, slid on rapidly and easily. Traffic was not only pedestrian but also vehicular.

Felix and Sonia stared at each other with a wild surmise.

"A—a road?" he asked.

"A road, I fear," she returned.

"Humph! The bourgeoisie!"

"Huh! The capitalists!"

"Shall we—investigate?" he submitted.

"We know them, and we know their tracks," she declared.

But they decided on a deflection which led them across the half mile of weeds and stones. The pushcart bumped and staggered. They found presently a road indeed; a highway, in fact. It stretched straight in either direction for miles. But for the moment it was empty. They took a few steps on the smooth concrete and paused at an iron bridge.

"What is this?" demanded Felix sternly.

"What is what?" asked the Bridge.

"This," emitted Sonia. "That," she added, as she sent out a hand in each direction.

"Why, it's a road," replied the Bridge; "and I'm a part of it."

"How long have you been here?"

"Quite a little while," returned the Bridge. "And there are others of us, as I gather from the remarks of passers-by, over rivers, ravines, railway-crossings and the like."

"Shall we follow up this 'line of communication' for a little?" asked Felix. He tried to be satirical and contemptuous.

"Please do," said the Pushcart in a faint voice. "It will be so much easier on my tired frame."

"Oh, we might," returned Sonia, in a tone of careless disdain.

Presently they came to a Roadhouse. "Hot Dogs," the sign said.

Felix peered into the pan. It was almost empty. "Lunch?" he asked.

"I'm sure *I* don't care," returned Sonia scornfully.

"You look new," said Felix to the Roadhouse. "Been here long?"

"Oh, quite a little while," replied the

Roadhouse composedly. "And doing well."

"This *is* a road?" asked Sonia, with insistency.

"I should say."

"Well, it isn't *the* road, anyway!"

Felix issued from the house of entertainment licking his lips. After all, the good things of life were—good.

Sonia had taken one bite and then desisted. This particular refreshment was no part of her program.

The honking car whizzed by. And the hikers, back again on the roadway, were taking their own time. They dawdled along, picking flowers.

"I give them up," said Sonia. "Come along."

Glum silence fell upon them. After all, it *was* a road. They had had most of their effort for nothing, Felix was coming to think.

Just as they were preparing to leave, the first pair of hikers came up, foolish in their flowers. The man before entering the tavern left his knapsack on the porch.

"I will inquire," said Sonia, taking out her notebook. "Are they married?"

"Oh, yes," answered the Knapsack; "and quite happily."

"I believe it!" she returned, with sarcasm.

Trying the highway, Felix and Sonia came to another bridge. It crossed a canal. A new honk was heard, and an enormous car came tearing along.

Sonia stepped into the middle of the road. She raised her arm—and her voice.

"This is not the right way at all!" she cried. "The real road is the one we're making, over there!"

"Get off the earth!" yelled the Car. "You scum! You proletariat! You—you intellectuals!"

"Heavens!" moaned the Pushcart. "My day is done!"

The car struck the cart amidships and hurled it into the canal.

"Say no more," called out the Canal. "I'll take care of you."

"What next?" inquired Felix ruefully, after the cart had gone through the broken rail of the bridge, and its cover lay flat on the water.

"What next?" repeated Sonia insultingly. "What next? Can't you shout? Can't you curse? Can't you smash something in turn? Can't you be a man?"

"We're so humble and poor, after all," said Felix. "Everything is on their side."

"Haven't we our Ideas?" retorted Sonia. "They'll prevail in the end."

"The road is laid out already," said Felix faintly.

"The road is *there!*" said Sonia, pointing across the stony field.

The canal sent up a last commemorative bubble for the vanished cart.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Felix. "Well," he went on, "shall we move along?" He half lifted an indicatory hand, and seemed to be taking a first step over the established roadbed.

"Not that way!" cried Sonia, in violent protest.

"We are hardly discoverers, after all," said Felix dejectedly. "Nor even explorers."

"*I* am," declared Sonia. "And always shall be!"

Felix's toe stubbed against the empty pan. The "Portable" and the rest had gone down with the cart. The touring car was already out of sight. "Society is—organized," he said. "After a fashion," he added.

"But not in *my* fashion!" shouted Sonia.

"We'd better step along," suggested Felix, pointing down the road.

"Not I!" This was Sonia's ultimatum. "You are a weakling. I hate you! I despise you! I part with you here and now. *My* road is *there!*"

She turned her back, crossed the concrete, and struck out through the bumpy thickets to resume the course from which she had been turned away. Felix let her go: perhaps another pushcart and another partner might yet help her to her goal.

Political Superstitions

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THIS is a Presidential year, and in the month of June at least two conventions are to be held to nominate candidates. They are very important. Nobody can well be elected President who is not nominated somewhere, somehow, and it looks at present as though it would make a good deal of difference who our next President is. A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April discussed the state of democracy in this world from the point of view that it is going into a decline. He made out a pretty good case for that impression. Italy and Spain were his chief examples of the failure of representative government after a fairly protracted trial, and its supercession by one-man leadership and one-man power, as illustrated by Mussolini in Italy, and something of the same sort done by, or in association with, Rivera in Spain. The forms of constitutional government were left in both countries, but the power was not representative. It was autocratic. So with Kemal in Turkey. Turkey, to be sure, had set up as a republic, but Kemal apparently was its government. The effort to start a democracy in Russia had collapsed and the Lenin autocracy had survived all its terrors, horrors, mistakes and failures, was going pretty strong and likely, with due modifications, to last. So this democracy that we went to Europe in so much force to make the world safe for did not seem to this *Atlantic* writer to be in a good case at all, and he intimated that it was on its last legs.

It does go rather groggy but that is probably temporary, and after all, these said nations, cited as examples of its decay, were not brought up to it, nor are they of the races that have shown a special capacity for representative government. But one thing that makes these coming conventions and the American politics of the rest of this year so important is that people do begin to wonder whether representative government is now going to grass, not merely in Italy and Spain, but in England and the United States, and all over. For when the Senate about four years ago rejected the Versailles Treaty and Mr. Wilson broke down in his appeal to the country, and our government almost stopped functioning so far as foreign affairs went, that was a serious matter. When democracy creates deadlocks it is not good. When it splits its voters up into groups so small that no one of them can run the country and government can only be carried on by ill-assorted combinations, that is not a good condition.

Back now to those conventions. Nothing need be said about candidates in the Republican convention, for at this writing there is only one who makes a serious impression, and that is Mr. Coolidge. Still, now in April he continues to seem to suit more Republicans than anyone else. The party is divided into standpatters and progressives just as it has been since Roosevelt's time. Its only chance to elect its man is to hang together, and Mr. Coolidge is apparently

the strongest tie which the Republican managers can find.

But with the Democrats the situation is quite different. They have no obvious candidate. The mind, the will that they depended on in 1912 and 1916 are gone on into the invisible. They need a new man, and though they are not split in two as definitely and visibly as are the Republicans, they are far from being of one mind and accord. Some of them are radicals. Some are conservatives. Some have the interest of the East at heart. Some think first of the Western farmers. The danger is that in trying to come to an agreement on somebody, the strong characters of the party will be discarded and they will unite on a candidate who is merely available because he is not positive enough to have developed opponents. If that should happen—if in a crisis in world affairs it should turn out to be impossible to put up for the Presidential office in the United States a man strong enough to fit the times, that would be recorded, and justly, as a bad sign for democracy.

Who then are the Democratic candidates at present visible, and what are the main ailments that are supposed to impair their abilities to satisfy the rank and file of the Democratic voters? Mr. McAdoo, as we all know, was thought to be the man who had the largest outfit of necessary qualifications. His energies were demonstrated in Mr. Wilson's administrations. He wanted to help the farmers. He wanted to reduce the tariff. He wanted to give the bonus to the ex-soldiers. He wanted to make the railroads serve the country, and particularly agriculture, better than they do now. He wanted a foreign policy that would help to clean up Europe, increase its buying power, and make a market for the western grain. He wanted to be President because he wished to make things hum, and he was all but guaranteed to be unacceptable to Wall Street. In the West there is a pretty strong feeling that a man unacceptable to Wall Street must be a virtuous character. In the East that conviction is much less positive. Mr. McAdoo was expected to carry the West and the South, to get the bonus vote, to get the dry vote, and to carry the country in spite of New York, New England, and the Eastern fringe. All of a sudden the oil scandal burst out, and some drops of it fell on Mr. McAdoo. Nothing came out that was really prejudicial to the integrity of his character, but what did come out argued that he was not so delicate in his professional associations as a political candidate ought to be, and, of course, everybody who did not want him, especially a good many who had thought they would have to take him, breathed a sigh of relief and said McAdoo was out of it. Perhaps he is, perhaps not. Certainly no one has forged into the leading position in the Democratic race in his stead. At this writing he is still the candidate with the most backers, but undoubtedly the difficulty of getting a two-thirds vote for him in the convention has increased.

Well, who else is there? Two Catholics, Senator Walsh and Governor Alfred Emanuel Smith; a New York lawyer from West Virginia, Mr. Davis; Senator Ralston of Indiana; Doctor Houston, lately of Mr. Wilson's cabinet; Senator Underwood, well known and respected; Senator Robinson of Texas, and anyone else you like—Senator Copeland, maybe; Mr. Baker, of Ohio! Oh, yes, and Senator Glass.

Senator Glass is very good. He has been Secretary of the Treasury. He understands finance. Everybody respects him. He is a student. He has the brains and the integrity for the technical side of the Presidency. What one doubts is whether he has the physical energy for the political side of that office.

Doctor Houston has it. He is qualified much as Senator Glass is; knows finance; knows farming; has had experience of public life in Mr. Wilson's cabinet all through his two administrations. He has brains and character. He is physically robust. He is respected. The

farmers ought to like him, for he knows about them and cares about them. Wall Street knows that he is a sound financier. But how great a politician is he? Can he give out the kind of glow that makes people want to vote for him for President? That is the hitch about Doctor Houston. They doubt that he is a vote-getter.

Conversely, his vote-getting qualities, his great charm and astuteness as a politician are the attractions about Al Smith. They would get him nowhere if there was not confidence in his character, but there is such confidence. He has been a good Governor of New York. He has tried to get good things done and has succeeded sometimes in the face of great difficulties. New York Republicans like him. If he were nominated for President he would expect to carry New York and New Jersey, and probably Massachusetts and other New England states. It is true that he is not academic. He picked up the most important part of his early education in the Bowery; but it takes a good politician to be a successful President, and Governor Smith is a good politician. Yet he is a Catholic and the conviction is still very prevalent that no Catholic can yet be elected President.

The same objection seems to apply to Senator Walsh; but whereas Governor Smith went to the parochial schools of New York, Senator Walsh got his primary education in the common schools of Wisconsin and studied law in the University of that state. So far as early teaching went, his training was not only secular, but he got it in one of the most progressive states of the Union. Senator Walsh has been a schoolmaster. He is a diligent student. He has a great deal of accurate knowledge on many subjects. He is a first-rate lawyer and he is credited with knowing as much about the Constitution as anyone in the Senate. The advertisement that has made him a possible candidate was his services in bringing out the oil exposures. The exposures were very important. They were made possible only by Mr. Walsh's perseverance and accurate knowledge of the subject. In all his relations to them he has borne himself well and fairly earned the gratitude of the country.

The best-equipped man in the whole Democratic field looks to many observers to be John W. Davis. His mind is good. His character is good. He is engaging in discourse and as solicitor of the Department of Justice he did a lot of hard work with notable distinction. As Ambassador to England he was everything that he should have been, but he came back from that employment impaired in pocket—as all but the rich Ambassadors always do—turned to his profession to replenish his finances, took up with the same reputable law firm in New York that President Cleveland had been associated with between his two terms, and went in to earn a little money. He has good clients—corporations undoubtedly; great bankers very likely among them. When anyone speaks of Mr. Davis as a candidate there is apt to be a sigh and the response that a corporation lawyer could not be elected.

Maybe not. But if not, it is our loss. If such a man as Mr. Davis is by reason of such professional employments as he has undertaken put out of the running for the Presidency, so much worse for democracy, for when democracy is hindered for bad reasons from employing the best man it can get to do its business its prosperity is by just so much prejudiced.

One may suspect that some of these traditional objections to candidates are worked nowadays for rather more than they are really worth. Where there are a lot of rivals the backers of each one are not slow to expound the disabilities of the others. It is a political tradition that the Democrats won't elect a corporation lawyer (though they did elect Tilden), and that a Catholic cannot be elected. Traditions of that sort may

outlive their application. Consider the Catholics. The fear of the Roman Catholic Church among Protestants in this country came from England and was the fear of the restriction of liberty—of priestcraft, of clericalism, of control of education in the interest of a powerful church. But, stars above! observe what has happened to us! Out of the Protestant Churches has come the Volstead law and all such regulation of private habits as the anti-cigarette law in Kansas, the campaign against evolution in the colleges, and the Oregon law against private schools. If the Catholics meddled as much with private life and personal preferences as the Methodists and the Presbyterians and the Baptists do, what do you suppose would happen to them? But as things go now, a legislation-ridden people, tormented by fanatical laws, may easily turn to Catholic voters and take counsel and action with them for relief. Sometimes Protestantism has stood for liberty. That it does so stand in our day in this country is something which needs argument. It is a habit of mind to associate democracy with liberty, but fanatical majorities addicted to restrictive, predatory and compulsive legislation may easily break the mind of that habit. So there are possibilities that a Roman Catholic candidate might not run so ill as people think.

What the Democrats want, what the Republicans want is a candidate with a mind and nature so comprehensive that it can take in all the schismatics, win and keep their confidence, and give to each that share of what he wants which is compatible with the needs of the others. Men of that sort are what every nation wants, what the church wants, what all humanity needs; men who see the great essentials big, and minor needs in their right proportions.

Current politics in this country is full of superstitions. The anti-Catholic activity, what is left of it, is four-fifths superstition. The anti-Jew activity is about the same. The Nordics have a superstition. The Drys have some important facts to go by but they go far beyond them. The antipathy to Wall Street is considerably superstitious. The notion that corporations are enemies of the common people can only be entertained if one accepts as its basis the conclusion that the whole industrial system is an invention of the Adversary, and must be destroyed.

Senator Pepper has rebuked the Democrats for overzeal in exposing corruption in high places, and said there is danger that parties will run to blocs and our government cease to function. The cure for that peril is certainly not to let corruption go on, nor flag in searching it out, but to put the government in charge of honest men whom all the blocs can trust.

That is the great job that it is up to the two conventions to inaugurate. Certainly in the current posture of its affairs the world needs trustworthy men. The United States assuredly needs them. Put aside then all political superstitions and go in to get them! That is the duty of the conventions. If they do not make a good job of it, there will doubtless be more conventions, more candidates, and more of the political confusion that Senator Pepper fears. If the Ku Klux, the bonus men, the Drys, the Wets, the Fundamentalists, the Modernists, or one-idea groups of that sort are to weed out competence from the Presidential competition and substitute for it mere acquiescence, then we shall be badly off, for acquiescence is not a great quality in a politician. It comes in handy sometimes, but what is wanted now is constructive statesmanship. We have the men who can furnish it if sectional superstitions do not shut them out.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

EACH MINUTE CIRCE PILED FRESH JOYS ON

Ulysses Up to Date

BY BERT GOLDSMITH

A STRONG-WILLED guy was this Ulysses,
Who scorned the blandishments of Circe;
Although he trifled with the missies,
No lady had him at her mercy.

He landed on a Desert Island:
No human there except this beauty
Who handed him her Famous Smile, and
Expected him to do his duty.

Now Circe had a wicked passion
For making pigs of those who loved her;
And swill and grass became the ration
Of everyone who turtle-doved her.

Ulysses, when he met the lady,
Made no response to her advances;
He knew her reputation shady,
And wasn't fooled by goo-goo glances.

But Circe, struck with admiration
  Because he made her keep her distance,
Gave him the Freedom of the Nation,
  And there he led One Grand Existence.

Each minute Circe piled fresh joys on:
  She gave him food, drink, and affection.
And since they all were free of poison,
  Ulysses offered no objection.

Called by a cable from headquarters,
  At length Ulysses had to leave her.
Still, she was used to losing courters,
  So his departure didn't grieve her.

Bound homeward, then, from this li-*ai*-son,
  He had to pass the Sirens (ladies
Who spent their nights—and, too, their days—on
  The work of shipping men to Hades).

Ulysses knew that they would try him:
  And so he used his well-known bean; he
Gave orders to his men to tie him
  With knots that would have stumped Houdini.

So, though the Sirens, when they spied him,
  Yelled, kicked, and squealed, and shook the shimmy,
No sailor on the ship untied him,
  Although he hollered, "Gimme! Gimme!"

Not till the boat was past the women,
  Did they set free their stalwart skipper . . .
Then did Ulysses start back, swimmin'?
  Why, no, he seemed well-pleased and chipper.

At least, that is the way we heard it . . .
  And yet the way the ending's treated
Strikes us as being *too* absurd. It
  Has been, no doubt, somewhat deleted.

Now if our hero *were* a Hero
  (Like any Hero of Lord Byron's),
He'd grab an oar and say, "Watch *me* row
  Back to the Island of the Sirens!"

A Shirker

THERE is a certain young artist in Greenwich village who looks not at all like the typical artist of most persons' imagination.

This young fellow wears a big red beard, and stands six feet some inches high. His shoulders are broad and his muscles hard from continued exercise.

One day a woman entered his studio and asked for the artist.

"There he is standing over there," said some one.

The lady looked over to where the artist stood, towering like an ancient viking, and gasped.

"Why," she whispered in surprise, "he's big enough to really work, isn't he?"

"We don't believe in the Devil any more, Grandma."
"Oh! Indeed! Well let me tell you, my dear, nobody doubted his existence when I *was young!"*

Helping Her Mistress

THE lady of the house was hurrying frantically to get away on a trip. "Mary! Mary!" she called to the maid, "What time is it now?"

"Half past three, mum," was the answer.

"Oh," continued the mistress, "I thought it was later. I have still twenty minutes to catch the train."

"Yes, mum, I knew ye'd be rushed, so I set the clock back half an hour to give ye more time."

Racial Pride

THE family from Virginia ensconced itself in a Harlem flat all too near an Italian colony. The Latins were in frequent evidence, the thrifty women carrying lots of old wood home for fuel. Julia, maid of all work and very black, had been imported from Down South.

As she was going out one evening, the mistress suggested that she stop at the carpenter's on her way home and bring back an ironing board he was mending.

"'Deed I will not," she said indignantly. "Why folks would take me for an Eyetalian!"

Poor Ireland!

"THERE'S a difference in time you know, between this country and Europe," said a man in New York to a newly arrived Irishman. "For instance, your friends in Cork are in bed and fast asleep by this time, while we are enjoying ourselves in the early evening."

"That's always the way," exclaimed the Celt, "Ireland niver got justice yet!"

She Was Out of It

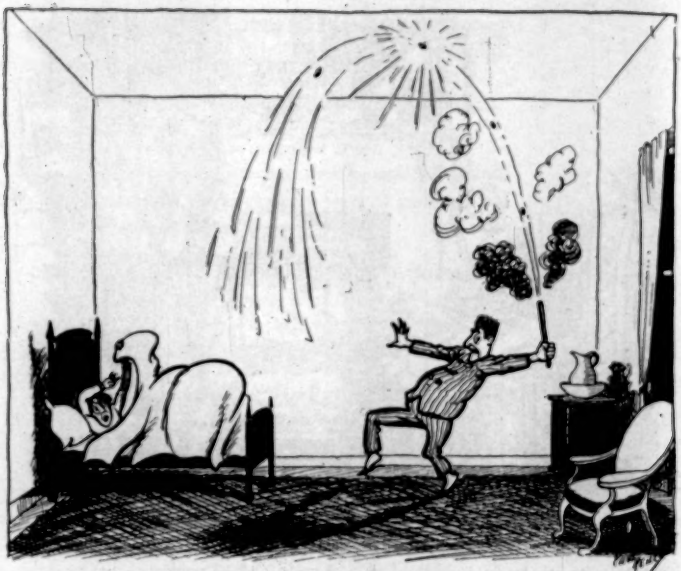
OLD Zeke Harrison, the champion whitewasher, walked down the main street of the village one morning, dressed in his best suit, with a large, brilliant buttonhole bouquet, and white gloves.

"Hello, Zeke," said the postman, "are you taking a holiday?"

"To-day," announced Zeke, with a proud flourish of a huge white-gloved hand, "today is ma golding wedding anniversity, suh. Ah'm celebratin' it."

"But your wife is working as usual. I saw her at the washtub as I passed your house."

"Her?" demanded Zeke, hotly. "She ain't got nothin' to do with it. She's mah fo'th."



Visitors to Rome retiring by candle light

Resourceful

MR. and Mrs. Hiram Cornborer, en route to Europe on the *Leviathan*, had taken their seats in the dining salon for their first meal on board.

"What on earth is all this?" exclaimed Mrs. Cornborer, upon examining the menu card done in the purest French.

"Hm," replied Hiram, not intending to be stumped so early in the trip, "reckon that there is the inter-urban rates to them French towns."

A Renovated Masterpiece—"The Golfers" by J. F. Millet.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

NO RECENT Harper writer on any public question has been the recipient of so many honors both academic and political as ***David F. Houston***, Secretary of Agriculture and later Secretary of the Treasury in President Wilson's cabinet. Eight universities have conferred honorary degrees upon him. He has served as President of two colleges and Chancellor of a third. In addition to his cabinet service under Mr. Wilson, he was Chairman of the Federal Reserve and Farm Loan Boards and a member of the Council of National Defense. Despite his present activities in the world of finance, he finds time for much public work and occasional writing. His "Answer to Pessimists" comes at a time when a voice of authority is needed to counteract much loose talk on the state of affairs in general and politics in particular. Mr. Houston cites several interesting parallels from history. Our readers will take comfort in reflecting that there is nothing new under the sun, and that our present plight does not materially differ from similar situations in the past which we, as a nation, have happily survived and quite forgotten.

Katharine Fullerton Gerould has recently revisited the principal cities of the Far West, and this month we print the first of a series of papers which will deal, in turn, with Salt Lake City, Reno, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle, Santa Fe, and Albuquerque—not forgetting Los Angeles, which is repeatedly seized upon to point a contrast, although not the subject of an individual paper. The series will conclude with a particularly interesting appraisal of our western civilization and culture, under the title "The Aristocratic West."

Readers of Russian history may recall the quaintly delightful anecdote of Catherine of Russia which ***James Lane Allen*** quotes at the head of his story ("The Violet"), and out of which he proceeds to weave a moving and tragic romance. Mr. Allen, after a long absence from the fiction pages of HARPER'S, wrote for the August issue, "The Alabaster Box," which proved to be one of the outstanding stories of the year, remarkable in conception and execution. To our oldest subscribers, who recall the publication in this Magazine of Mr. Allen's masterpiece, "A Kentucky Cardinal," many years ago, Mr. Allen's latest story will particularly appeal.

This month ***H. M. Tomlinson*** pauses in his journey through the Malay Archipelago to recount the experiences of a day in Singapore, made interesting by an extraordinary tale of the sea to which he was permitted to listen. This adventure, which Mr. Tomlinson graphically retells, is like a romance taken from Conrad. Next month Mr. Tomlinson sets foot in Celebes.

Any introduction of ***Dr. Henry van Dyke*** is superfluous, but his return to the Magazine in the June issue is one that is certain to give pleasure to a great number of those readers who recall the fact that his story of "The Other Wise Man," probably the most successful single short story that was ever written, appeared first in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. This story has been translated into almost every modern language and, despite the passing of the years, continues to be one of the most successful of Dr. van Dyke's books.

While a new contributor to the Magazine, ***Constance Drexel*** has already made for herself a distinguished position in the field of journalism. For some time she represented the *Philadelphia Ledger* as its Washington correspondent, and later her interest in the cause of women and feministic activities abroad took her to the various conferences that were being held in Europe and brought her into personal contact with practically all of the leaders of advanced thought among

women of the continent. The figures that she cites, showing the way in which the women of Europe are making use of the franchise, are all from official sources and have not been hitherto generally available to American readers. Miss Drexel is now a resident of Washington, and her newspaper articles from the Capital are syndicated in a large number of leading papers throughout the country.

William Howard Gardiner, whose article "America's Responsibility in the Far East" is his first contribution to HARPER'S, has had unusual opportunities of coming in contact with the highest officers—political, military, and naval—in the countries of which he writes. He has also moved among their peoples and has studied problems of America's future relations in the East from every possible angle.

The publication of three instalments of ***Harvey O'Higgins'*** serial, "Julie Cane," seems to leave no possible doubts in the minds of the Editors that they were right in persuading Mr. O'Higgins to turn aside from the short story for a time and to adopt the longer form of the novel. Seldom has the beginning of any serial attracted such universally enthusiastic comment. The Editors have taken particular pleasure in this because these expressions of approval have not come so much from the critics of the press, who had already accorded Mr. O'Higgins a most distinguished position in American letters, as from the casual readers of the Magazine who are less familiar with his short stories and who recognized here, for the first time, a new and authentic genius among our American novelists.

In "Horace Walpole" ***Gamaliel Bradford*** paints the portrait of one of the brilliant and interesting personalities of the eighteenth century, who has receded far from us in time, but who lives again for us under the magic of Mr. Bradford's pen.

The author of "All Things Considered," ***Elaine Sterne Carrington,*** is a new contributor to HARPER'S, although known to the readers of other magazines. It is a pleasure to have another story from ***Rose Wilder Lane,*** whose "Innocence," published in HARPER'S, was acknowledged one of the most distinguished stories of 1922 and was awarded the second O. Henry Prize.

The poets in the June HARPER'S are ***Laird Shields Goldsborough,*** who is a student at Yale University and one of the editors of the *Yale Lit;* ***Alice Duer Miller,*** who is one of the most brilliant of American short-story writers, as her past stories in HARPER'S have attested; ***Daniel Henderson,*** who has served on the editorial staffs of various periodicals and is now associated with *McClure's Magazine;* and ***Ben Ray Redman,*** author of *Masquerade,* and a critical writer of distinction.

Kile Crook, of Hartford, Connecticut, is a new contributor to the Magazine. ***Percy Waxman*** has frequently contributed humorous prose and verse to HARPER'S. ***Ernest Poole,*** author of *The Harbor* and other novels, has spent considerable time in Russia as a press correspondent and student of social conditions. ***Stephen Leacock,*** dean of North American humorists, contributes "The Personal Habits of Napoleon" as a footnote to his recent series of burlesques on "success and personal efficiency."

Now that the first quarterly period of the HARPER'S MAGAZINE Short Story Competition has come to an end, the Editors, and doubtless the writers, are eagerly awaiting the decision of the judges. Some facts in regard to the competition may be of interest at this time, although, owing to the large number of manuscripts submitted, it will be an impossibility to make an announcement of the prize winners before the publication of the July issue.

In all, there were submitted under the terms of the Competition three thousand, five hundred and seventy-eight manuscripts, and as only a few writers submitted more than a single story, this figure represents virtually the number of writers who were interested in entering the Harper Competition.

Manuscripts were submitted by writers in every state of the Union and Canada, and a considerable number came from American residents in England, France, Belgium, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia. The shortest story entered in the Contest was fifteen hundred

words in length, the longest more than twenty-seven thousand. It is interesting to note that of the stories technically known as sea stories there were only twelve, and only thirty-two were stories of the Great War. We regret to find that of the stories that may be strictly termed "humorous stories" there were less than one hundred—a fact that we hope the competitors in the later competitions of the year will bear in mind.

The Editors are glad to take this opportunity to say again that the Competition is open to every type of short story, although, as they stated in the original announcement, stories of from four to seven thousand words are preferred. It may be helpful to writers to bear in mind some of the facts recounted above and to consider them in reference to the further competitions. Humorous stories, mystery stories, and stories of action, whether on land or sea, are greatly desired. We hope that our friends in the writing world will also remember that there will be no undue delay in deciding on the availability of the stories. They will be notified of every acceptance by the Editors without awaiting the decision of the judges, whose function is merely to award the prizes to those who, in their judgment, most deserve them.

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The "Easy Chair's" reply to the "Lady from Minnesota" has brought a flood of communications from our readers on the subject of Prohibition. We cannot give space to all, and to make a selection from clamorously enthusiastic letters and others equally vituperative, is difficult. We are therefore publishing a single letter, written by Rose Wilder Lane, who takes issue with Mr. Martin and at the same time voices a protest which her fellow-prohibitionists might well profit by.

Mansfield, Missouri.

My dear Mr. Martin—

The contemplative atmosphere of the "Easy Chair" on the hearth, or shaded lamp and drift of smoke from pipe and cigarette, is too pleasant to be shattered by controversy. But may I remark that the letter of the lady in Minnesota has given me dissatisfaction?

It seems to me unfortunate that one hears in defence of Prohibition only these passionate shrill voices. Unfortunate, too, that the word now means only prohibition by Federal enactment of one form of intoxicant. There is, it seems to me, the general question of Prohibition, and the particular question of Prohibition. And is not even the narrowed question of Prohibition broader than the point as to whether the man who is fond of Scotch is more or less susceptible to colds than he who drinks lemonade?

Prohibition, in its general sense, I suppose we all accept as valuable. One might paraphrase Mr. Towner: The prohibiting nations have always beaten the non-prohibiting nations in all particulars which the civilized think worth mentioning. Yes, the paraphrase has its weak points; the same weak points which Mr. Towner's statement has. Savage and barbarian have their taboos, and also their intoxicants. And "always" is a long time. But the herd's control of the individual is the foundation of civilization, is it not? The essential difference between the taboo of the savage and the law of the civilized is that the one is based on individualism and the other on social welfare. The measure of civilization's progress is the loss of individual liberty. In civilization natural impulses have been so curbed and restrained that they are atrophied; we no longer wish to be naked, to eat raw meat, to beat our wives; we are even reaching the point where considerable numbers of us take no pleasure in deciding differences of opinion with war-clubs. We have so long accepted prohibition of our individualistic impulses that we have ceased to have them. Has that been a loss, or a gain? From a wide point of view, I suppose it is impossible to say. Peoples who retain their individualism—such as, for example, the races in the Turkish Empire before Western ideas began to penetrate it—would have much to say in favor of their way of life as opposed to ours, if they would say it. They are now, however, becoming civilized. Civilization is, of course, a temporary state of human affairs.

But from the point of view of civilization, Prohibition is undoubtedly accepted. In considering any particular prohibition, then, such as prohibition of intoxicants, the only question left to us is the question of its social value. The question of restraint of individual liberty we have already decided, in accepting the general idea of Prohibition. The individual's right to unquestioned personal exercise of the qualities of courage and self-control passed from him when murder was prohibited. Much may be said in favor of murder; great good has come from instances of it. Much may be said, and is said, of the evils of our educational system. Yet we accept prohibition of murder, and compulsory education, without question, because in these matters—as in innumerable others—we have so long surrendered individual liberty that we no longer think of it in connection with them.

Considering the question of Prohibition with sole regard to its social value brings me again to

Mr. Towner. "Drinking nations have always beaten the non-drinking nations in all particulars worth mentioning." Obviously, "all particulars worth mentioning" means all particulars considered important by the drinking nations. Even accepting this, I wonder whether the statement holds? The South Sea Islanders, and many tribes of interior Africa, possessed intoxicants before they were discovered by civilized men. Their racial history is presumably as long as ours, yet they have not developed the arts of civilization. Even lavish use of our intoxicants fails them in this particular. The Arabs are an abstemious people; they believe neither in Prohibition nor in the use of intoxicants. Yet their contribution to civilization has been considerable, and even in the conflict of war their conquest of the hard-drinking peoples was stopped apparently not by the strength of their adversaries so much as by their satisfaction with the conquests already made. The pioneers of America possessed intoxicants, it is true; as Benjamin Franklin says in his diary, whiskey was doubtless furnished them by a benevolent Providence for the purpose of exterminating the Indians, who in their native state did not have it. But the typical pioneer communities —the Quaker settlements, the Puritans—were not communities of drinkers. One might perhaps reply that they were not civilized. But did they not excel in many particulars worth mentioning? I have not read Mr. Towner's *Philosophy of Civilization*, and it is unfair to question the soundness of conclusions drawn. But I do question whether an equally sound, and opposing, statement as to the social value of intoxicants may not be based on available data.

The prohibition of intoxicants in America is, as you say, a gamble. We are a violent and hysterical people; we rush to extremes. When we drink, we drink to excess—as a people; when we prohibit, we push prohibition to its extreme limit, as well as rebellion against it. This character of ours—supposed, is it not, to be due to climatic conditions?—is probably unfortunate. But it is an American, not a Prohibitionist characteristic. Tolerance, moderation, an interest in both sides, or all the sides of a question, is not entirely in your "Easy Chair," my dear Mr. Martin. Some of these qualities are in mine. My belief in the eventually-to-be-proved social value of Prohibition is not based on a personal dislike of rum, though I may say that my preference is for dry champagne. This is the point I would like to make, in my dissatisfaction with the letter of the lady from Minnesota. I do not pretend to have discussed the question of Prohibition. It leads into many by-paths, as all questions do. I have wandered, glancing at some of them. I am sorry that we are a hysterical people. At the moment there is too much hysteria in my own camp. I regret this. I wish that we had an Edward S. Martin to present the case from my point of view.

Sincerely,

ROSE WILDER LANE.

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Valhalla, N. Y.

Dear Harper's—

I have read and enjoyed an article by Doctor Paton in the January HARPER'S and would like to suggest that you give us another, or several other articles, by the same author. Can he not give us "some practical knowledge" about our minds and some "elementary information about what can be actually accomplished in preparing the mind to take peaceful, constructive attitudes?

Both as an individual, not more belligerent than the average, and as a teacher I would be most grateful for this knowledge.

Why cannot Doctor Paton himself start the work which he preaches in his article?

I am glad to say that I always read HARPER'S with great pleasure.

Yours truly,

A. MARGARET FITZGERALD.

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Oakland, Calif.

Dear Harper's—

We sometimes hear parents remark sadly that they fear their frequent "don'ts" to the children are a mere waste of breath; but that, I think, is one of the things that can only be proved by the test of time.

As a small child I remember well—although now in my sober middle age it seems incredible that there could ever have been a necessity for such an admonishment—that my serious-minded father was forever saying, "Don't laugh so much!" Just how many years it took him to put it over I can't say, but I finally got it. For forty-odd years, at the risk of dislocating my diaphragm, I have managed to confine my risibilities firmly within the narrow bounds of an inefficient but innocuous inward chuckle that wouldn't have disturbed or annoyed even a sensitive "Hoopoo."

All this for years! But this morning, all alone in the seclusion of my den with Mr. Stephen Leacock's "A Manual of the New Mentality"—well, thanks to the author and the awfully clever illustrations which must have gladdened his heart (and to HARPER'S for publishing both) well—I've had the time of my life. Broken my rules 'neverything!

In fact, I enjoyed it so much that, to paraphrase the ancient Floradora, "I really must *tell* someone, so it might as well be you."

Gratefully and smilingly yours,

LELAH ANGELL ROYCE.

P. S.—I'm going to save it to read over on one of those "what's the use?" days.